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APR 28 1948

#1

The Metropolitan Chapter - AAPA
Welcomes you to the
1939 Convention of the
AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Friday, Saturday, July 21 - 22

Hudson Park Library, 2 blocks from Houston S., N. Y. C. Assembly Room

Admission—50c

PROGRAM

Friday, 1:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m.

Imformal Gab-Gathering & Fun-Fest

Saturday, 1:00 p. m. to 6:00 p. m.

1. Distribution of Souvenir Lapel Ornament
2. Welcome by President ..... Helen A. Vivarttas
3. Poem of Welcome ..... Byron David Mack
4. Musical Selections ..... Edgar Allen Martin
5. Chapter Report by Sec'y ..... William Groveman
6. Musical Skit (Written by Michael Phelan)
   Musical Accompaniment by E. A. Martin

Recruiting Rally .... William Groveman

PHOTO of those in attendance will be taken for the Official Organ of the association.

Refreshments — Exhibit of Amateur Journals

THE METROPOLITAN CHAPTER - AAPA

Helen A. Vivarttas, Pres. — William Groveman, Sec'y-Treasurer

Byron D. Mack, Chairman

THE AMERICAN AMATEUR JOURNALIST

Vol. III — May—June, 1939 — No. 3

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The Journal

A. A. P. A. COMMENT, ARTICLES & EDITORIALS

VOL. 3 JULY, 1940 NO. 3

The Immediate Future

The American Amateur Press Association is far above any previous mark in activity and membership. But is our position satisfactory? William Grovemon expresses the belief—or fact—that we spend 59c a year per member. It is assumed that the other 9c is made up by contributions—but is it?

Our membership has increased rapidly, but has our balance on hand increased in proportion? Last November our balance was about $35; now, over 6 months later, it is under $30. This is not due to waste, as we now have 12 page organ, larger bundles and more members to mail to.

The point is, we are operating on the future. Dues being paid for the coming year are being used for current expenses. I once tried publishing a so-called professional magazine and met this same situation in the matter of subscriptions; when they came they had to be used for current expenses and new subscriptions had to be used to fill the old; when subscriptions fall off or cease almost entirely the publisher turns his publication over to someone else or suspends it. Our situation is the same.

If a slump came and new and renewal applications fell off badly our small balance would be wiped out and we would be faced with the task of filling 250 memberships on a very meager "slump" income.

I am not predicting a slump; it is quite possible that we might not run into anything serious in that respect for a long time. But considering conditions of the world at present, plus our own financial problem we can readily see that the association may run into difficulties if we do not take steps to prevent it.

We can use economy and contributions to get by or change the dues. A straight dollar-a-year dues amendment was defeated in the last election, but a new one is now suggested with 50c dues for the first year and $1 per year thereafter. It requires two-thirds of votes cast to pass an amendment. If two-thirds of the members are willing to pay $1 when they renew then it is logically right to change. This might cut renewals somewhat, and since Associate (inactive) Membership would remain at 50c we might popularize that branch by forcing some inactives off the regular list into the associate classification.

I am not boosting the change; I was one of the leading opponents to dollar dues in the last election, but

(Continued on page 4)

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THE JOURNAL

A. A. P. A. News, Comment & Editorials

Vol. 3 November, 1940 No. 6

A Bit of A. J. History

One E. H. Cole seems to resent what he regards as charges that he is a wolf in sheep's clothing, trying to wreck rival associations. I don't recall whether I made implications of that sort or not, but let us take a look into the history of the hobby.

A 1937 issue of THE CALIFORNIAN printed some letters of the late H. P. Lovecraft, one of the leading figures in amateur journalistic history.

Let me quote from one of these letters printed in above mentioned publication:

At the repeated solicitation of many persons who declared that my aloofness from the National was a barrier to inter-association harmony, I sent in my application for membership about a week ago. My connexion, however, will be purely nominal, as I gave the Nationalites very clearly to understand. I have time and strength only for my own association, yet was willing to have my name on the National's list if it would help any. . . . Daas will be furious at my recognition of the National, but personally, I deemed it best to respond to what seemed to be genuinely friendly overtures on the part of the older association. Should the National presume to treat the United with disrespect again, I shall be the first to resent the act. My exhibition of good will is based upon Edward H. Cole's statement that he has induced Graeme Davis to abandon his anti-United campaign."

At first glance this seems to be a wonderful act in behalf of "inter-association harmony" on the part of the good Mr. Cole. But wait—. Further on we find a couple of interesting letters. One is headed: "As National President." The other: "In Boston with Edward H. Cole." In the letter describing his duties as president of the National, Mr. Lovecraft concluded "in the hope that the National may gradually acquire that helpfulness to the novice which marked the United before its recent destruction."

Please note well those last words. We wonder what Edward (Harmony) Cole, his heart bleeding for the welfare of rival associations, was doing while the United was meeting with destruction. But reading between the lines, one must assume that after the prize of the United had been recruited Cole & Co. devoted all attention to making him active in the National—something Lovecraft emphatically stated he would not be.

Nor is the Lovecraft case a lone example. The question arises: Why has the National carried on its masquerade of friendship for years? Out of love for its rivals? Hardly; the United knows from experience—and they shun NAPA 'harmony' as they would a plague. It seems that anything is 'harmony' to the National's boosters if it gets a member or two.

Hatred of the NAPA has never been part of the AAPA policy. We

(Continued on page 4)

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The Journal

A. A. P. A. COMMENT, ARTICLES & EDITORIALS

VOL. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1940 NO. 4

Problems in the A. A. P. A.

FINANCES

A report states that the balance in the treasury is going down —bigger organs, bigger bundles, more members to mail to. Talk of too many members will knock recruiting and those who count on the proposed dues amendment to cure all ills are going to be sadly disappointed.

PUBLICITY

Much debated passed amendment of last election for separate Publicity Bureau crops up again when Sec. Smith states this office will appear on the ballots. There never was a real amendment prepared on this; if it had been properly drawn up it was not circulated 60 days prior to the election.

Why we should have such a bureau is a mystery when we can hardly get sufficient papers and funds for the mailing bureau. The 1st Vice President is technically in charge of recruiting, but is not active in this capacity because of the lack of funds and papers for recruiting. Then why create another useless bureau. And to top it off the Publicity & Mailing Mgr is authorized by the constitution to appoint an assistant if he needs help.

ACTIVITY

In order to be active some members think they must publish and so put out a little paper; some are good, some not so good. Instead of each putting out a little dollar affair that gets little attention, several could co-publish one that would really be a feature of a bundle. But it is not necessary

(Continued on page 4)

YEARBOOK

It has been laying here pending mailing arrangements; it would have sent the August official bundle over the 6c limit for 3rd class mail with other papers I had here. Finding the Yearbook and journals were to cost 3c, and since neither the Association or I wanted to go to the cost of $7.50 for a special bundle, I sent the papers to Wayne —only to miss the August bundle. As for the facts, especially for W. Groveman who has already issued his complaint about the special bundle, the Association paid $2.50 and I pay the balance and supply envelopes.

I have no excuses to offer on the Yearbook; it is very poor, but all that can be expected on funds totalling some seven dollars. It seems doubtful if a Yearbook is in demand and I do not see that they serve any good purpose. The same funds and effort put into a larger organ would be much better.

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AS Election Edition

The Journal of the AAPA

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Election Edition

Vol. 4 January, 1941 No. 1

Werner Elected In Close Race, 65-52

MICHIGAN ENTRY ELECTED PRESIDENT

In an exciting race during which Mike Phelan pressed the issue until the closing days of the election Erich Werner finally emerged with a fair lead. Taking the lead early, Werner seemed assured of victory but Phelan received strong support in the east and at times the result was in doubt. Toward the end of the voting Werner took a fair lead.

Smith, Kunde Elected Vice Presidents

Bruce Smith was elected 1st Vice President and Robert Kunde 2nd Vice President with little trouble. Sec. Smith rolled up 93 votes to Bill Bradfield's 26. Kunde had 82 against a respectable 38 for Barnhouse.

Linton Clark New Secretary, 100-16

Because of recent inactivity Richard Schleihauf failed to make an impressive showing against Linton Clark, who received over 100 votes. Schleihauf: 16.

Wise Re-elected, Refuses Second Term

Wes Wise, announced candidate for re-election as Official Editor who received a big vote of confi-

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The Journal

The AAPA Co-operative Publication

May, 1942

VOL. 4 *NO. 4*

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LIST OF CANDIDATES FO

These members are offically registered with the Secretary.

President — Clinton Folin; Al Ross*

1st Vice President — Bill Bradfield; ~~Luther Watson~~

2nd Vice President — Luther Watson*

Secretary — Ray Albert*

Treasurer — Charles L. Riddle*

Official Editor — G. H. Kay*; K. E. Kulzick

Historian-Recorder — J. F. Vaglienti*

Mailer — Joseph Curran; I. O. Brandt;* K. X. Williams

Print. and Pub. Mgr. — James Sellers (Withdrawn)

Mss and Critic Mgr. — Gordon Rouze*

Clubs and Chapters Mgr. — R. L. Barron; L. M. Hawes

Directors — W. O. Chamberlain; Ted Conover; W. F Smith*; Bill Haywood*; Michael Phelan*; Linton Clark*; H. A. Vivarttas*; Bayard Oxtoby; Willard Thompson; Robert Maney.

*(Nominated at Hempstead Convention.)

READ THE BUNDLE BEFORE YOU VOTE

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#9

AMATEUR JOURNALISM

. . . . A GREAT HOBBY

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JUN 28 1945

Final Report

Of 1942 Historian John F. Vaglienti

COPY DRAFT #9

April 1, 1944

On February 15, 1943 I submitted my resignation as Historion to President Kay. Sometime in April or May newly-appointed President Vivarttas notified me of Vivian Chatfield's appointment as my successor. At this time I was totally inactive for a number of reasons, and nothing was able to arouse me from my lethargy, not even my official duty to forward the Historian' records to Miss Chatfield. Although this was tragic, the records have always been in reliable hands and have now been sent to President Wesson.

I am sorry that the Wessons found fit to quote me (in the last organ) as saying that Historian Swindall might "toss the records all over a WAVE training camp." Not having seen any of Mrs. Swindall's writings or papers, I was not aware of her caliber as an amateur journalist. I am now corresponding with her and she impresses me as being entirely reliable and efficient. You will probably see her new paper in this bundle.

April 1, 1943

When I was elected Historian the photograph collection numbered 12 pictures, and was loosely placed in the back of the scrapbook. These pictures, along with the 50 collected during my term, have been mounted in a regular album, which now contains 62 photographs of 89 amateurs.

During my term I added 49 items to the scrapbook, which now contains a total of 112 items (such as clippings, novelties, souvenirs).

My predecessors handed to me, as the permanent file of AAPA records, the annual laureate reports and the annual journal reports. The records have been developed to the point where they now also include: the secretary's monthly reports, signed copies of our present constitution and by-laws, signed resolutions passed by the Hempstead convention, a list of members since inception (just started), a file of AAPA biograpical sketches (just started), election ballots, and other documents.

I handled laureate selections for the annual awards of 1941 and 1942 as well as the quarterly awards of 1942. These were reported in the official mouthpiece of my office, THE HISTORIAN REPORTS, a file of which now rests in the permanent records.

Special thanks are due George Kay, Linton Clark, Michael Phelan, and Robert Smith, Jr., for contributions to the album, scrapbook, and permanent records.

JOHN F. VAGLIENTI
Historian for 1942

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#16

You are cordially invited to attend

the

American

Amateur Press Association

Jamboree

to be held September 4-6, 1948

Hotel Ben Franklin

Philadelphia

NEAL R. PEIRCE, *Convention Chairman*
6733 Emlen St., Philadelphia 19, Penna.

Tentative program for the AAPA Eastern Convention, September 4, 5, 6, 1948. #10a

Saturday, September 4--
Morning: Delegates check in.
Afternoon: Trip to the Edwin Hadley Smith Library of Amateur Journalism.
Evening: Banquet, at McCallister's, 18th and Spring Garden Streets.

Sunday, September 5--
Morning and Afternoon: Informal get-togethers.
Evening: Meeting at Peirce-Phelps, Inc., 5th and Noble. (437 North 5th St.)

Monday, September 6--
Morning: Caucus meeting to discuss AAPA elections, at Peirce-Phelps.
Afternoon: Meeting at Peirce-Phelps.
Evening: To be announced.

A complete schedule, with all times, and directions for getting around the city, will be issued with the convention program. For further information write Convention Chairman Neal Peirce, 6733 Emlen Street, Philadelphia, 19, Pennsylvania. Plan now to come.

PHILADELPHIA IS BOTH THE BIRTHPLACE AND THE MECCA OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM. THE FIRST AMATEUR JOURNALISTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION WAS FORMED HERE ON JULY 4, 1876, AND THE LARGEST LIBRARY OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM IN THE WORLD, COMPILED BY EDWIN HADLEY SMITH, MAKES IT A NATURAL MECCA FOR ALL AMATEUR JOURNALISTS.

See You In September!

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#11

You are cordially invited to attend

THE 1948 EASTERN CONVENTION

American Amateur Press Association

Philadelphia

LABOR DAY WEEKEND: SEPTEMBER 4-6

All amateur journalists are cordially invited to attend the 1948 Eastern Convention of the American Amateur Press Association, to be held in Philadelphia over the Labor Day Weekend.

Philadelphia is the ideal amateur convention city. As well as being very well located, geographically, Philadelphia is the birthplace of amateur journalism and a natural mecca for all amateur journalists, because it houses the Edwin Hadley Smith Library of Amateur Journalism, the largest in the world.

Numerous events, and plenty of free time for amateur journalists to talk, are provided on the convention program. The convention will open Saturday, with a visit to the Ben Franklin Institute, where the Library of Amateur Journalism is housed. In the evening a banquet will be held.

On Sunday numerous informal get-togethers will be held, and there will be an evening meeting.

On Monday morning the delegates will hold a special caucus at which the candidates for the various posts in the AAPA elections will be discussed. Other plans include the showing of a film on the Curtis Publish Company, and the possible issuance of a convention paper. A complete program will be announced later.

Plan now to come to Philadelphia for the largest convention in AAPA history. We expect record attendance from all over the Atlantic seaboard, and the midwest.

The convention committee will be glad to make hotel reservations for you, or take care of any other needs. Let us know as soon as you plan to come to Philadelphia. We'll be looking forward to having you.

CONVENTION COMMITTEE: Neal Peirce, Chairman, 6733 Emlen Street, Philadelphia 19
Edwin C. Harler, Jr... Anthony Ricketti, Jr.

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A GREAT HOBBY

AMATEUR JOURNALISM

What a Prominent Amateur Journalist Says About His Hobby:

"To me, amateur journalism is a pesky little thing that just won't get out of my life and stay out. It gets up with me in the morning, follows me around all day, then kicks me in my sleep. It causes my wife distress at mealtime, and it helps itself generously to my pocketbook. Verily, Amateur Journalism must be a child of Satan, but I love it dearly."—KARL X. WILLIAMS.

The Boys' Herald.

Vol. II.--No. 2. NEW HAVEN, OCT. 1872. Single copies 3 cts.

Selected Poetry.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story.

Deeper, deeper lot us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
Win from school and college.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside-comforts sit
In the wildest weather;—
O, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home!

For the Boys' Herald.

CHARLIE'S STRATAGEM;
OR,
SCHOOL DAYS AT BRANDON.

BY "TARIA TOPAN."

BRANDON Academy was thrown into a state of excitement upon a July morning by the discovery that during the preceding night the school room had been entered, and the check-list, upon which the good and bad marks of the scholars were recorded, was missing. This was most provoking, and the moral standard of Mr. Thrashem's school was rendered doubtful. School however was continued, and after the scholars had taken their seats Mr. Thrashem questioned them concerning the missing records. No one knew anything about it, in fact students seldom do in such cases, and Mr. Thrashem was forced "to take in a reef and tack."

But he wisely concluded to watch. He had his suspicions, and they were fastened upon Harry Wright, the "truly" of the school who was an unscrupulous, ambitious, and proud individual.

Mr. Thrashem was to old a man to have read much of the juvenile fiction of the present day, but he arrived at the above conclusion as readily and speedily as poor boys become rich merchants in story books. As I said before he determined to watch, so that evening he secreted himself in a closet which faced Harry's room and here amid the loaves of cake and pots of sweet-meats, he meditated "sweet" vengeance.

After school-hours were over the scholars went down to the river to bathe, talking and joking each other about the check-list. When they neared the river there was a general rush, each one trying to reach the "spring board" first. The race this time lay between Charlie Brown, "the head boy" and Harry Wright. As they neared the plank Harry shot ahead and ran out upon it while Charlie by a dextrous step caused the board to sway and Harry shot up in the air, coming down head foremost in the water, amid the shouts of the boys. Harry, came out in a rage, while Charlie dove into the water to escape.

Harry at once gave up the pursuit for he knew he was at Charlie's mercy in the water, so he grumbled a few threats and retreated into the house, and went to his room. Charlie came in soon after, and went to his room, where he prepared for the soige, well-knowing that Harry would pay him off during the night. He took a quantity of shot from his pouch, and then carefully strewed them directly in front of his door, which he left slightly ajar. Everything was now ready and Charlie jumped into bed, to await the onslaught of the foe.

About one o'clock that night, Master Thrashem, who had fallen asleep in his ambush, was awakened by the creaking of Harry's door, and hastily rubbing his eyes peeped through the keyhole, and beheld Harry in stocking feet entering the room next to his, which was occupied by Charley. Thrashem became greatly excited when he saw the check-list in Hrrry's hand. In his haste to get out he struck the shelves, and was smeared from head to foot with the "fruits" of a years toil.

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Boy's and Girl's Monthly.

VOL. I. ARMOURDALE, KANSAS, MAY, 1886. NO. 5.

PARTICULARLY NOTHING.

I.

"Let's see, Joe is thirty-five and a bachelor," said young Bob Blackburn to his twin sister. "The very idea! It is perfectly nonsical, this thing of remaining a bachelor all one's life—and such a charming individual as he is, too!" "Oh, I say, Joe," as the person named entered the door, "there's a new teacher at the old red school house. A real nice girl, and awfully pretty, too!"

"School teachers be hanged!" was the abrupt and rather impolite answer from his brother. "I wonder when you'll learn to mind your own business!"

"Excuse me for introducing a subject so objectionable to your majesty," said the mischievous youngster with a shy twinkle in his eye; "but as a brother I am naturally interested in your welfare, and—"

He said no more. The fact that Joe made a desperate dash for him was enough to settle the matter for the time being, and Bob went flying out of the door and slammed it after him in so quick time that Mr. Joe, unable to stop himself, came with such force against the panels as to cause a large and exceedingly painful bump to become visible over his right eye.

"The young rascal!" he exclaimed somewhat out of breath and rubbing the bruised spot, "what a torment that boy is, anyway! School teachers, to be sure! What do I care if there are a dozen new school teachers at the red school house?"

In fact, if there was any one class of women that Joe Blackburn disliked more than an another (and it may be inferred from Bob's remark of a moment ago that Joe was not an adorer of the fair sex) it was school teachers. He seemed to consider every feminine school teacher a personal enemy, and acted towards her accordingly. And Bob, who was fourteen and had the name of being a vertable tease, took advantage of every opportunity which presented itself to plague his sober brother on this point.

"I'll bet a nickel to a chew of gum that he goes and falls hend and heals in love with that new teacher. Such a pretty face. Just wait till Joe sees her!" Bob soliquized as he walked slowly down the road. "I daren't go back to the house until Joe's anger cools a little," he said, and soon he met a chum and they indulged in a game of "keeps" with marbles, and Bob forgot all about Joe, the new school teacher and everything else save his game, and finally went home as unconcerned as possible; and Joe who had also nearly forgotten the escapade of a short time before, scarcely heeded his presence.

II.

Joe Blackburn had met the new school teacher. Her name was Vidette Wharton. Young Bob was the cause of it all, and I am not sure that Joe was sorry that it came about either. Bob and his teacher had become very intimate friends; there seemed to be a feeling of sympathy between the two. Bob was such a roguish youngster, but, withal, a good boy when once you were on the "right side" of him, that his teacher had liked him from the first, and Bob seemed to return the liking for Miss Wharton. "He wanted to accustom her to the family," he said; "for there was no doubt but that Joe would fall in love at first sight, and as he desired to get the old bachelor off his father's hands" (Bob was very sober when he said this) "and Miss Wharton was a first-class girl, he saw no reason why something serious should not be the result of little scheming on his part." And Bob was a good schemer if he was young.

So it happened that at the close of one bright summer's day, when the sun was just setting behind the western hills, Miss Wharton and Bob were strolling listlessly along the river's bank, now and then picking up some odd specimens of stone which particularly attracted their attention, while at some little distance behind them Joe, too, was walking leisurely along in the same direction.

Miss Wharton was very intent upon a stone just found, while Bob was as intent upon watching the approach of his brother; and when Joe was within a few rods, Bob, strange to say, had some very pressing business on top of the bank, whither he went with the least possible ceremony—so little in fact that Miss Wharton was unaware of his departure.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

REPRESENTATIVE AMATEUR JOURNAL OF CANADA.

VOL. II. MONTREAL, JUNE, 1886. No. 5.

GNOMIC VERSES.

THE DEAD MEN.

In the night when the world is sleeping
The dead men wander out,
A sad, invisible company,
A melancholy rout.
What are the dead men doing
That they cannot be still?
They are tired of sleeping for ages
In their houses under the hill.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

The sum of the evils that come
Is less than the sum of our making.

DEATH.

O, what if when we laugh at Death,
Death should overhear us!

THE POET.

The bird on the bough in silence or song
Can sit all day,
But still alway
In his heart there is music summer long.

He writes as nature bids him, fresh
From Thought's clear well,
He cannot tell
Whether in the flesh or out of the flesh.

What he sees is not of the earth's wide soil,
Nor river, nor sky,
But things that lie
As deep as spirit, as high as God.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

AMATEUR RELIGION.

Why not? We have amateur art, amateur music, amateur photography, amateur athletics, amateur gardening, amateur journalism, amateur almost-everything, -why not amateur religion?

By an amateur, as distinguished from the professional, we mean one who pursues a calling from pure love of the thing, and without expecting any pecuniary remuneration. Not that the professional has no taste or fondness for his occupation; but that he is not *content* with that mere taste or fondness, and looks beyond it for more tangible reward.

Now, there is such a thing as religion that is notoriously professional. We are all acquainted with it. Perhaps some of us more than others. There is the professional parson, and there is the professional congregation. Both are plentiful.

"Attend your church!" the parson cries;
To church each fair one goes.
The old ones go to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes."

These make a profession of religion, by professing it without really having anything to profess. When they obey the parson's cry, doubtless no more pleasing sight could be wished for than the devout, meditative reverence of the closed eyes and the attentive, observant wakefulness of the open eyes. But still there is the profession without the actuality; the saying without the doing. The worshippers are not worshipping, they are professing-using

I was walking one evening down a crowded street in an American city, when my attention was drawn by a knot of upturned faces to a huge screen on the roof of a building opposite, on which a series of dissolving magic lantern views was being displayed. It was not by any means an amateur exhibition. The views were exceedingly fine; but while we were looking at them, they would suddenly dissolve into a staring advertisement for a local jewelry firm. So these people use religion. They make it a professional advertising dodge. The fine views–the pious attitudes–are but the precursors of their business cards. They attend divine service chiefly to advertise the brilliancy of their jewels, the untold resources of their wardrobe. They attend it in order to be thought respectable, and so obtain an entrance to the higher circles of society. They attend it in order, by their Sunday piety, to lure fresh victims for their week-day impiety. They know the process well. A skillfully constructed prayer, a loud, daring exhortation, at the Sunday night prayer meeting, may set many lips enquiring, "Who *is* that good creature?" "Potts the grocer," is the answer of some convenient friend. "Excellent man. Used to be a great drunkard, poor fellow, but reformed. Really deserves to be encouraged you know."

And lo, on Monday morning, as Talmage paints him, Potts the grocer calls down stairs to his errand boy, "Jim!" "Yes, sir." "Have you sanded the sugar"? "Yes, sir." "And dusted the pepper"? "Yes, sir." "*Then come up to prayers.*"

Away with all such shams. Let us have amateur religion. Religion pure and undefiled. Religion which if professional at all, makes a profession only because it is first of all amateur. That loves truth because it is truth. That loves virtue because it is virtue. That loves the house of God because it is the house of God. That loves the Almighty Son and all of His because He "first loved us" and gave himself a willing sacrifice for sin.

It is related how, long ago, a man was wending his way through the busy streets of an ancient town carrying a large vessel of water in one hand, and in the other a flaming torch. "With the water," said he, "I shall drown the fires of hell, and with the torch burn up the joys of heaven, that men may have no other motive for seeking the great God, save that he *is* God."

And such, in truth, is amateur religion.

VARIETAS.

Montreal, May 14th, 1886.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

Thoughts on the tariff. "The pauper labor of Europe," about whom we hear so much from Protectionists, never emigrate at all. It is the strong, ambitious, and well doing who hasten to our shores to avail themselves of our vast unemployed stores of natural wealth. "The pauper labor of Europe," is an *ignis fatuus* of a disordered intellect. And what have we to fear–a hundred to one? It is the giant against the pigmy! We can afford to pay this wonderful pauper laborer twice as much as he got in Germany, which is a high tariff country, and get rich on his labor.—In the Congress of 1791 the Pennsylvanian members obtained a tariff on iron, under the plea of its being an infant industry. Nearly a hundred years have passed—it is still an infant, if we are to believe the present representatives from the same state.—The protective tariff on raw material doesn't injure to any great extent "infant" industries of ninety or three hundred years standing, but it is an

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THE BOOKWORM.

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SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

No. 2. Vol. 1. November-December, 1929. Price 1d.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

About this time of the year, or very soon, we begin to think about Christmas gifts. We all have a number of aquaintances to whom we send cards as remembrances which they throw away and forget within a month. But if you give them each a subscription to *The Bookworm* they will be reminded of you on the first day of every other month. The next number will be posted so as to arrive on Dec. 25 and if you send us a card in time we will enclose it with *The Bookworm* to acquaint the recipient of your gift. Remember the subscription is only sixpence for a whole year,

THE EDITOR.

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THE BOOKWORM.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

No. 2, Vol. 1. November-December, 1929. Price 1d.

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THE EDITOR.

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SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

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Boys' Sports

Magazine for Boys 5c

Volume I December, 1932 Number 10

APR 29 1944

The Boyhood of Famous Americans

By J. V. Fitzgerald

Owen D. Young

The life of a country boy in rural New York fifty years ago was made up of much work and little play. It meant getting up before daybreak on the cold winter mornings, helping with the stock, cleaning stables. It meant cutting and hauling wood, plowing, seeding and harvesting in season. Early to bed and early to rise was the program.

Most of the day during the summer was spent in tasks that made for a strong body. The development of the mind was left largely for the winter. Then a boy took his books and sometimes trudged miles through the snow to the little rural school house. He had to quit a warm bed, dress by candlelight in a chilly room and do his share of the chores before he set out on his tramp to school in quest of an education.

That was the sort of a life Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of the General Electric company, financial genius and diplomat, led as a boy. He was born in Van Hornesville, N. Y., in 1874. His ancestors had settled there before the Revolution. His father owned a farm five miles from the town. The boy had to perform all the tasks that fell to the lot of other youngsters in the same environment.

The Young farm was 15 miles from the railroad. Itinerant peddlers were its chief contact with the outside world. Their coming was eagerly awaited. Trips to town were taken only when necessary. Such excursions meant much lost time in the days of the horse-drawn wagon and poor roads. Electric power, which has lightened the work in rural sections, the radio, which has put the farmer in touch with the world and its affairs, were not thought of as farm equipment when Owen D. Young was a boy. They were made largely possible for the farmer through his genius for organization.

Education, beyond the rural school, was seldom considered

Continued on page three

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THE BOB WHITE

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

SECOND WHISTLE
WINTER
1932-33

THE BROOKLYNITE

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE BLUE PENCIL CLUB

VOLUME 22 HOHOKUS, N. J., SEPTEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
AUG 25 1932

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What Is Essential?

Of all the myriad articles
Portrayed in influential
And potent ads., I pray you tell
What are in truth essential?

One deems his need a domicile
In suburb residential;
The next a hovel seeks, I ask
Which is in truth essential?

The boy a roistering game demands,
In our eyes pestilential;
His sire craves learning, scorned by him,
What is in truth essential?

The business man with clamorous din
Asks treatment preferential;
The kidnapper seeks special terms.
Are these then, too, essential?

—Katharine B. Collier.

MY FAVORITE MONTH

Time was when my favorite month was December. This for three reasons. My birthday came on the fourteenth, Christmas Day on the twenty-fifth, and the last day of the month was the eve of the New Year.

We can pass over the birthday quickly. It is quite appropriate to do so, because that was the way the day actually used to seem to pass. I, being the eldest of the family, my parents made it a great day for me. Birthday presents on the breakfast table, a special birthday pudding at dinner, and a birthday cake at supper time, when numerous other kiddies of about my own age were invited in to help eat it, and to have a good time afterwards.

Eleven days after, when the excitement seemed to have barely subsided, Christmas arrived. I always think that Christmas back in England was somehow a more real festival than it is in the U. S. A. That may be partly because we had no Thanksgiving Day celebration a month earlier to take the edge off it. When I was a boy my father gave audible thanks daily for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life, as well as for the means of grace and the hope of glory, and while we children had rather hazy ideas as to just what all this implied, we listened attentively and were probably all the better for it. So it was that we needed no annual date set apart by the powers that be for this special purpose. It was for American efficiency to arrange for a special day once a year, when, by order of the President, we should one and all give thanks to God for a whole year's blessings all at once, and so get it over and done with. Maybe time is saved this way; and maybe in this way some who would never think to give thanks at all are induced to remember their Creator at least once a year. Let us hope so.

Christmas, that curious topsy-turvy mixture of pagan revelry, druidical mistletoe and holly, and Christmas worship—when our Lord became a newborn babe, and good protestants came perilously near to adoration of the Virgin; and when another strange god descended from the skies through the chimney, and was greatly feared by us children—this strange hodge-podge of religion, legend and superstition, seemed to react with something in our racial and spiritual bones, and infused into us youngsters such feelings of mystery, reverence, joy and happiness as we can never experience again in later years. As we grow older and see more of the carpenter work back of the stage, what seemed so real appears to us to be merely the outcome of artificial contrivance. But after all, is not the play the thing? Is not that which influences us that which really counts, no matter how the effect is produced?

Well, in less than a week the year slips away from us, and drops off into the abyss of the past. Father produces four new diaries with a blank page for each day of the coming year. The little books look so nice and new and clean that we are easily induced to promise to write something every day if given one of them. How long we kept it up I don't quite recall, but I remember one year in which I think I managed to write a few words daily till some time in March. That was probably a record.

Those were the old days. Now it is hard to say which month I like best. I am more content to take them as they come and let them go when they are finished. Birthdays are not so pleasantly looked forward to in our more mature years. Christmas has lost much of its mystic appeal, and Christmas presents seem to lack the old charm of surprise and novelty. New Year? Well, we've seen so many of them! For a few years we enjoyed a sort of vicarious resurrection of these old-time anniversaries while our own children were small. Now they are grown up! But while there's life there's hope. Some day I may be a grandfather, and enjoy yet again a good old-fashioned merry Christmas. And so December will still continue to be my favorite month.

Edward P. B. Laurence.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 20 1944

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THE BROOKLYNITE

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE BLUE PENCIL CLUB

VOLUME 22 HOHOKUS, N. J., DECEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 3

St. Swithin and the Weather Man

The Weather Man knocked at the Pearly Gates of Heaven. He knocked hard. As a meteorologist on earth he had been getting so many knocks he now enjoyed doing some tall knocking himself.

St. Peter welcomed him politely and at once invested him in celestial raiment; the Weather Man looked carefully over his shoulders to see that the wings didn't sag.

"Yes," he sighed, "I give up the ghost. You know, Mark Twain said that people always talked about the weather but that nothing was ever done about it. Well, 'tis a pity Mark didn't wait a while, everything coming out all right. The Blue Pencil Club has now taken up the subject of the weather and at last something will be done about it—er the subject. At least so the Literary Director hopes. I say, ever hear of the Blue Pencil Club up here?"

St. Peter opined they might have friends in both places and opened gates wide to receive the meteorologist.

St. Swithin, patron saint of the weather, flew forward gleefully to have a confidential talk about weather with this authority. "Wonderful climate up here," Saint said, "just like the kind the Real Estate Boomers boom about. Only rain we have is the gentle rain of mercy which "dropeth from Heaven upon the place beneath." Weather bright and clear, not too hot and not too cold. Help yourself, my dear fellow," and St. Swithin waved his arms magnificently.

The Weather Man parted his wings and sat down. He started to hitch up the knees of his trousers; then—remembered he was an angel. He looked round happily. "So this is Heaven? What a place, what a place! Glad to be here. You know, St. Swithin it's safer to let people on Earth depend for weather forecast on their corns and rheumatism and proverbs. Why the Babylonians had weather proverbs way back in 4000 B. C. even if they didn't have corns. Then, there are the ants and crickets with their predicting. Ever watch speed of ants? It changes according to weather and you can get air temperatures to within 1 degree Fahrenheit by timing speed. Crickets butt in, too. On hot nights pulse of the chorus goes up to 125 a minute. When cooler nights predicted pulse goes down to 60 a minute." Here the Weather Man was diverted by some golden-haired angels in his proximity.

"I say, St. Swithin, what nice hair for a hygrometer, eh? Oh, we used it for measuring humidity. Human hair, as you know, is so susceptible to ab-

[illegible] that it is the funda-

mental factor in mechanism of the hygrometer. Yes, sir, most serviceable instrument. Daresay idea came from Indians forecasting weather by condition of hair in scalp house. Well, glad I'm done with forecasting what with diagnosing the symptoms you hung out—Cirro cumulus, Cirro stratus, Cumulus nimbus, and—"

"Stop," commanded the Saint, "moderate your language. How can you intimate such things? I never did." St. Swithin wiped away a tear with the end of his beard.

The Weather Man gasped and scratched his left wing in perplexity. "Oh, perhaps you weren't at christening of those clouds."

The good saint pouted and asked dubiously, "How was it possible that you left the weather during the depression?"

"Ah, don't you know, St. Swithin, that the weather is about all that is left in the depression. Moreover, the weather this Fall has been so depressing that it depressed even the depression. People need uplifting weather. Consider the Blue Pencil Club picnic." The Weather Man folded his wings and added impressively, "Perhaps that started the Blue Pencil Club on this investigation. You know, investigations are very popular on earth. And all this rain lately. You'd think Sadie Thompson is acting all over the place. Look here, St. Swithin, haven't you a lot to do with this rain business?"

The Saint looked embarrassed. "A—a little," he admitted. "You see, it was like this. Way back in ninth century," his tone became reminiscent, "when I was English Bishop, I expressed wish to be buried, not in a tomb, but in the earth where the rain from the eaves of my church could drop upon my grave. When I was canonized later people wanted my body in the church. I didn't. So on July 15, the day set to dig me out, I protested by sending rain and, to delay transfer of my body, the rain kept up for 40 days. At last it gave out and I gave in. But I'm a legend now," he added proudly.

"Uhuh," agreed the Weather Man, "but, dear St. Swithin, you see legends, superstitions, proverbs, corns and rheumatism, won't keep weather reliable and we don't know its secrets. It takes scientists. They maintain that some invisible sky barrier upsets world climate. This they must discover; so Prof. Piccard goes up in the air about it—literally I mean. He finds that clouds form at twice the height formerly supposed. With this revelation the troposphere and stratosphere must be higher and—"

St. Swithin interrupted his eyes narrow with

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THE BOB WHITE

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APR 2

Fifth Whistle
Autumn 1933

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The Bob White

APR 29 1944

Fourth Whistle
Summer 1933

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THE BOB WHITE

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
SERIAL RECEIVED
APR 29 1944

THIRD WHISTLE
SPRING
1933

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THE BOOKMARK

A Bookish Magazine for Regular Booksters.

DECEMBER 1933

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 24 1944

CHARLES DICKENS

Clarke W. Walton
Editor and Publisher
Monroe, N. C.
U. S. A.

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Badger Scratches

Issued Quarterly, by Albin P. Mertes, R. 8, Fond du Lac, Wis.

VOLUME I. JANUARY 1933 NUMBER 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

1933 Model Resolutions

Now that 1933 looms into view, it is just as well that we pause and think up some resolutions.

So, be it resolved that:

1. There oughtta be a law to silence the neighbor's radio at 9 p. m.
2. There oughtta be a law to prohibit gals from smoking cigarettes.
3. There oughtta be a law against publishing crime news.
4. There oughtta be a law against bridge parties.
5. There oughtta be a law against Sunday movies, golf and auto riding.
6. There oughtta be a law against rouge, lip-stick and knee dresses.
7. There oughtta be a law to prohibit school teachers from dancing.
8. There oughtta be a law to compel young couples to be home at 9 p. m.
9. There oughtta be a law prohibiting chewing gum in public.

(*Continued on last page*)

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Badger Scratches

Issued Quarterly, by Albin P. Mertes, R. 8, Fond du Lac, Wis.

VOL. I. MEMBER APRIL 1933 N. A. P. A. NO. 2

APR 29 194

The 3c Postage Nuisance

When the Democrats take possession March fourth immediate steps should be taken to restore two cent postage, not only as a revenue producer but in order to get away from a plan that invites criticism every day that the mails are used.

The administration had hopes that a three cent postage would produce millions in additional revenue and tend to wipe out the postal deficit, but it has worked in the opposite direction. Heretofore the mails were used for sending out monthly statements. Now these are being circulated by hand, and this is especially true of the monthly electric and gas bills as well as stores who use their delivery system in place of employing Uncle Sam. . . .

We hope to see the new administration get back to the two and one cent postage to the end that Uncle Sam will profit and the American public will be given consideration. There are many ways in which this deficit can be made up, and two that we have in mind—the consolidation of post offices and the revision of contracts as to rent and charges for transportation.

From Exhibit A published in the Congressional Record of June fourth, last, we give you four concrete examples of waste in the matter of compensation paid to contractors under the merchant marine act of 1928, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1931.

Paid American-West African (Inc.), $87,862.50 for carrying 133 pounds of mail, or at the rate of $660.62 per pound.

Paid Mississippi Shipping Company $607,792.50 for carrying 161 pounds of mail, at the average cost of $3,775.11 per pound.

Paid South Atlantic Steamship Company of Delaware $363,022.50 for carrying 74 pounds of mail, at an average rate of $4,905.71 per pound.

Paid Tampa Interocean Steamship Company $438.775.-00 for carrying 85 pounds of mail, at an average rate of $5,-

(*Continued on page 4*)

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Badger Scratches

Issued Quarterly, by Albin P. Mertes, R. 8, Fond du Lac, Wis.

VOL. I. MEMBER JULY 1933 N. A. P. A. NO. 3

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 29 1934

Life Beautiful

—by Miriam Irene Kimball

We are told in Holy Writ that God is Life;
Then Life is good, for God is good alway.
Life is not sordid, heavy, limited, weak,
Or dull. It has a glory of its own
Beyond the power of mortal eye to scan.
It has a strength and beauty far beyond
What human mind can e'er conceive or know -
Unblemished beauty, shining splendor, everywhere,
Alway. God is one Life, the All-in-all.

In Him we live and move and being have.*
How rich and bountiful such life must be!
How glad, how glorious, how exalted, free!
Nowhere is unemployment, burden, lack,
Decay. Nowhere is disappointment, failure, loss,
For man's real life, expression of God's will,
Is God directed, God controlled, and God maintained.
Life beautiful, then, is heritage of man,
God's image bright in Mind, - and ever his.

*Acts 17:28

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Badger Scratches

Issued Quarterly, by Albin P. Mertes, R. 8, Fond du Lac, Wis.

VOL. I. MEMBER OCTOBER 1933 N. A. P. A. NO. 4

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

APR 29 1944

Ghosts of You

—by—

Katharine K. Rucker

I'm on my way up to the moon,
Mounted on a witch's broom;
I'll sing a song in a death-like tune
And sleep in the haunted room.

I shall know what black cats mean,
And laugh when I hear *boo;*
For every night is Hallowe'en -
Alive with the ghosts of you.

When the leaves are painted crimson and gold
The Autumn has come like a lover bold.

—*Katharine K. Rucker*

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Badger Scratches

Issued Quarterly, by Albin P. Mertes, R. 8, Fond du Lac, Wis.

SPECIAL NOVEMBER 1933 ISSUE

This Mailing Bureau Business

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

From the very first that I heard of the National Amateur Press Association, and of its maintenance of a Mailing Bureau, a question mark appeared in my mind as to how this was financed. Soon I found that through the very generous spirit of Vincent B. Haggerty, co-operating with the manager of the bureau, the regular mailings took place. Of course it would be very unreasonable for our association to expect Mr. Haggerty to continue the supplying of postage out of his own finances, and the time seems to be here, when it appears to require outside sustenance or else cease to exist.

Now, as a bold step, a small group of officials are trying to place a fee of 25c or 50c on each publisher, with the issuance of each number of his paper. In other words, if you are a publisher, and wish to distribute your paper through the bureau, you will be required to pay 25c or 50c every time you issue a paper. Let me ask: Do you think this is going to increase the number of papers? Never. This group evidently thinks that the 50 odd (more or less) publishers who already are burdened with the publishing of their papers, should also shoulder the maintenance of the mailing bureau, while the other 250 odd (more or less) members, need only pay their dollar and get a whole year's reading while sitting down and waiting for it.

If these officials wish to reduce the present status of the association they need only to enforce this penalty on the publishers. I know I can't carry an additional two dollars a year, beside the one dollar membership fee, and the expense incidental to publishing a paper. And if other publishers are "killed off" too, soon these readers' packets will look pretty slim. Now then, if the papers are worth reading, and 250 members are willing to join this association just for the reading of the papers, and an occasional write-up furnished, don't you think it would be

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BOYHOOD

FOR BOYS WHO ARE SCOUTS AT HEART

No. 4. FEBRUARY 1933. 2¢

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THE QUITTER

By Robert Service

When You're lost in the wild, and you're scared as a child,
And Death looks you bang in the eye,
And you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle
To cock your revolver and —— die.
But the code of man says: "Fight all you can,"
And self-dissolution is barred.
In hunger and woe, oh. it's easy to blow,
It's the hell- served- for- breakfast that's hard.

You're sick of the game!" Well, now, that's a shame.
You're young. and You're brave, and You're bright.
You've had a raw deal!" I know—but don't squeal,
Buck up, do your damnedest, and fight.
It's the plugging away that will win you the day,
So don't be a piker, old Pard!
Just draw on your grit. It's easy to quit:
It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's hard.

It's easy to cry when you're beaten—and die;
It's easy to crawfish and crawl;
But to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight—
Why, that's the best game of them all;

And though you come out of each gruelling bout,
All broken and beaten and scarred,
Just have one more try—it's dead easy to die.
It's the keeping- on- living- that's hard.

STOP THIS WAR!

A crowd of eight hundred Japanese students gathered in front of the lecture hall of the Imperial University at Tokyo while four students addressed them and denounced "this Imperialistic War" which Japan is waging in Eastern Asia. Carrying banners they attempted to parade but police interferred and arrested 25 of them. Very little came of this outbreak yet it is satisfying to note that the youth of Japan are thinking and thinking right.

(Luther League Review).

ROUND THE WORLD

Paul Siple, the Boy Scout who went to the Antarctics with Admiral Byrd. has written to his friends in America about the first part of the round-the-world trip on which he started a couple months ago. In London he called on Lord Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout of the world. He is now in Paris, whence he goes to Vienna, Budapest and Moscow before setting out for the Orient. Paul will be back in time to return with Admiral Byrd to the Antarctics next October.

(Boys' Life)

Having wound 25 miles of string into a ball almost half his height, a 77 year old man now lays claim to the title of world's champion string winder.

-: Onward To The Metropolis And Victory :-

BAY STATE ADVOCATE

ESTABLISHED 1910 NEW BEDFORD, MASS. SPRING 1933

LIVING MUSEUM

Court house Park offers to the observer a clear cross-section of life in all its phases. An hour spent on its benches is sufficient time to observe the high, low and medium in life's trend.

The average observer, at first glance, would say that the main portion of the park's population consisted of castaways. Another glance would reveal that those resting in the park are from all classes of society.

Here, is a tattered and torn member of "the army"—over there another member of the unemployed, a little better dressed than the first—beyond him a group interested in heated controversy and still further away a well dressed man reading a book. The collection is completed when a ragged man appears selling "corn crispies."

The first man was not always a derelict. His position was secure, he believed, and his wages were all spent before the next pay day, he was the happy-go-lucky type. Suddenly he found himself without a job with nothing on which to fall back. Then came the ceaseless round of agencies and the same answer to each plea for work, "We have more men than we can use now."

The better dressed fellow on the next bench is even more to be pitied. His problems involve a family as well as himself. He did not waste his money and worked day after day to provide a comfortable home for his family.

The meager savings he had accumulated seemed a godsend when he lost his job. The amount in the bank was not much, but it gave him a feeling of security. Then the bank failed and his life's work is swept away. His lot, tho difficult, is better than the first man's.

The arguers, so interested in their debate, are giving vent to their bitterness against the economic system. They range from a "soak" to a man of most religious tendencies. Their talk centers around methods to bring back a system which would be economically sound but none is able to agree with the others. Some want revolution others a more quiet change, but all are dissatisfied with things as they are.

The man interested in the book provided a contrast. He is well dressed and financially sound. Inquiry reveals that he is just taking advantage of an opportunity to spend a short time reading in the cool shade. He is oblivious to his fellows and in comparison with them his life seems a smooth road. His security is reflected in his expression.

Then comes the most interesting individual of all. As he passes each bench he tries to sell a bag of cheap confection. When refused he passes on to the next bench. Each day he makes the round of the park, courthouse and downtown stores. This man refuses to give up. His opposition to the depression is not passive and altho his sales are few he struggles on.

So it goes day after day in every park and gathering place. Each life is a different story, one happy, another sad. Present day conditions make casual gatherings more interesting than ever before. And despite the hardships and reverses, the wise observer will always find that last spark of hope glowing.

Holger Ridder

SOMERSET PUBLIC LIBRARY RECORDS
APR 29 1944

THE FLOOD TIDE

The last week in January was marked by a terrific storm which raged along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Cape Cod, Massachusetts. In the Beachmont section of Revere, Massachusetts, where the writer resides, the storm was particularly severe. The extremely strong northeast wind drove the waves over the breakwater, covering the boulevard and converting the summer cottage region into a sort of Venice or better described as a scene of watery destruction. Traffic was impeded and in many places impossible. To cite one instance, a Revere boy took a Winthrop girl to a show and arrived at his home at one a. m. when ordinarily he could make it by eleven p. m. (Editor's note: Maybe it was a Beachmont boy?) Streets were submerged and the Narrow Guage Railroad along the Winthrop shorelline was washed out.

On the second day of the storm, the tide was higher than 15 feet, which is believed to set an all time record for the Atlantic Coast of the United States. Sunday, the third and final day, it was impossible to travel along the shorefront without going through water and climbing over ruins of cottages. Rowboats and dories became a familiar sight as the people tried to get about. Thousands of curious persons swarmed the district that day to witness the unusual event and see the havoc wrought by the storm.

Francis E. Thompson

X-PN 4827

-: Onward Is A Good Policy :-

BAY STATE ADVOCATE

ESTABLISHED 1910 NEW BEDFORD, MASS. SUMMER 1933

APR 29 1946

The Great NATIONAL Convention

Harold Segal was elected president of the National Amateur Press Association by unanimous vote of the convention at the afternoon session on July 4. This was one of the highlights of a most unusual and outstanding gathering of the historic National.

The first event on the program was the meeting of the Amateur Printers Club and reception to visitors at the home of Vincent B. Haggerty in Jersey City. Renewing acquaintances with old friends and greeting others for the first time was thrilling and delightful. The center of interest and a thing of awe, especially in an amateur's home was Vincent's new linotype machine. Another doodad discovered by Pearl Merritt which provided much amusement was dry ice.

In the evening we journeyed to the Hotel New Yorker where the Amateur Printers Club had moved into their suite and the APC News organization was set up and in operation. We were the guests of the Blue Pencil Club at its regular meeting held in the parlor where the convention was to open on the morrow. Members of the New York amateur journalists club participated in the excellent program of entertainment. Here we had the pleasure of meeting many more amateurs and their relatives and friends.

Monday morning we were greeted with the first issue of the A. P. C. News filled with the very latest accounts of convention happenings and including even the weather forecast. Vincent Haggerty opened the first session and extended the greetings of the Convention Reception Committee. We responded for the Association and the 58th conclave got under way. The order of business was followed without much interruption. Messages of greeting were read from amateur press clubs including one from Wales and also from individual members. Practically every officer rendered a final report.

The proxy committee, Edward Suhre, chairman, was in session during the afternoon while other members inspected the A. P. C. quarters on the 23rd floor or attended to convention details. We visited our sister-in-law at the Conacle of St. Regis on 140th Street at Riverside Drive. The quiet serenity of convent life, and the terraced grounds with pretty gardens overlooking the beautiful Hudson River was a pleasant change from the hustle and bustle of the downtown metropolis. Incidentally Madam McCarthy was pleased that our hobby, which she has heard about for years, was powerful enough to bring about this visit and we left with her a copy of the A. P. C. News.

Monday evening, the golden anniversary meeting in honor of Willard O. Wylie's election to the presidency of the National Amateur Press Association in 1883 took place. "Doc" Swift presided and Mr. Wylie gave a message to the youth of amateurdom. Fossils, the boys of '76 and the A. P. C., boys of '33 mingled on this occasion. Will Rogers' alarm clock was tossed out of the forum. Sometime after midnight, the ancient political caucus was held. Will Murphy, Ed Suhre and Jim Morton spent the early morning hours with the A. P. C. News staff which was getting out the second issue.

The Glorious Fourth, the big day of the convention came with another issue of the A. P. C. News with the lowdown on the election 'n everything! The flag which graced the rostrum throughout Monday was now missing, probably appealed to some souvenir hunter, so we opened the session by reading an appropriate poem entitled, "Independence". Mr. Wylie was called to the chair and the proposed amendments were voted upon. Mr. Smith's amendment carried and those proposed by Mr. Townsend were lost. The report on proxy ballots showed Edwin Hadley Smith elected to the presidency by a large majority regardless of the convention vote. Hadley wanted to withdraw but his friends wouldn't allow him to do so. Finally a compromise was effected and the election proceeded with the following result: President, Edwin Hadley Smith; vice president, Ralph W. Babcock, Jr.; treasurer, John D. Fursell; official editor, F. Earl Bonnell; executive judges, Felicitas Haggerty, H. Segal and G. A. Thomson; next convention, Chicago. Then we recessed for dinner.

The afternoon and final session was eventful. Mr. Morton was called to the chair to conduct the installation of President Edwin Hadley Smith. Charlie Heins, the big Smith man from Jersey was one of the escorts. Hadley delivered the fifth of his six set speeches, saving the final for the banquet. He announced at the Sunday evening meeting of the Blue Pencil Club that he had a speech for each session of the convention. The first address was entitled: "Water minus Soap" and not dedicated to W. O. Wylie but to Haggerty

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THE BROOKLYNITE

VOLUME 23 HOHOKUS, N. J., DECEMBER, 1933 NUMBER 3

X-PN 4827

"MY FAVORITE MONTH"

1. Of all the months that's in the year,
   December is to me most dear,
   Because it is the time of cheer
   When we greet friends both far and near.

2. It is the time when Churchly feast,
   Invites us all, both lay and priest,
   Gold, frankincense, the myrrh, the beast,
   To wonder at the Most made Least.

3. We contemplate the mystery,
   Of Christ's unique Nativity,
   In sacred song, in liturgy,
   In hearts filled with felicity.

4. The joy of heaven brought down to earth,
   Fills all with gladness, glee and mirth,
   Estops reproaches, and gives birth,
   To acts of kindness, grace and worth.

5. In this, of seasons, the most choice,
   United fam'lies make glad noise,
   And ceaselessly delight to voice,
   Affections,—while they all rejoice.

6. With Christmas toys the children small,
   Play all the day until nightfall,
   Then Boniface's green tree tall,
   With candles lit delighteth all.

7. So when the merry month is here,
   'Tis loved by all both far and near,
   And teaches in a lesson clear,
   Our duty, daily to give cheer.

—*Robert D. Bowman*

REVELATIONS

A subject expressed in one word is difficult to pin down properly. Its connotations are so varied. For instance, quite a lot of interesting thoughts might occur to anyone on such separate subjects as special revelations, supernatural revelations, factual revelations, or physical revelations — to mention only a few.

What is a revelation? A revealing of something of course. A kind of uncovering—an ending of doubt and suspense — a termination of a state of ignorance!

Did it ever happen to you when reading a book that you found some difficulty in understanding it? You sensed that part of the writer's meaning was escaping you; but on reading it again sometime later the full significance has become perfectly plain. I believe, myself, that practically any book worth reading is worth reading twice at least, and what I have gained from this second reading has often been a revelation to me.

I think too, the reception of a revelation requires often, not only comprehension, but realization. I happen to know several people who have been to the Century of Progress Exhibition in Chicago. They mostly describe it with much enthusiasm, and some of them have told me that it was "a revelation" to them. But how was it a revelation? Every intelligent individual who reads the newspapers and magazines may know practically all that anyone can tell them about it. What makes the difference is the realization afforded by actual experience.

As I said at the beginning, there are all kinds of revelations. Several months ago I lent $5.00 to an acquaintance who was away from home and had run short of funds. The money was to be sent back upon his arrival home next day, but though I used to meet my friend or hear from him frequently before that, I've never seen or heard of him since! I know that I'm in for a revelation, but whether it will be the blissful vision of a five dollar bill, or merely another revelation of the general perfidy of human nature, I don't know yet!

Yes, certainly a revelation is more complete when accompanied by some amount of realization! When the thermometer in the office is around 98, and there is a pile of work to be got through, one is inclined to think almost with envy of antarctic explorers pushing their sleighs through blinding blizzards while the temperature goes down to unbelievable degrees below zero! On the other hand, when you stand on some exposed mountain side overlooking the Hudson River on a raw day in January, and try to scrape about a foot of snow off the rock so that you may have a place to sit down and partake of a cold and frugal lunch—and maybe find that said lunch has frozen solid in your pack—then it may come upon you with all the force of a revelation that the office, may, by contrast, be a very comfortable place!

—*Edward P. B. Laurence*

#36

THE BASKET!

(Gems Retrieved in Moments of Later Sound Judgment)
Published Monthly in The Interest of Amateur Journalism.
Affiliated With The National Amateur Press Association.

VOL. I JULY 1933. NO. II

HOW ONE MAN OVERCAME THE DEPRESSION.

The gentleman I have in mind is a printer by trade and he has found a way to overcome the present economic situation and at the same time has been able to earn a very good income. He has revived the old method of 'barter and exchange'.

He has contact with various firms due to his being a printer and in this way is able to do a very good business in the way of exchanging. Instead of accepting money from us for his work he takes coffee. This coffee he takes to the restaurant where he gets his meals and turns it in for a meal ticket.

Lately his trading has become more complicated. He is doing some work for a Hosiery Company and he receives their merchandise instead of cash. He takes this merchandise and sells it for cash at a higher price than what he paid. Just a few weeks ago he did some printing for a jeweler and here he could have been paid in currency but instead wanted their merchandise. They gave him some beautiful amber pipe sets and he took one and gave it to a friend of his for some favors he had extended. Another one of these sets he took to a music store and received a banjo in exchange. This banjo was for one of his friends who did not want to pay any more than six dollars. When he was the happy possessor of the banjo he called his friend and asked him if he was still looking for a banjo. He sold it to him for the six dollars he was willing to pay for the instrument.

I do not know how many men he has working for him, but I do know he has a very peculiar way of paying them for their service. He pays them thirty cents an hour in cash or sixty cents an hour in merchandise.

About one-third of this trade is in currency for bills to be paid when they fall due and the rest is in merchandise. What he really needs is about three or four bookkeepers to keep his accounts straight and about three shipping clerks to check in the merchandise in his receiving department.

In spite of his method which is so complicated to me, he is honest, ambitious, trustworthy and prompt. Looking at him you would wonder where he keeps his surplus energy, but in spite of his lanky form he is wiry and can stand a great deal. He is one man who has solved his problem successfully and with much satisfaction.

Annetta Christianson.

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THE BROOKLYNITE

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE BLUE PENCIL CLUB

APR 29 1934

VOLUME 22 HOHOKUS, N. J., MARCH, 1933 NUMBER 4

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IN THE CHOOSING OF TALENTS

More than likely it is an exceedingly good thing for most of us that we are not called upon to select for ourselves the talent we are to be endowed with. For in the matter of talent, it is much the same as in that of our friends. The girl-friend that Thomas, or Richard, or Henry, would select at fifteen, wouldn't do at all at thirty, and at fifty neither of the two previous selections would do at all. One might even change from a preference for blondes or brunettes or red-heads to something entirely different, in that time, and on the other hand, the blondes, or the brunettes or the red-heads might themselves change to something else. With the rage for platinum blondes, now extant, one is likely to go forth in the morning leaving his auburn-haired ball and chain watching over the lares and penates and rocking the cradle, returning in the evening to find the same person looking like whatever it is that platinum blondes look like.

And on the other hand, the tastes of Marie and Antoinette and Genevieve are equally likely to change over a period of a third of a century. It is not impossible that one who found an ideal in James at fifteen, and in Vincent at thirty, would with the sober third-thought of fifty say that if they had it to do over again they would pick on me. Obviously, it is stretching the point a little to refer to a sober third-thought on the part of any member of the fair sex, for in these days of gin-parties, if one can get down even to the second-thought, perfectly sober, it is evident that the gin isn't what it ought to be, even if the drinker is what she ought to be.

Getting back to the talent we would pick for ourselves—very few would pick for life the talent of which masculine youth has very little of anything else but that of getting into trouble. Few of us are able at any time in our lives to get away from this early heritage. If there are nine right ways of doing a thing, and one wrong, it is as sure as that sparks fly upward, and that plummets go down, that talent, or instinct, or what have you, will unerringly point to the one wrong choice.

Yet there is one talent I would choose above all others—that of speed and efficiency in the clipping of coupons—not coupons from South American bonds, of course, but from the good old kind which your Uncle Samuel runs off his presses.

I admit that in my youth I cherished a longing for another talent—when I'd see my big brother making a hit with the fair sex I'd wish that this gift had come to me, and wonder why I hadn't been endowed with oodles and oodles of IT. I'd see the other boys "knocking 'em dead" and wonder what they had that I hadn't—that fatal gift of charm for the beauteous maidens of the neighborhood.

Now that I have become lame and halt and blind I see as through a glass—not cocktail glass—less darkly. I see that all this was vanity and vexation of spirit. I see that it is not possible for all of my sex to be matinee idols and the strong, silent men of the movies. Some of us must be the hewers of wood and the drivers of the taxicabs wherein the big boys with the talent for charming females ride back of the meter instead of beside it. So the talent I would now select for myself would have nothing to do with the violent turmoil of the marts of trade or and would relate not at all to the more alluring field wherein feminine hearts are the prizes sought—it would be the talent for getting through the next forty or fifty years of life with as little friction as possible and finally easing out as peacefully as might be—a good philosophy is a fairly good substitute for talent at any and all times.

A. M. Adams.

SHOULD NEVER MISS

"They buy because the season is changing and they're restless," I read in a recent article entitled "What Women Don't Know About Their Clothes." I read on. "They buy for pastime; because they're sad, or glad, or mad; they buy because they're suggestible subjects of hypnotic advertising."

Now I know. I have always labored under the delusion that I bought clothes because I needed them. Driven forth by what seemed to me a real need, I have ventured into a dress department, where I have confided my desires to a sympathetic appearing saleslady, who seemed to know exactly what I wanted. If the dress she showed me differed greatly from what I asked for, she proceeded to educate me in the suitability of that style. A silver-tongued orator hypnotized me one season into believing that I could walk comfortably and look smart at the same time in a hobble skirt. Well, I'm glad that era of my life has passed.

The next indignity that was thrust upon me, was the short dress style, which I accepted not because I was sad, or glad, or mad, nor even hypnotized, but because a long and tiresome search for a longer one convinced me of the impossibility of finding it. The tricks that dress played were a scandal. As if to compensate, however, patchpockets were scattered over all types of dresses, even evening gowns. My sense of freedom enlarged. My hands were no longer enslaved by a handbag. I could pocket my money, my handkerchief, a pencil, and whatever other small articles I wished to take with me. I no longer envied men their pockets. At last I realized that, after all, woman had achieved equal rights with man. Two years I was permitted to have this convenience. Then came a sad season when a saleslady

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THE BARD

A Comrade of the Young Poets

Vol. I September, 1934

APR 29 1944

VITA EST BONA

LIFE is not all wrong--it cannot be;
For love and chastity still exist, and beckon
For us to right ourselves--for us to grasp the key
To the door of happiness and unlock it;
That is all.

—HAROLD D. BEARCE.

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THE BOSTONIAN

Vol. I June, 1934 No. 1

"My Choice of a Retreat"

By John L. Atkinson

MANY times have I read that the success of writing depends heavily upon the training of one's mind in concentration, and that to achieve the highest degree of this important element a person must write where it is quiet. A bit regretfully, I must admit that I have been heedless of this worthy advice, until recently, when a trial proved to me its priceless value.

On the occasion of my ex-

(Continued on page 3)

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The Bay State
• Bugle •

Vol. I. December, 1934 No. 2

SHINING BURDEN.

By William Haywood

THE old prospector's burro plodded dully through the gloomy dusk of approaching Colorado twilight as his bent and haggard master pondered over his meager thoughts. He was mentally berating himself, a thing which is in itself a discouraging pastime, if it may be spoken of. His fault lay in the task that had been forced upon him. When his late partner has recently passed the way of all good men, he had bequeathed an ancient and honorable set of tools on

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THE BARD

A Comrade of the Young Poets

Vol. I June, 1934 No. 1

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BUILDING CASTLES.

Building castles in the air,
With the stone foundations there
Fastened firmly to the earth,
Is no wise a cause for mirth.

But if you would build aright,
Think of this with all your might,
Take this advice if you durst;
Build the stone foundations first.

-WALTER PANNELL.

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THE BOOKMARK

A Bookish Magazine for Regular Booksters.

APRIL 1934

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Clarke W. Walton
Editor and Publisher
Monroe, N. C.
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#43

THE BOOKMARK

A Bookish Magazine for Regular Booksters.

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#14

THE BOOKMARK

A Bookish Magazine for Regular Booksters.

MAY 1934

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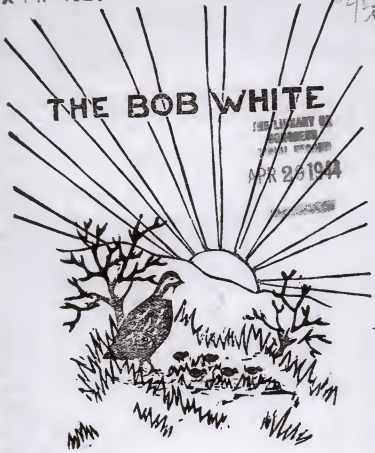
THE BOB WHITE

APR 26 1944



Seventh Whistle

Spring 1934

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THE BUNYAN DIGEST

Volume I | September - October, 1934 | Number 4

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

INFIELD ABILITY

By William Haywood

One of the factors that make baseball America's National Sport is that the unexpected may happen at any game.

A real fan will see some very beautifully executed plays from his seat just back of first.

The Yankees were playing the Browns and I was on the edge of my seat, score card rolled in my hand, when I saw two luminaries of the Yankee infield perform an unequalled putout.

Johnny Allen was pitching, the batter got hold of one of his speediest for what looked like a sure hit. The ball sped for the infield like a scared rabbit. Heffner stuck to second, but Rolfe ran toward the outfield, dove at the right moment, speared the ball with his gloved hand, flipped the ball over his shoulder with the same movement, into the hands of the waiting Heffner. Don spun on his heel and put the ball on the sliding runner.

A moment's silence, then a roar went up, a tribute to the timing and skill of a play that may never reoccur.

RETURN FROM 600 MILE TRIP

A bike trip of 600 miles was made by E. Jobe and J. Reid in August. The boys went via the peddle route to Davidson, Pt. Huron, Sarnia, Ont., London, Godrich, Clinton, and Seaforth. They made the intire trip in 6 days.

GHOST CITIES

BY JOHN W. KUJICH

A fascinating chapter in the history of the old west might be written on her " ghost cities ". Places that 60 years ago were marked on the maps of the western states as thriving towns and mining camps.

Many have disappeared so completely that their names are no longer known to the present generation. Some of the sites of once blooming cities can not be pointed out by any living man.

Others have survived and now are mere forms of weather-beaten, decayed, groups of cabins, bending under the weight of years.

One of the most active was Castle. It was founded in 1890, because of a silver strike. The town flourished for four years, at one time having a population of 5,000. Once the city boasted of 9 stores, 2 barber shops, 2 butcher shops, 2 livery barns, a bank, a jail, a school house, 2 hotels, a church, a dance hall, a photo gallary, a brass band, and 14 saloons.

In 1894 it faded, after $750,000 worth of the " white metal " had been mined. The town died because of the low price of silver.

One of the most famous extinct mining town is Montana City. Not one stick of lumber remains to mark the memory of its short but hectic life.

Want to Publish? See Last page!

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750 COPIES OF THIS ISSUE !

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THE BIG FOUR

AN AMATEUR CO-OPERATIVE JOURNAL

Vol. I Summer, 1934 No. 1

Sportsmanship and True Greatness

By William R. Traum

DO YOU know the true meaning of sportsmanship? Do you know the deepest meaning of true greatness? Some of you may realize their true significance. Whether you are aware of the fact or not; these two subjects are very closely related.

To illustrate this fact, let us go back to January 2, 1933. The scene is the Rose Bowl football game at Pasedena, California. The champions of the West a mighty eleven from the University of Southern California clashes with a powerful team from the East, the University of Pittsburgh.

The game has wended its way into the fourth quarter. Southern California has possession of the ball. The timers horn sounds and a substitute trots in from the Eastern team's sideline. In turn the player for whom he substituted leaves the playing field. Suddenly each and every one of the 75,000 fans arose to their feet and cheered as loudly as their vocal facilities would permit. The cheer was for Heller, the Pitt player, the gallant warrior who had just left the game. A great majority of the 75,000 fans were loyal Southern Californians yet they were cheering for a Pittsburgh player. Need more be said?

A similar incident occurred in the Colgate-Cornell encounter early in the 1932 football season. A Colgate player was substituted. The 80,000 rabid fans suddenly became quiet, the men in the crowd removed their hats and every-

(Continued on Page Four)

A Seat for the Ladies

By Harold D. Bearce

YOU know, friends, things aren't just what they should be sometimes, sort of going to the dogs, in a way.

The other night we were quite amused to take special pains to notice how far into obliteration the chivalry of these streetcar riders has gone. Imagine the disgust felt when we saw a big, Tarzan-like man make good his attempt to beat all others into the streetcar, not even waiting for the few of the weaker sex who were in the waiting crowd to board. This man had his own comfort in mind rather than courtesy to others.

But that is mere trivial offense in comparison to where these men go in showing how rude they can be. At our first point of transfer, can you believe it, one of those beastly male creatures made a bee line for the white line which marks the exact spot where the doors are opened. The man bullied his way to the foremost of the crowd, but not stopping at that, even, he spread those long legs of his about as wide as he could get them, right in front of that white mark, so that his entrance would be assured first, even before the women folk had a chance.

The car was crowded beyond belief, many were standing, both women folk and the huskies. Long about 31st St., some Mrs. stood up and left a seat vacant; and can you believe it, some young sprout of a flapper in the rear of the car did a ninety-nine sprint,

(Continued on Page Four)

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* N. I. M.

Bay State Advocate

Est. 1910 June 1934

APR 29 1944

ANN ROYAL, FIRST WOMAN JOURNALIST

By Ted Schirm, Essay Laureate

IN 1824 there came to the national capital the widow of a Virginia Revolutionary officer in search of a pension, which the authorities for one reason or another, refused to grant. This woman was Ann Royal, whose claim to a place in the ranks of history's famous is that she was not only the first woman journalist, but also the first interviewer of either sex.

Failure to receive a pension placed Ann Royal in the profession in which she earned her claim to fame. Acquiring an old printing press and some type, she with the help of tramp printers and runaway apprentices, began the publication of a newspaper. At first she called her paper the "Washington Paul Pry," which name was later changed to the "Huntress."

When the "Huntress" began to gather and fame and circulation there many who wished that she had granted a pension and sent far away from Washington. Ann Royal through her paper became the terror of politicians, especially of Congressmen. Daily she stalked the highways and byways of the capital in search of news and readers for her paper.

Those who bought a copy of the "Huntress" were sure to read something pleasing about themselves in the next issue. But woe betide the person who let the demand to purchase a copy of the paper go unheeded. Such ones found that the pen of Ann Royal could cut sharper and deeper than any sword. This made all those in the public eye careful to include the "Huntress" among their reading matter.

John Quincy Adams described her as going about "like a virago errant in enchanted armor, redeeming herself from the cramps of indigence by the notoriety of her eccentricities and the forced currancy they give to her publication."

Finally she was haled before the District of Columbia court on the charge of being a common scold and was sentenced to be ducked in the public ducking pond. This sentence was never carried out due to the fact that before the time for ducking her came that form of punishment was abolished.

(Continued on Page 4)

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THE BROOKLYNITE

VOLUME 23 HOHOKUS, N. J., MARCH, 1934 NUMBER 4

Latest B. P. C. Wedding

JAMES F. MORTON—PEARL K. MERRITT

"As we go to press" we learn of the marriage of Miss Pearl K. Merritt and James F. Morton. Details are lacking at present. The couple is living in Paterson, N. J., where the groom is curator of the Museum. We hasten to spread the news and express sincerest good wishes and felicitations. Both have been active members of the Club for many years. The March meeting will be held at the home of Ernest and Iva Dench, in Hohokus, N. J., and the chief attraction will be this latest bride and groom of our Blue Pencil Club. The annual election of officers will be a mere incident. Mrs. Dench and Mrs. Morton are sisters, and both met their husband through amateur journalism.

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Thoughts On Marriage

A little dash of Paradise,
  A smattering of Hell,
Of Purgatory quite a bit;
  Take these, and mix them well.

Some gaze toward marriage as the goal,
  On which all hopes are bent;
While others dread it as the end
  Of much that life has meant.

Some see it as the chain that binds,
  Inexorably tight;
And others as the open gate
  To gardens of delight.

To some it is a lordly house,
  Where festal joys abound;
To others but a darksome jail,
  Where sighs and groans resound.

Some think of precious freedom lost,
  And spurn the yoke with scorn;
While others find that richer life
  From Love's sweet ties is born.

Our thoughts and fancies come and go;
  But after all we say,
The marriage altar still is thronged;
  Deduce thence what you may!

JAMES F. MORTON.

March—the Month of Winds

For one who loves winter it is not hard to select the favorite month of the year.

Formerly it used to be October. Then one could expect cold, snappy days, glorious sunshine, and the beauty of the golden woods. Now we have heat sometimes as hot as any July.

November is too frequently a rainy month, there is no zip in the air, one just feels cold, clammy and all round miserable.

December is dark, gloomy and somehow loaded with work. There is always too much one is trying to accomplish. This is the month one always loses sleep, tries to pack two days' work into one. Nor is Christmas wholly to blame. One's winter wardrobe is never complete, the house is not in condition for winter, or one thinks it is still summer and comes down with grip.

January is the month of dark, hopelessly dark mornings. One gets up in the cold gray dark, and it is queer but one feels cheated of sleep getting up in the dark. There is little sun, one is still weary, and the days seem short and the evenings too long.

February would be a pleasant month if it did not carry over from January long, stormy evenings, cloudy mornings, bleak if not dark. Nor is the weather at all satisfactory. It is too cold, too stormy, too something. One is always glad when February disappears.

But March? In March one can wake in the clear, bright dawn with daylight, even sunshine streaming in the window. The winds whistling around the corners invite one to glorious combat. It is still cold, but it is a brisk, exhilarating cold that makes one glad to be alive. Properly clothed, a cold wind is something one can fight without discomfort, and feel as though one had actually conquered when able to walk a full block without turning around for shelter from the driving force of the wind. On rainy days holding an umbrella facing a gale and bringing it safe to the office is no mean feat. When there is snow, it is deep and abundant, and there is no air more bracing than that immediately following a snowstorm.

Aside from the enjoyment of the month itself, there is always the knowledge that spring is just ahead. One may dislike hot weather, but spring

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THE BROOKLYNITE

VOLUME 24 HOHOKUS, N. J., JUNE, 1934 NUMBER 1

MY DEAREST WISH

A little seed had slipped into my heart and grew
Before I knew,
Into a sturdy yet withal a tender vine
That did entwine
Its groping tendrils 'round the fibers of my heart.
It was a part
Of all my being, and love laved each sep'rate leaf.
When I knew grief
The clinging plant athirst drank deeply of my tears;
And thru the years
Sunned itself when joy radiated from my soul
An aureole.
Name it - No, I cannot, for 'twould impoverish
My dearest wish.

—*Tessida Schwinges*

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MY DEAREST WISH

That's just the trouble, fellow Blue Pencilers, it requires money--and lots of it--to gratify one's dearest wish.

A wish may be a wish, but when it's a dear one, an unrestricted bank balance is in order.

Now, if the steamship and railroad companies and the hotel corporations would only decide that writers represent a privileged class, that would simplify matters. (I am, of course, alluding to the possibility of free transportation and accomodations.)

For instance, there's that South Seas cruise which I have been planning to take since a babe in arms. The way things look now I will be propelled down the gangplank in a wheel chair.

I don't know what the tropics feel like, but I'm willing to investigate and take the risk of high blood pressure. If, in the course of such a trek, I stray from the straight and narrow, all I need to restore me to normalcy is a winter just like the one of 1933-4.

Meantime I have my synthetic bask in the steaming heat of the equator without going outside my office during July and August. Not while the present landlord pays the bills will air conditioning be introduced, much less insulated walls and a roof. The only time the humid air is stirred is when the two small electric fans decide to function. Like everything else owned by poor people these days, aforesaid fans are antiquated models, and work only at infrequent intervals.

ERNEST A. DENCH.

POLICIES

Possibly others have given more thought than have I to the matter of policies and have come to conclusions at variance with my own, but I dare say there are many who agree with me in my findings. The policies governing the dealings of man with man are three: the policy of GIVE, the policy of GIVE AND TAKE and the policy of TAKE.

To test out the above conclusion I secretly follow Mr. ANYMAN, who lives on our block and whom I selected to follow and observe throughout the entire day because I felt he was a normal, well-balanced character. Naturally I was not so much interested in seeing what he would do all day but to ponder his deeds in the light of the above policies.

It was easy to know the policy that governed the purchase of the morning paper. It was give and take. For he knew the value of the article purchased and the impossibility of being cheated. It was give and take when he handed his ticket to the conductor. Values were known by both parties. On the way to the office he succumbed to a glaring PRICES SLASHED SALE sign. His buying was governed by the policy of take, for he would not have gone in had he not expected to take more than the value of the money spent. Later, a total stranger came into his office to deal with him. He knew the only policy to apply to strangers was that of take, or else the stranger might get away with something. Then a customer came in and give and take ruled. The policy that prompted him to drop the dime in the blind man's hat was give. The policy of give made him hold the child by the hand to assist it across the street. An old friend whom he had not seen for a long time encountered him at lunch. Mr. Anyman was devoted to this friend and insisted on paying for both meal tickets, for nothing would satisfy him but the policy of give.

And so the day went on to the end, but not without revealing to me that not only were the dealings of man ruled by three definite policies, but that the ones with reference to whom they were exercised could be for convenience (allowing for possible exceptions) classified as follows:

For loved ones, friends and charity, the policy of give is fitting. It should be a matter of give and take among mere acquaintances. But among

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THE BROOKLYNITE

Volume XXIV. HOHOKUS, N. J., SEPTEMBER, 1934 Number 2

APR 23 1935

BEFORE AND BEHIND THE SCENE

We are such actors, all our lives,
For reasons so diverse, or vain,
That none among our friends contrives
One half our whimseys to explain.
Our every work, our every act,
But gilds some less imposing fact.

Our incomes languish, or they die;
Our debts increase from day to day,
But still with port as proud and high
We ape the parts we fain would play;
We still maintain a pomp and state
Enough to make the eye dilate.

Our hopes of fame and wealth and love
Are dashed to earth how many times:
In vain we fix our thoughts above;
In vain we seek to sell our rhymes;
And yet our smiles remain so gay,
Hades might have a holiday.

And thus we strut upon a scene
That's but a welter of despair,
With such a proud or smiling mien
As could not mirror grief or care;
Thinking, of course, that all the while,
Our friends and neighbors we beguile.

Why is it that we're all inclined
Upon a scene we soon give o'er,
To keep our least, or worst, behind,
And set our ablest foot before?
No matter! Still, I honor those,
Who, weeping, say they have no woes!

—*Rheinhart Kleiner*

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KILLING TIME

My ideas about killing time are not the same now as they were twenty years ago. Then I felt that I was not living if I wasn't doing something all the time. When a relative said to me "You never waste a minute," I felt inordinately proud. The women who sat out on their front stoops of an evening and aimlessly watched one another, or others who sat in rockers in their parlors and just rocked—I looked at them with scorn.

Now I can lie lazily in a steamer chair under a tree and gaze at the scenery and call it inviting my soul, or I can sprawl in the sun and think I am taking a sun bath. Doing nothing and killing time are no longer synonymous. But I admit there are times when I gnash my teeth because I am delayed in the process of doing something I want to do. If I oversleep and get to work late, that is deplorable but if the subway gets a crawling mood on and stops with a jerk, waits a moment, crawls an inch, stops with another jerk, and keeps that up until I am late to work, I resent it deeply. I am so irritated when I have to wait for an elevator that I make a practice of always carrying a magazine around, which I open up immediately upon such occasions. If a train is late, I fume. If a person is late to an engagement, I use up good energy in tiring motions, expressive of my utter disapproval. Most people dislike having others late to engagements, I notice. That is why so many give themselves just time enough and no longer, and so if something unexpected happens they are late. That's all right. It is the other fellow's time which is wasted. The average man is willing to have a meal late. What he resents is being told to sit down and then having to wait for the food to be put on. The mother who yells at her offspring to "come right here this minute" is simply resenting the fact that she has to stand and wait. It really doesn't matter particularly if the child dallies a little.

What makes me most righteously indignant however is to turn on the hot water in the morning and have it suddenly stop running. If I have just covered my face nicely with soap and desire to rinse it off and then the water stops, I fairly seethe with rage. That used to happen often in the good old days when I lived in a furnished room and had only the one hot water faucet. Now that I have three, I can rush to another and back, only losing a few soap-suds en route. When I begrudge wasted time, it is more wasted energy that I lose, not the time.

—*Pearl K. Morton*

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THE BARD.

A Comrade of the Young Poets

Vol. I March, 1935 No. 4

APR 29 1935

IDEALS.

Let life be filled with ideals high
So when I'm called upon to die
With noble deeds and thoughts thats pure
Abundent happiness insure.

—*Carl B. Ike.*

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The BOSTONIAN

VOL. 1 JUNE, 1935

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

APR 29 1944

THE LUCKY PE[illegible]

By JACK COOLIDGE

He was feeling as miserable as he looked. Just because he couldn't make himself look any more pretentious than an ordinary tramp, people passed him distainfully. He dreamily surveyed his overcoat. It wasn't so shabby perhaps, but oh! for a pair of second-hand trousers —woolen if possible—but anything except these.

He pondered, watching the people who passed him. They looked contented enough, he thought, until they happened to glance at him, whereupon their faces seemed to become impassive and they

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The Bay State Bugle

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APR 29 1944

"L'éditeur Amateur"

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The Baltimore Star

APRIL, 1935

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

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THE BARD

A Comrade of the Young Poet

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
1944

Vol. II *June, 1935* *No. 1*

The Carnival Of Life

I hear the noisy carnival within our streets,
And wonder--Is not Life also a carnival,
Whose merry-go-round of events turns unceasingly,
Whose lights are oft so bright they blind,
Whose ferris wheel swings one to heights sublime
Then suddenly and sickeningly turns--
On whose streets friend passes friend, unknowingly?
The loneliness found only in a crowd is here.
"Life is a fair of vanities" as Bunyan said,
And we who listen know that this is true.

--Alice M. Thompson.

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THE
BOSTONIAN

Vol. 1 *March, 1935* *No. 4*

APR 29 1944

Dave Meskill
Crusaders' Presidential Candidate

Realizing that the progressive Crusaders Group will play an important part in the coming election, this editor set out to interview their candidate for the UAPA Presidency, and gleaned the following facts:

Dave Meskill

David T. Meskill (better known as "Dave") is a tall, broad-shouldered, likable fellow of around eighteen years of age. He is a senior at Roxbury Latin School, a semi-private institute of high ranking, and enters college this Fall to study a course in either business administration or journalism.

Besides being proficient in his studies, Dave is an athlete of no mean ability. During the last football season he held down a regular berth on his school's eleven, at right tackle, and was one of the

(Continued on Page 2)

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The Bostonian

Vol. II December, 1935 No. 2

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The Saviour of the United

Th 1935 UAPA election returns were in. Dr. Noel had been reelected to the office of Secretary-Treasurer by a 3 to 1 vote. The exultation of the Seattle politicians knew no bounds; they wasted little time in distributing copies of their paper announcing the glorious victory. Running true to form, they could not resist a kick at the down-trodden form of George H. Kay, Dr. Noel's opponent in the election, as well.

Since Mr. Kay was not present to defend himself, the Seattleites very bravely called him a "literary promoter" and hinted that he was a crook. No proof of these statemenla was presented; but many New York members believed them, coming as they did from one who holds a position of **high trust** in the Association.

Was Dr. Noel's overwhelming triumph indicative of the attitude of the majority? This writer contends that it most certainly **was not.** Let us ignore the fantastic and unfounded claims which emanate from Seattle, and look at some figures which tell the story:

The last complete UAPA membership roster published in the December, 1933, **"United Amateur,"** contained exactly 261 names. From the time that list was made up until June, 1935, no fewer than 303 new members were recruited—according to Dr. Noel's quarterly reports in the official organ. Adding the 261 already on the list to the 303 new recruits, we find that there are (or **should be**) 564 members now in the organization.

The same source of information shows that but 70 of the 564 (about 12%) are residents of Seattle.

(Continued on Next Page)

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Border Amateur

Member United Amateur Press Association

Vol. 1 August, 1935 No. 1

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APR 29 1944

EL PASO ENTERTAINS

By J. L. HOLGUIN

"Bienvenidos, Senor Secretario y Senor Director!"

Thus were Dr. Clyde Noel and Judge Roy Erford greeted when they stopped for a day and night at El Paso, on their return from the New York Convention. And they were indeed welcome. For this Border City prides in bearing the cognomen Hospitable after its name.

We found Dr. Noel a most pleasing person, agreeable of conversation, and with a live and youthful viewpoint. Judge Erford impressed us as a gentleman of dignified bearing, who nevertheless is keenly interested in all that young people do.

Our time was limited, so we could visit only a few of El Paso's many interesting places, and I may add that our tour was made pleasanter because of the animated conversation about UAPA and things in general that was carried on the while.

Said Dr. Noel, craning his neck upwards while we were in the business district: "It's unbelieveable that after travelling so many miles over bare desert, one could meet a Little New York in its very midst."

Little New York! El Paso with its twenty story office buildings and hotels, (cont'd on page 3)

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Plymouth or Provincetown--Either or both to their renown!

Bay State Advocate

Est. 1910 *June* *1935*

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

●*A true story*●

COMMERCIAL DEPT.
APR 29 1935

THERE were two brothers, both artistic, who lived on a large wooded estate. One was a wood-carver, while the other was very fond of the beautiful in nature. They had separate houses so that they could live their own lives in their own way.

The one who loved the beauties of his surroundings was always finding some bird or animal that nended his care. One morning his sympathies were aroused by seeing two helpless baby nightingales on the ground where they had fallen from their nest. He put them back and waited a long time for the mother nightingale to return so that she could nourish them. Rather than have them suffer any longer for proper nourishment, he took them home and put them into a rough improvised cage where he fed and talked to them. In fact, he found them great company as they sang day after day. Yet his conscience prompted him when he thought of their closed-in environment.

After weighing the pros and cons of their confinement, he decided to open the door of their cage so that they could fly to their liberty. Great was his surprise to learn that they didn't care to fly away, as they had become very happy with their new-found friend and his surroundings. This made him very happy, and, rather than keep this happiness to himself, he decided to give one to his brother, so that he too would enjoy the joyful song and companionship.

When the wood-carver saw the inartistic and rough cage he made fun of it, and decided to make a beautiful, carved one for his bird. When the cage was ready for the songster the poor bird was dead. The wood-carver sent for his brother who asked him if he talk-

(Continued on Page 4)

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THE BARD

A Comrade of the Young Poet

Vol. II *Fall, 1935* *No. 2*

SUNDOWN.

Great bright ball of flaming red,
Day is done when you have fled.
From the cliffs we watch you sink
O'er the ocean's farthest brink.

And we wander as we stand,
What you find in other lands.
Do you watch them as you rise,
And like us do you surmise.

What they are and whence they
came,
Do you know them by the name,
That we call them here? And do
They know more than we of you?

Have you favorite spots that lure?
Others that you must endure?
Or do you impartially
Shed your beams unstinting, free?

What a dreary world 'twould be
If your light no more we'd see.
Sun, goodnight, but don't forget:
Darkness comes where'er you set.

—Irma A. Gwin.

FOG

The fog hangs heavy thru the
night
Dull and gray, oppressing every-
thing,
Yet, when at last I see a light
I feel the urge to sing!
Oh, dull gray fogs that cloud our
lives,
You, too, will vanish when
Each one who works, and tries
and strives
Shall learn to sing again!

—Alice M. Thompson.

A LOVER'S LAMENT

I cannot give what you ask, my
dear,
But I lay my soul at your feet.
You'll never get all you want, I
fear——
I cannot give what you ask, my
dear——
To think of it is to shed a tear,
And the world grows dark to
repeat:
I cannot give what you ask, my
dear,
But I lay my soul at your feet.

—Maurice E. White.

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THE BOOKMARK

A Bookish Magazine for Regular Booksters.

JANUARY 1935

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DAWN

The dawn is an avid woman
Who drives the stars from sight
Then walks across the lowlands
Collecting pools of night.

—Pearl Adoree Rawling

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THE BOOKMARK

A Bookish Magazine for Regular Booksters.

MARCH 1935

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APR 2 1944

A BOOKMARK

A Bookmark? Just a stone to say
"Thus far you went on yesterday."

A bookmark? A housewife kind to warn
"Don't mark this book, it is not yourn."

A bookmark? Just a boy to shout
"Right here! Time's up! batter out."

A bookmark? Just a friend to cry
"Come on, let's live awhile—or die!"

—Lilly Letton

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THE BOOKMARK

A Bookish Magazine for Regular Booksters.

APRIL 1935

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SERIAL RECORD
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KIMBALL FLACCUS
From a Portrait by Isabel Lattimore

"He that does buy this little Book,
Observe what you in it do look,
When you have read it, then may say,
Your money is not thrown away."
—From an old English Chap Book.

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#65

the bunyan digest . . . .

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This is my dream - a cottage on a hill
Set high in the clouds above
Bowed with wide windows, bright at night
Dark - where my eyes can look their fill
Of soft dim lights, and stairs that turn.

- Miss Ellen Jane Seebeck

. . . . . 'from saginaw's tall whispering pines'

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BOY'S PAL

"We write for the world"

Vol. I *March, 1935* *No. 1*

MARCH WIND

J. David Adams

O wind of the windy wayside,
  Marching through the month of March,
Bending the beautiful birches,
  Swaying the ever-green larch.

Winnowing the weeping willow,
  Humbling the princeliest pine,
Dazing the heaviest hemlock,
  Veering the vainest vine.

Sweeping the highways and hedges,
  Gamboling gayly you go,
Careening 'round curves and the ledges,
  Lashing us to and fro.

Now, you thrum a thrilling tune,
  Next, you tell a tuneless tale.
Today, you show us a genuine June,
  Tomorrow, a forty-mile gale.

I'd miss you so much, O March Wind,
  If I lost you from my life.
I love your charming changefulness,
  I need you--even your knife.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

THE BROOKLYNITE

Volume XXIV. HOHOKUS, N. J., MARCH, 1935 Number 4

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DESIGN IN LIVING

See the swift electrons in gyration,
Making matter;
Watch in nature's cells the crystals forming,
Without clatter.
Note resistless strides of evolution,
Species giving.
Everything in nature has its pattern;
Why not living?

Planets move along their destined orbits,
Never failing;
Comets keep their parabolic courses,
Proudly sailing.
On the minute come foretold eclipses;
Just conceive it!
And shall life alone be all at random?
Don't believe it!

Every picture has its composition;
Art compels it.
Every ware must reach its proper standard;
That's what sells it.
So without design a life can only
Be a jumble.
He who climbs, and fails to heed his footing,
Gets a tumble.

Life's design must be to find a balance,
Seeking measure.
Thought and toil and play in fit proportion
Give us pleasure.
Every faculty demands exertion;
Thus believing,
All-round growth will be the happy outcome,
Worth achieving.

—JAMES F. MORTON.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

One may garner any quantity of amusing and amazing interchanges which pass for conversation by listening diligently to one's neighbors—or perhaps I might even say to one's self. We show our descent from those in the agricultural stage of civilization by the important place in our intercourse devoted to the weather. Fully half of all talk is narrative of "she did" and "he did" and "they said" and "I thought" and "I told him." Nor are these incidents of thrilling interest from subject matter or from style. If by chance fate sends an adventure, it must serve as subject matter for discourse till all shun any cue which might stimulate its reiteration. The chief point is to display the remarkable cleverness, the more extensive travels, the greater pecuniary or social importance of yourself or your family. Another large part of conversation is the retailing of your woes, narrating the injustices inflicted upon you, the tasks imposed on your feeble frame, the aches and pains of various parts of your anatomy. As more cheerful topics, women discuss clothes, and men talk sports. But the one perennially thrilling subject is the rash or foolish or unfortunate actions of our acquaintances. Perhaps equally inspiring to *ourselves* is an elaborate analysis of our own feelings.

No less than the matter does the manner of our conversation destroy its artistry. The poverty of vocabulary which necessitates the cliches of the modern flapper—and of the other members of her family—the longwindedness of those who pile detail on detail with suffocating exactitude, the stolidity and pained groping of those who never jest, and the tense flippancy like that of tight-rope walkers of those who must turn everything into a joke,—all these kill true conversation. But they are as nothing compared to the monologues of the one who can be interrupted only when he pauses for breath, who often has learned to pour forth a steady stream even then, and who in any case soon regains the floor without mercy. What sport it is to see two such encountering each other! Put into the same room a Samuel Johnson and a Samuel Coleridge or their more humble counterparts, and watch the intensity with which each will lie in wait for a break in the other's outpourings. Or perhaps they will both talk at once and so both be content, or more probably each annoyed at the futile arguments and vapid maunderings of the other.

Unquestionably the art of conversation demands skilful alternations of speech and listening. It is a discussion of objective themes; the intrusion of emotion disturbs the perfect balance. It encourages wit and repartee but requires a solid basis of truth and thought, which shall crystallize out of its effervescence.

Has this conversation died? If so, it must once have lived, and where? The Paris salon of the Sun King lays claim to being its domicile, but there were monologues even there. How many people, moreover, shared in this efflorescence? Surely less than a hundred could play their parts on such an *art*-ificial stage without degenerating into euphuistic preciosity! Nor did other nations nor "the provinces" present such centers of wit and eloquence if we may judge from the unanimous lament of these

THE BROOKLYNITE

Volume XXV. HOHOKUS, N. J., JUNE, 1935 Number 1

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AN INDEFENSIBLE CUSTOM

Among the many indefensible conventions that make irritating this terrestrial life, the services attending the burial of the dead, as commonly conducted, are such complete exhibitions of bad taste, to say nothing of downright nonsense, that the immediate abandoning of them, would for me, most certainly constitute something I should never miss. Why clergymen who are presumably instructed in theological and literary ministrations to a relative or a friend, or possibly to one whom he has never before seen, should seem constrained to invest the departed one with a character he might never have possessed, and to force upon the deceased almost endless streams of the most fulsome praise, is something hard to understand.

A person dies; the undertaker, sometimes contemporaneously styled a "mortician," fulfills his offices. Notices appear in the press that on such a day the funeral will be held. At the appointed time the friends and relatives foregather about the corpse. Generally the house is too small to hold all, so the women sit within; while the men accommodate themselves as best they can, without. No one knows what to do, say, or think. Nothing natural, nothing real. An occasional brave soul may venture, in an undertone, to say something to a neighbor about the weather. This brings glances from the others varying from acquiescence to looks of startled reproof. A long silence, finally broken by a slight shifting of the folk denotes that the minister has come. His mien is correctly funereal. He glances at the corpse—and begins.

Experience shows that he will have fortified himself to hold the floor for an hour. First: an address in which he enunciates all the humanly attainable virtues. These he implies, if he does not directly say so, were the happy heritage of the departed. Whether they were or not makes no difference. On and on he goes, repeating over and over again the many excellences which, he points out, completely controlled the life of the dead person; and that his hearers should consider themselves lucky to have known the deceased, whose exemplary conduct should always be an example of righteous living to those left behind. A sob spurs him on to greater rhetorical efforts. All this takes, say twenty minutes. Second: a prayer in which the minister sums up all that he said in the address, and in very much the same words. It takes about the same length of time to deliver. The analytical hearer is dismayed to note that the prayer being so fully repetitious of the address, does not inspire his praying sense, and he reluctantly concludes that it is little more than gibberish. Third: another address, specifically to the mourners. This simply repeats the substance, such as it is, of the first address and the prayer. Its influence is various. Sensitive ones sob and weep but others are disgusted as they sense that the minister, having harried the feelings of the mourners till they must make open expressions of deep sorrow, evidently evinces satisfaction that the funeral has been brought to its proper and expected climax.

Surely all this is unnecessary. Surely the decencies of such an occasion are amply met by reciting a few simple prayers and sentences in which expression is given to the eternal verities.

—ROBERT D. BOWMAN

MY DEAREST WISH

It is rather difficult to write anything much to the point about what is non-existent. How can I describe my dearest wish, when even by the aid of the most minute and painstaking attempts I am unable to discover it. My most ardent introspective efforts have failed to produce even a germ of a desire which I could proudly display before this distinguished assemblage as "my dearest wish." Do not, however, suppose that I am perfectly satisfied regarding everything pertaining to myself, my circumstances and my surroundings. I would not be a good model for a contented cow on a Sheffield farm. There has never descended upon me a blessed benediction of bovine tranquillity, and I believe there are few indeed who would find the fulfillment of their dearest wish in the perfect emulation of a contented cow. We all feel the impulse to get away from the green pastures and the still waters, and would rather contend with the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune than suffer peace with boredom. As a matter of fact, fate decides the matter for most of us, and willy-nilly, we are taken by the neck and thrown out. We have to pursue our course through life taking the rough with the smooth, and fate is not much in the habit of concerning itself with our wishes, "dearest" or not so dear.

But 'tis a terribly personal theme—"My dearest wish." If we pause to think, what do we really wish? Of course when we were children we used to sing "I want to be an angel," but I doubt if we really wanted it. We probably had a feeling that we ought to want to, and that if we were really good enough we actually would want to be angels. But I'm honestly sure it never was my dearest wish. Afterwards, I remember, that my dearest wish for a time was to be old enough to leave school, which wish was gratified in due season. I also wished to be grown up which by degrees came to pass so gradually that I did not realize it. So that wish

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VOLUME XXV. HOHOKUS, N. J., SEPTEMBER, 1935 NUMBER 2

LEADERS

Carlyle's extreme view, that history must be read entirely in the light of the great men who have been the leaders of the human race, is no longer widely held. In fact, the tendency has grown to ignore the importance of individual influence altogether and to interpret history solely in the light of one form or another of determinism. The most popular doctrine of this nature is what is now commonly called economic determinism, known to the rigid disciples of Karl Marx by the uncouth and inaccurate title of the materialist conception of history.

The truth, as in most matters, probably lies somewhere midway between the two extremes. It is true that environment shapes men in large measure, and that there are "mute, inglorious Miltons," who might, under more favoring conditions, have blown a mighty trumpet-blast of song, with other potential masters of men, whose lives have been frittered away in situations where their powers had not the faintest chance of unfoldment. But it is also true that a notable percentage of those whom the world is agreed to term great have risen in spite of circumstances, which, from a human point of view, would have seemed so adverse as to destroy all possible hope of achievement. It is also true that even the strongest men are borne along with certain currents, and are utterly unable to stem the tide; but it is also true that many mighty and world-changing movements have arisen from the genius of one master-spirit, and have gradually gathered an irresistible momentum. Leaders may be themselves prepared by circumstances dating far back of their own births; but once in the world, they form the extra weight in the scales of human destiny which decides whether a given trend shall be accelerated or retarded. It is not only on the battle-field that the presence or absence of a wise general has made all the difference between defeat and victory. The world would have been something quite other except for Socrates, Plato, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Darwin, and others who might be named, leaving still greater and more sacred names out of reckoning, and saying nothing of warriors or statesmen.

To-day, then, as every other age, needs leadership, and is largely affected by the amount and quality of such leadership as it has. In judging the leaders of the present, it must be remembered that leadership does not necessarily imply virtue or admirable traits. There are far-seeing and lofty-souled leaders of men, like Julius Ceasar, Charlemagne, Washington and Bolivar; heartless and greedy blood-drinkers, like Alexander; vile and contemptible scoundrels, like the murderous ruffian Constantine, miscalled the Great, or that wretched renegade and despot, Napoleon Bonaparte.

One of the smallest and youngest nations in Europe has been so fortunate as to produce two great leaders, wise and far-sighted, as well as high-minded, statesmen of the caliber of Cavour, the noblest public European leader of nineteenth century statecraft. It is due in supreme measure to Dr. Masaryk and Edouard Benes that little Czechoslovakia led the entire world in recovery from post-war chaos. Here we have the example of orderly progress under true freedom, building a stable future for a noble people. This is quite different from the slavish subjection of Italy to the shameless and naked despotism of Mussolini, a leader of no mean ability, but a leader of serfs and not of men; one who has indeed secured order and outward cleanliness, but at the cost of the destruction of the free souls of men, and whose regime is preparing ruin for the next generation by destroying the capacity for self-government in the people—the ultimate effect of all despotism, no matter how benevolent nor how excellent are certain of its immediate achievements.

Germany has turned complete recreant to civilization. The lawless annihilation of the republic by the Hitler gang of bravos has brought the expected sequel of destruction of basic liberties and the wiping out of self-respecting freedom of judgment, with the gathering together from the shadows of Erebus of the foul and obscene ghouls of race and religious hatred and persecution.

Of many, who are to-day hailed as leaders, it will remain for the future to judge. The place of Einstein and Millikan among the world's great scientific thinkers seems secure; but there are others, whose names are hardly known outside the circle of scientists and constructive workers, who will loom very large in the histories of the march of mind, which will be written a generation or so from now. In statesmanship, our own country seems now at a rather low ebb; but the verdict which we, so near the scene, are prone to render, may be reversed by the future. In the strain of these difficult times, it is hard to recognize the figures of those who are really manifesting qualities of leadership that will yet produce important results by which we shall all profit.

—JAMES F. MORTON.

JAZZ COURTS THE MUSES

In our evolutionary climb we pause, restless and tense, and are conscious of the ominous beat of the tom-tom rising to our plateau of civilization. The whirr of machinery, the soaring piles of office warrens pushing up a jagged line across the sky, endless words strung bead-like on the wires of telephone, telegraph and radio, and transportation like a shuttle weaving the business threads into the commercial cloth that envelopes cities,

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VOLUME XXV HOHOKUS, N. J., DECEMBER, 1935 NUMBER 3

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POLICIES — GOOD AND BAD

One's first thought when the matter of policies is brought up is of life insurance. Life insurance, as every one knows, is something that if you keep up plenty of it you go right on living, but the moment you let the policy lapse you die of something or other you never had before and the family can't even build a ten thousand dollar mausoleum over your remains. And the same applies to your palatial mansion—so long as you pay the premiums on your policy your house stands like the Rock of Gibraltar—only a great deal more so. You have the cellar full of gasoline and the attic full of excelsior, but there it looms against the sky line (not the excelsior, but the attic); and your flue may be so defective and the electric wiring so ditto that even a municipal employe could tell that it was all wrong; but day by day, in every way, the house grows older and older and obsolescenter and obsolescenter. Then you go off on a two weeks' trip—may be for a period of perfect quiet at Atlantic City, and when you come round the corner of your lot you find nothing but a cellarful of ashes. And you find not only that you left the policy in the left-hand corner of the pantry when you went away, but that the final day for payment of the premium had been ten days earlier. That, in other words, is bad policy.

Another kind of policy relates to gambling—just plain gambling. Of course, when you take out a life insurance policy or a policy on your automobile or your house you are gambling against the company, with the usual odds against you; but those who play the policy that is gambling in the more exclusive sense have all the chips stacked against them. It is almost (but of course not quite) as bad as gambling on the stock exchange: that is, buying European and South American bonds. Oil stocks and mining securities come way up the list from there—just a little below mortgage bond house securities. "Believe it or not," as Ripley says, life IS like that, only a little more so.

When we were young they told us that honesty was the best policy, but we grew suspicious of that system when, as one of a group of boys, they all denied that they had been throwing stones at the windows of a vacant house down the road, and we admitted that we had engaged in a little practice throwing prior to the opening of the baseball season. It didn't seem then to be a question of the scriptural "Who Threw the First Stone?" Nor did any one take us into his fond embrace as did the parent of George Washington, who came round the corner of the barn and found George, hatchet in hand, over the prostrate form of the tree which had been the source of the cherries paterfamilias had been in the habit of putting into his Bronx cocktails.

Either times had changed when I was a boy, or principles and policies and parents had changed. Perhaps the difference was that George's pa was a Virginian, while mine was a Vermonter, once removed from a Massachusettser. As to the merits of the two systems, look what George turned out to be, and then get an eyeful of me! Of course, I'm not casting any asparagus on Washington—he did the best he could in a day when there were no raddios, motor cars, or aeroplanes. But they do say—in his defense—that he was a heck of a boy with the ladies. Well, more power to him, that's my policy.

—A. M. ADAMS.

AGE OF MAN

I'm not going to tell you when I think a man is old, because I'm not very sure about it, and I would not like to mislead anybody. Subject to correction, I rather wonder if this may not be Foolish Question No. 1 of the Blue Pencil Club Series. Age is comparative. There are old, older, and oldest, and besides this, there are different ways of growing old. You may have heard of the reporter on a country newspaper who found that a great part of his occupation consisted of recording the marriages and deaths that occurred in his vicinity. Unconsciously he fell into a sort of groove and invariably he referred to the deceased as having reached the ripe old age of so and so. One day the editor took him to task on this subject and asked for more variety in these references to senility. So the reporter, being of an ingenious turn of mind, invented a system. Those who died between fifty and sixty he described as having reached a green old age; those who departed this life somewhere between sixty and seventy had arrived at a ripe old age; and any whom providence had spared to linger longer were said to have attained a rotten old age! So evidently, getting old is a "song of degrees!"

I recollect that when I was very young I thought that when I got to be ten, and my age would have to be expressed with two numerals instead of only one—well, then I would be just as old as other people. When I was a little older there was a big boy in school who seemed to me to be a giant both of intellect and bodily strength. His name was John Mabey. My father once said that John was in his teens. That then was evidently the secret of his great superiority! I therefore waited impatiently for my teens to come. But even in my teens I felt I was still very much of a kid. There were lots of people older than I, and apparently wiser too. I

THE BOOSTER

#71

Vol. 1 Winter No. 1

Editor-Printer-Publisher
Bob Orbach
122 N. W. 24 Street
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

29 1944

EDITORIAL

¶ The purpose of this sheet is to tell the members of the UAPA about Oklahoma City so that they might now consider coming to this city in 1937.

¶ Oklahoma City is a metropolis of over 200,000 people. It is truly the center of both the southwest and the nation. There are many beautiful parks in and about the city which afford exellent sporting facilities. Plan now to vote for Oklahoma City in 1937!!!!

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
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THE BAY STATE BUGLE

Vol 1, No. 6 October 1936 Jack Coolidge 3d, Ed.

New Bedford Host to Neapc

Fourth Convention given Warm Reception in Queen City on Columbus Day.

New Bedford. Oct. 12. About fifteen delegates and visitors from New England and New York City were given a hearty welcome by George Thomson of this city as soon as the meeting had come to order early this afternoon. Among those present were; Sec'y Robinson, Mr. Thomson, G. Thomson Jr., C. Parker Jr., Wm. MacGaregill, J. Coolidge, Barbara Hixon, Mrs. Hixon, W. Haywood, Mr. Lang, Miss Mary Lang, and Mr. W. E. Cheever.

The first item of note was the reading of several interesting letters from President Hanson, Vice President Chandler, Frank Miller, W. O. Wylie, and others unable to attend.

These were followed by reports from the Secretary, Ms. Bureau, Mailing bureau, and Official Editor. A resolutions Committee comprised of Parker, Haywood, and Robinson, was appointed by the chair. Jack Coolidge. chairman of the 1937 NAPA Convention Committee asked the cooperation of the club, and a motion was passed that he appoint a committee from the N.E. Club to assist with the Convention preparations, It was moved that a board of Judges be appointed by the President to make the rules and awards in the Laureate contest. Recess declared.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in an entertaining and informative tour of the city which included visits to the Whale Museum (with its 70 ft. model "Lagoda"), the New Bedford "Standrd Times," and the Public Library.

There followed a short session for the report of the Resolutions Committee etc.; after an early but vrey enjoyable banquet was the crowning event of a most successful meeting.

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#73

THE BARD

A Comrade of the Young Poet

Vol. III *October, 1936* *No. 2*

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CALL ON HIM.

Have you a friend who is ill?
    Call on him.
Even against your will,
    Call on him!
Funerals with flowers stacked up in bowers
Are all very well if you've
    Called on him.

But while he's alive,
    Call on him!
Don't wait till he dies to
    Call on him.
Your tears and your prattle after the battle
Are wasted unless you have
    Called on him!

--Irma A. Gwin.

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THE BARD

A Comrade of the Young Poet

Vol. II *January, 1936* *No. 3*

THE COUNTRY STORE.

When the mercury's down to zero,
And the Earth is frozen o'er;
The oldest in the village
Gather at the grocery store.
'Tis their annual reunion,
When together they debate:
What winter was the coldest;
What spring the grass was late.

Bill Jones tells 'bout a winter,
'Way back in sixty-five;
It was so awful cold,
You scarce could keep alive.
The cattle froze to death,
The horses all died, too
To tell the truth, he says it was
The worst he ever knew.

Grand Dad smithers tells about
When winter came so quick;
The day before Thanksgiving.
The snow was falling thick.
Eli Higgins tells about
That same old Kansas storm,
When people burned their household things
To keep their bodies warm.

Ephraim Winters tells 'bout a freeze
In old Missouri state;
The ground was froze as hard as rock
And slick as polished slate.
Then there is Charlie Hicks,
And Windy Ed and Ebenezer Snow,
Who tell of times when they were boys,
The stories well we know.

And as I listen to their tales,
Of olden days gone by,
Unconsciously, I quit the stove,
And let escape a sigh.
And as I shiver in the cold,
My mind is filled with fears
That the weather's growing milder,
With the passing of the years.

—**Walter Pannell.**

QUERY

Tell me little snowflake;
As you downward dance
To your sudden doom on earth,
Do you ever find romance?

ANSWER

I'd rather think you do
For I see you kiss each other
Then move slowly on your way
And give your kisses to another.

—**Ray E. Buckingham.**

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The BLUE RIVER AMATEUR

VOL. 1 SPRING, 1936 NO. 1

TRIOLET

Words are wondrous tools of trade,
If one learns to wield them truly.
Swords may fail, but tongues persuade;
Words are wondrous tools of trade.
Fortune may be lost or made
With these instruments unruly;
Words are wondrous tools of trade,
If one learns to wield them truly.

- LOREN PHILLIPS

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BLACK GOLD

Vol. 1 *Spring, 1936* *No. 1*

Pike Stroud's Floppin' Joint

Under the brow of the Rockies,
'Neath the temples of virgin pine,
Midst the squalid huts of the tungsten camp
Stood this wonderful castle of mine.

Folks might say that it was ugly,
But no architect that you would appoint,
But it was my haven of rest, and it was known the best
As Pike Stroud's Floppin' Joint.

At night from the mines came the toilers,
Iron muscles, now muscles of lead,
Weary of life's drab ventures—
They slept a sleep like the dead.

In the morn they awoke like the Pheonix
From the ashes of worry and pain,
The sun gleamed bright from the crests of the hills
And life was worth living again.

It was only a cot 'neath a canvas tarp
To shield us from the winter drifts,
Harmoniously we snored while the tempest roared
As we slept in eight hour shifts.

All men must rest from fortune's quest
Though the tungsten to millions may point,
We adventurers wild, each slept like a child
In Pike Stroud's Floppin' Joint.

Some day I may sleep in the billowed clouds
With those whom the Lord may anoint,
But naught can compare with the rest I won there,
At Pike Stroud's Floppin' Joint.

—George Reynolds.

Note:—Pike Stroud's Floppin' Joint was located at a tungsten camp near Nederlands, Colorado, about twenty years ago.

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BLACK GOLD

Vol. I *Summer, 1936* *No. 2*

APR 5

So this is Oklahoma

That is what you will say when you reach this new state and its magnificent new-born metropolis of 200,000 people that doubled its size in ten years. You will be impressed by its newness; by the fact that it is the South-West—the region where the South and the West come together. Its people, its climate, its industries, and agriculture carry out that idea. The cotton of the South and the wheat of the West are its major crops. Its oil wells have gushed forth billions. Some are within Oklahoma City itself. Mineral resources are stupendous—79 billion tons of coal and enough granite to supply the nation. When you are coming through our state observe first hand some of the fascinating developments of this state which just a few years ago was known as the Indian Territory.

You Will See Indians

Oklahoma, the home of the Redman, today is the home of more than thirty different Indian tribes. Students from the Indian boarding schools frequently give programs of the dances and songs that are a part of their tribal traditions. The priceless costumes of soft doeskin, trimmed in feathers, shells and beads, are handed down from generation to generation and are worn only on rare occasions. Visitors to the convention that we hope to entertain will have an opportunity to meet some of these First Americans.

Points of Interest

Visits could be taken to the State Historical and Indian Museum, Lincoln Park, the State Capitol, Packingtown and Stockyards, the Oklahoma City Oil Field, Oklahoma City University, and other places of interest. Tennis courts, golf course, and swimming pool will be free to convention guests. In the evening you could visit Spring Lake Amusement Park or see one of the night baseball games or enjoy other entertainment that would be provided by the Arrangements Committee.

Oklahoma City promises the United Amateur Press Association one of the most successful conclaves in its history if selected the 1937 convention seat.

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(This Issue Dedicated to our Ex-soldiers, both Living and Dead)

BURN'S BI-WEEKLY

Advertiser

Vol. 1. November 17th. 1936 No. 27.

IN MEMORIAN

LEST WE FORGET - IN HONOR OF OUR DEPARTED COMRADES

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 29 1944

In Flanders Field the Poppies bloom,
Kissed by the dew, the harvest moon.
Gleans silently and green the sod.
That shows the place where once they trod.

While gently zephers seem to sigh,
And softly murmur, why or why,
If this be glory, what a price,
This crimson, gory sacrifice.

When war clouds hovered in the sky,
They maimed, they slew, twa's but to die.
They wallowed in filth and mud.
Thru' splashing, dripping, slimy blood.

Now far away the church bells toll,
A requiem to departed souls.
Who gave their all who stood the test.
Not into oblivion have they gone.
For cherished memories live on.
In Heaven above tho' new stars shine,
In Flanders Field, a soldiers shrine.

THE BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXV. HOHOKUS, N. J., MARCH 1936 Number 4

CULTURE

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"I will be cultured: like the rest
I'll have of life the cream, the best"?

He stuffs himself into a suit
More tight than any woman's boot,
To look just like his fellow men;
His evenings begin at ten.

He reads a hundred books a year,
He weeps at dying culture's bier.
He gets the news in tabloid doses,
And doctors for a slight neurosis.

He has his fling, he looks about:
His life is narrowing down, no doubt.

He starts again, but finds his zest
Has passed his first youth's ardent crest.

Grey-haired, he muses as the pane
Grows frosty with the winter's rain.
"It must have passed me in the dark—
The everlasting, vital spark . . . . "

He turns his head to watch the fire
Shape to the dreams an old desire.
He nods, and yields to quiet sleep
So wide, so boundless and so deep.

No hills rise up to tempt his strength,
No road unwinds its sinuous length.
And he forgets it all: the goal,
That seems such small part of the whole.

—ELEANOR C. WOOD.

ONE OF MY PET THEORIES

This subject is not so easy as it looks. Most of our beliefs and convictions, whether true or false, are beliefs or conclusions more or less well reasoned, rather than theories. A theory is a proposed explanation of a phenomenon or a group of phenomena, to be subjected to proof before final acceptance. The Darwinian conception of organic evolution is a typical theory; or at least was such, when Darwin first presented it. He put it forward as an attempt to account for facts which are inexplicable under former accepted teachings, and gave his reasons for urging its consideration. As a theory, it was taken up by the scientific world, subjected to test after test, until it finally emerged triumphant as a truth so impregnably established that its few remaining assailants are only those who are influenced by other motives than the simple love of truth, and are most lamentably ignorant of the many proofs by which it is buttressed. The nebular hypothesis of the origin of our planetary system was another important theory, long held by science to be almost completely established, although finally shaken by certain facts found inconsistent with it; and its successor, the present planetesimal theory, after some revision, is slowly advancing toward general acceptance, though admittedly not yet demonstrated with entire certainty.

On the other hand, our likes and dislikes, our religious beliefs and our political creeds, are conclusions, and not theories in the true sense. So, for example, I cannot offer my love of hiking or of puzzling, my support of Esperanto or my conviction that the Single Tax affords the only sane economic and social remedy to avoid alike the Scylla of the Communism-pointing New Deal, with the preposterous growths of the Townsend Plan and its rival madhouse proposals, and the Charybdis of a return to the old conditions, out of which the present depression and all the periodic depressions of the past were hatched as the natural chicken-brood of monopoly and speculation. These things play a large role in my life; but they are not theories in the strict sense. They are programs based on my interpretation of various aspects of life or of society.

As to my pet theory, I feel myself pretty much at a loss. Of course, I share in some of the current theories, or have theories of my own, with reference to the branch of science to which it is my lot to give most attention, this being mineralogy; but none of these are particular pets. Equally of course, I have, like all the world, a few theories of diet, some of which I have tried out on the dog, using myself for the said canine; and naturally I have a theory or two about curing a cold—as which of us has not? In this line I could tell you how to cure a canker sore on the tongue more quickly and surely than by following any rule found in books or given by doctors; and I could give you the very best cure for the itch of insect bites. But these are not theories—they are facts.

If I must dig up a pet theory, perhaps I shall do best to mention my unprovable but cherished theory about trees. Long ago, I learned that there is only one real way to see a tree, this being to lie on one's back at its base, and let the eye travel slowly and easily upward through its boughs and over all parts of it. In this way, one moves, as it were, with the tree itself, and realizes its full beauty and glory, and that toward which it tends. I pity profoundly those who do not love trees. They (the trees) possess an intrinsic nobility, which speaks not only to poets, but to all who have souls to perceive the finer things of nature. While studying the posture and movements of the trees, I have become possessed of the theory that they are our friends. The experiment of the great Hindu scientist, Dr. Bose, as well as the less scientific but equally careful and sympathetic observations of Royal Dixon, have led

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A PET THEORY

I have heard a theory described as a pattern we first invent and then look for. A rather neat definition, I think. Are we not always trying to find facts to fit our theories instead of forming theories to fit the facts? Talking about facts, it is a fact that I ought not to be saying anything at this meeting. The subject announced is "One of My Pet Theories," and as I don't think I have one, I should have nothing to say on the subject. The trouble is that I can't keep to any one theory long enough for it to become a pet. If I do ever by chance acquire any theory on any subject whatever, I'm liable to change it so often and modify it so much that it soon seems to lose its distinctive personality. So they are out, as pets, as far as I personally am concerned. You see one can formulate a theory only by making deductions from known facts. Then one comes up against new experiences, and the theory must be discarded or materially altered. At least, it has always seemed so to me.

I admit I am unfortunate in this respect, because theories can be—in fact, are a great aid and comfort to many people, and might be so to me. I often feel the need of a steadying influence, and sometimes feel that a good dependable constant theory on almost any subject might help a lot. It must be rather fascinating to have a nice little theory for a pet. I would contemplate it affectionately, play with it in spare moments; even teach it tricks. If any significant happening was brought to my notice I would say happily, "Oh yes, that just proves my theory is right." You see I would be always on the lookout to provide it with proper nutriment and to select such facts as would strengthen it.

Theories are often dangerous pets, and it is surprising what contradictory things a theory will thrive on, once it gets a good start in life. And the older they get the stronger they grow. It may even happen that the cute little pet becomes so big and strong as to prove a real menace to one's self. I have even heard of people being carried away by a theory. Once things are headed for this stage there are only two ways by which a complete tragedy may be averted. One is that your theory may fail to survive the ridicule of your friends. The other is that you may yourself awake to the danger which threatens you, and resolutely and remorselessly drown it in a bucket of cold common sense.

If your theory is one of the gentle and harmless kind, then do all that you can to keep it alive and well. They have a way of twining themselves around one's heartstrings. If it should die you will miss it terribly, and quite likely won't feel like yourself again for some time. Be careful of its diet. Naturally you will aim to feed it only upon facts, but they must be carefully selected. Avoid anything that might disagree with it. Bear this carefully in mind, and it will become stronger day by day until it will be hard to say whether you hold the theory or your theory is holding you.

—E. P. B. LAURENCE.

ART OF CONVERSATION

It has long been recognized that speech was invented for the purpose of concealing thought, which is doubtless the reason why politicians of various sorts talk so much. They may not think anything of any consequence; my deduction from observation over a period of sixty or seventy years is that the sum total of constructive thought on the part of a United States Senator, for example, wouldn't get him to first base in any business. He has the Art of Conversation, however, with one eye glued on the Leave to Print in the Congressional Record, and the other on the voters back home, down to a fine point. And I might add, for the benefit of any one who never knew a politician, that the fireside conversation of most of them is quite different from that propelled into the microphone, particularly if his associates at the fireside are fellow patriots.

To change the subject of conversation from the guardians of our liberties to the general public, every magazine reader knows that the real Art of Conversation can be developed only through a fifteen-minute-a-day study of the text books of the Terrestrial Correspondence Schools, or the reading of the little handbook, pocket size, of the Flim-Flam Publishing Company. To be sure, they laughed when you started to talk, but before you had reached page three of the ninth lesson you had them gasping for breath, and in another minute they were pleading for a drink. You were then on the high road to becoming a business as well as a social success.

Possibly the Art of Conversation has become most highly developed in our playhouses. And this brings up the reflection that many a Dumb Dora who could sit on a park bench with a man for hours at a time without saying a word, the moment the curtain goes up for the first time (particularly if the play is worth listening to as well as seeing) becomes a perfect Niagara of conversation. This same type at a movie assumes that the surrounding public is blind and helps along by reading the sub-titles; that is, she did before the talkies came along, and her conversation throughout the performance is now similar to that labeled "Exhibit A," and noted in connection with the theatre.

There are times when the Art of Conversation is best suggested by actions rather than words. The best after dinner speaker is unanimously voted the one who without a word picks up the check, calls Alphonse, and tells him to keep the change. The trick works just as well if the name happens to be Otto instead of Al-

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SMOKE SCREENS

By a simile borrowed from war-time, a smoke screen is taken to signify any sort of cloud or confusion of words or acts, which conceal what is really being plotted or carried on by the person who has created the screen. It is not quite the same as camouflage, which is putting an unrecognizable face on the thing done; but it belongs in the same category.

We encounter smoke screens wherever we go. Censors and dictators habitually raise a cloud of false issues to obscure their eagerness to rule and to ride roughshod over the fundamental rights of man. Land speculators, the real causers of the monopolistic conditions out of which our economic troubles largely arise, hide behind the skirts of the home-owner by the misleading trickery of decrying the burdens on "real estate", which "weasel word" actually embraces two things as different as the poles —land value, created by the community; and houses and other improvements, which are the product of labor and capital. Enormus smoke screens were raised by those who wanted to repeal prohibition, because they put their own physical appetites above every consideration of the public good. Such was the babble about "true temperance" and "of course, none of us will ever allow the saloon to come back." as even Al Smith had the consummate nerve to say. But no sooner had the dry law been edged off the books than with one consent the erstwhile lovers of "true temperance" threw off the mask, and appeared in their right colors, as witness the wholesale and intensive propaganda to make liquor-drinking universal, the "cocktail hours" at the hotels and the like. Truly, the old saying was right:

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be; But when the devil got well, the devil a monk was he!"

What politician frankly owns his true intentions? He lives in a world of smoke screens, burying his actual record in a cloud of words. He is for liberty or social order by turns, according to the outlook for votes, stressing now this and now that eternal platitude, as he feels the pulse of the gullible public. Nor are smoke screens confined to the conservative groups. There are many labor union leaders, Communists and the like, who raise the cloud of the downtrodden working class as a cover for their personal desire of leadership, or for their criminal lust for riot; just as there are professed reformers who justify their draconic measures by specious pleas, to obscure their inherently sadistic pleasure in destroying the happiness of others.

In short, smoke screens are found wherever human nature has not advanced to the stage of high and honorable purposes, which can stand the closest analysis. Beware of the smoke screen.

JAMES F. MORTON

JUVENILE JOURNEYS

One of the greatest treats of my childhood was a trip from time to time to Central Park, New York City. One boarded the Erie Railroad (then the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad) train at Paterson. The first part of the journey was through pleasing suburban and rural territory to Rutherford, where one had a great thrill as he thought of the dash the train was about to make across the ten miles of the Hackensack Meadows without a stop. How far from home we now were. The very world was different. One viewed the tall coarse meadow grass with wonder, and gazed in ecstacy at the countless acres of rushes. If one could collect and count the myriad cat-tails growing therein! Suppose by a miracle all could be cut and dried, wouldn't they make a magnificent lot of punks? But then, would there be enough firecrackers in the world to be lighted by so many punks? The air smelled of salt, and the characteristics of the great river which coursed through the center of the vast tract had not been spoiled then, as now, by the waste from the immense factories which have literally been built on its banks for several miles from its mouth. Then the trainman would light the gas lights in the car. More thrills! The train would soon be passing through the tunnel. "Close all windows", the trainman would warn. Should any passenger be luckless enough not to do so promptly, the trainman would make a great show of leaning across him, and would officiously close that passenger's window with a loud bang. What humiliation! Then into the tunnel. How could man make such a marvelous thing? What fun it was to look into the window and see one's face reflected there. Then out of the tunnel; across Jersey City; out of the train and on to the ferry-boat.

What a number of boats on the North River! Weren't those carrying the railway cars funny? How could such a little tug pull such a large float? Look at all the walking beams atop the boats going up and down and never stopping. Next: the walk from the boat to the elevated railway. These were then in full flush of importance. No competition from subways. Every station had its fully stocked and well patronized newsstand. Along came the queer little locomotive, burning real coal, making real steam, and hauling a complete train right through the heart of the city. How many houses there were! Where did they get so much brick and stone? Why didn't the train fall off the track and into the street? At last the park itself. How different then from now! Long before reaching it one could smell the good earth, instead of the present day foul gasoline fumes.

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SERIAL RECORD
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SQUANDERING THE AUTHOR'S TIME

I know of nothing more time-killing than a polite command to call at some editorial office for an interview. You are supposed not to know what the editorial policy is unless it is painfully explained to you in person. You retire at the same late hour, but arise much earlier in order to reach New York City before the business day has ended. That, in itself, is a bad feature. You feel the loss of sleep, and the only reason you get off at the right station is because the train does not go beyond Jersey City.

You get a taste of trail scouting trips on numerous subways, and finally find your way to the big editor's reception room. All around you are pigeonholes. Sitting at one of these, with ears plugged to the switchboard, is a haughty queen. You almost give out your pedigree before the editor is permitted to become aware of your existence. You patiently wait a full half hour in the reception room. This being a firm that publishes five magazines, you expect to find a copy of each on the table, but not a thing is on the table; only advertising show cards around the partition. You muse that times must be very hard if the publisher can not spare five magazines for the benefit of visitors. Perhaps, though, he thinks you will later buy them at the newsstands. I remove a few pounds of literature, carried for such emergencies, from my valise. I manage to finish one issue of Printer's Ink, and am part way through the second when a smiling young woman, the editor's secretary, jangles her chain of keys and unlocks the circuitous route through miles and miles of corridors.

Ah, at last you meet the great man face to face. Preliminary pleasantries before you get down to business. The editor summarizes his specific needs in five minutes' speaking time. He stresses big adventure fact articles. You pass him a package of fifty action photos taken on hikes. He critically looks them over. One picture is of a hiker killing a big rattler; another of a young man scaling a perpendicular ledge; a third of a young woman falling into a brook during spring floodtime; a fourth of a black-faced hiker emerging from a rhododendron jungle; a fifth of a hiker holding a baby partridge lost from its nest. "Nothing with enough punch here on which to build a story," he declares as he hands back the pictures. "Well," you muse to yourself, "What does he expect hikers to do on the trail? Capture a big bear, get a beaver to stage some comedy or uncover a pit full of venomous snakes?"

After that interview you sense that the editor is probably more interested in Alaska than the pocket-size Ramapos. By condensing his five minutes' conversation in a letter, and supplying you with a copy of the magazine, you could have saved that trip into town, and he all the ritual associated with author-editor interviews at his office. Maybe he thrives on such rituals, as a cat does on a mouse. Of course, you have contacted him in person, if that means anything. Rarely it does, as he is buying the product of your brain, and not your personality.

ERNEST A. DENCH.

ANIMAL PET-AVERSIONS

The alley-cat seems everywhere
Upon this world of ours;
He's up upon the highest porch,
Or tramping down our flowers.

His visage is the face of one
Who lives by theft and fight;
Afraid of nothing—dirty—bold—
A nuisance day and night.

Nor can I praise his voice or song,
His snarl and spit and call,
His weird and raucous vocalings,
Which many a sleep appall.

Who loves the roaming alley-cat,
And who would like to tame him?
This pet-aversion of all "pets"
Finds very few to claim him!

LITTA L. VOELCHERT.

X 9N 4827

THE BARD

A COMRADE OF THE YOUNG POET

Vol. IV October, 1937 No. II

APR 29 1944

POSTAGE DUE

My Editor awaits the morning mail
With anxious breath and with feverish glee.
Copy is due no more than two days hence,
And he has received not a line from me!

So--well he may wait the whole, long day thru,
Chasing the postman. It's a game of fun,
Especially when my writing is due,
For I tell him how his work should be done!

Yet I know a fellow who's almost broke
But helps my Editor meet his bills,
That is alright, but the fellow can't write
Anything but checks; and they have no thrills!

Perhaps I'm mistaken, when all is told.
My Editor, perchance, may fool me yet;
He'd do better to realize that he
Who helps pay the bills is a better bet!

By Bradford A. Bond.

X-PN 4827

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THE BARD

"A Comrade Of The Young Poet"

Vol. III January 1937 No. III

DREAM DAYS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

I dream of days that seem to hold
Good luck, good fortune, trimmed in gold.
They always seem not far away
But yet I've never seen that day.

They're only dreams I have in mind!
I have so many of that kind!
They haunt me, making me feel so blue
Wishing hoping they'd come true.

But till those golden days come 'round
And my dreams shall all be found. . .
I'll live the days, singing a song
To help me through Life's journey long.

ELEANOR GUDONIS

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THE BARD

A Comrade Of The Young Poet

Vol. IV *July, 1937* *No. 1*

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

THE DOGWOOD IS A MIST

White against the glowing hilltops,
Stands the dogwood, like a mist
Of white ethereal beauty—
It stands in harmony and bliss
With the green surrounding country,
And its dewy fields sun-kissed.
All the world is beauty mantled
When the dog-wood is a mist.

—**Evelyn Kemper.**

LOVE'S TOUCH.

My life was in a sad discord
The notes seemed all untrue.
But Love stepped in and touched the keys:
Now they play in unison - for you.

—**Josie Brown North.**

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"Begin that . . . when God peopled the world it was the grand, divine, eternal Drama. - - - Charlotte Cushman

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BETTER DRAMA

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Little Crusader For Community Culture : : :

Hot Springs Arkansas

September-October, 1937

Single Copy 10 Cents : Yearly Subscription 50 Cents

#57

The BROOKLYNITE

LOYOLA COLLEGE LIBRARY CENTRAL BROOKLYN
APR 29 1948

Vol. XXVII. HOHOKUS, N. J., JUNE, 1937 Number 1

X-PN 4827

Kings and Kingdoms

This is a most terrific subject. It seems to me that it might be easier to write a book on it than to attempt to touch upon it in the course of a ten-minute composition. Think only of the English kings! Or Alfred and his burnt offerings; of Canute of the wet feet; or of that old autocrat, John, who was forced by the barons to sign Magna Charta. And Henry VIII, who rather than submit to the authority of the pope, when it was inconvenient to him, founded the Church of England with himself as its "Supreme Head". It is a rather long cry from Henry VIII to Edward VIII, who decided that he would rather be a man in the street than a mouse on a throne, but in their varying courses of action under somewhat similar circumstances both reflect the spirit of their times and present an interesting contrast.

Such a welter of material is embarrassing, and the longer one thinks the deeper one seems submerged and hemmed in by all these historic figures springing forth from the past. One way out might be to select some particular king, and say a few words about him, neglecting all the others, and also the broader and more general aspects of the matter in hand; but I feel that this is not just what our literary director intended. The subject being "Kings and Kingdoms", I suppose we are to treat it in a general way. After lying awake and cogitating upon the subject for several nights, the only gleam of comfort that came to me was the reflection that we were not asked to include the queens. To be crowded in upon by Victoria, Elizabeth, and Mary, Catherine the Great, Boadecia, Helen of Troy, Esther and Jezebel, and the Queen of Sheba, not one of whom could be lightly dismissed without at least a few paragraphs, would be too dreadful. For this small relief, much thanks.

Perhaps the subject ought to be treated as a post mortem, for now we seem to be living in a sort of twilight of the gods. The era of the great kings appears to be coming to an end. Whether this may be for the better or for the worse depends very much upon what we are going to do next. For no nation can continue to exist without some strong central authority. There has to be at the head of every state someone or something to which in matters of primary importance or in times of crisis all will defer by common consent. Whether he be called president, dictator, or king matters little. President Roosevelt as soon as he took office for the first time made himself practically a dictator. Whether his actions and policies were on the whole wise or otherwise, should not be discussed here and now; but he was the response to the cry of a panic stricken people fearful of politicians, and who had become distrustful of the entire social organization, and most of whom were in a mood to say "We can't agree about what ought to be done, but for God's sake, do something for us!"

One thing seems to stand out very clearly. The constitutional ruler is the product of a long period of social and political evolution. A dictatorship is a reversion to a more primitive type of organization, and is the offspring of disorder and panic. Intellectually the dictator is often of a lower type, but has a stronger personality. He is liable to be narrow, bigoted and intolerant. Indeed, it is through these characteristics that he attains leadership of a party, and ultimately eminence in the state. Consequently it is unreasonable to expect too much from a dictator. The very qualities which in the general confusion of affairs force him to the top, are those which render him totally unfit to govern under normal and settled conditions. If, out of a discord of conflicting parties, and a bankrupt exchequer he can weld together some sort of national entity which will move forward in almost any definite direction; if he can lead the people to act as one man for the attainment of the prosperity of the state, he has done reasonably well.

Just now the nations are engaged in various experiments in government. In Spain, Italy, Germany, and Russia, old traditions have been discarded, or are going up in smoke. What will be the ultimate outcome of it all does not yet appear. But there can be neither order nor progress without submission to a supreme authority. The institution of hereditary sovereignty is no doubt doomed, but kings of men will ever remain whether we know them as kings, presidents, dictators, or by any other name.

EDWARD P. B. LAURENCE.

The Passing Show

The stage is the same; only the actors change;
Given their cues by Time, each takes his place
In a new world where every scene is strange,
And masks disguise many a traveler's face.

One who stands back in the wings with cloak
Of sable hue—he knows how short the play;
How brief the syllables these players spoke,
Who said their lines and sighing, went away.

Only one figure had a name that stood
Beyond his going; when that name is said
Men see a hill—a dreaming cedar wood,
And speak the memory of the deathless dead.

ELEANOR CHAPPEE WOOD.

X-PN 4827

THE BARD VOL. IV NO. 4

DICKENS AND THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

The Curiosity Shop of old
Inspired the story Dickens told.
The farther on one reads the tale,
The more he yearns to pierce the veil--
'Tween Then and Now.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS TRUST RECORD
APR 29 1944

The more the curious seeker delves
About the ancient timeworn shelves,
The more he grasps the fleeting spirit
Of those who once owned things within it--
And loved them well.

Things fraught with memory treasured dearly;
Old rose jars growing sweeter yearly;
A frame where beamed a loved one's face;
A chest where lay some rare old lace--
He loved them too.

-Irma A. Gwin.

APRIL, 1938

X-PN 4827

August 13, 1938 BURP *(Excuse it please!)*

Usually, when someone goes to the trouble of writing, setting and printing an amateur paper, there's a raison d'etre for that paper. Either the person has a message to deliver (or something to sell), he's trying to establish a reputation (or run for office) or possibly he's imbued with the real amateur spirit and just wants to get out a paper for the fun of it.

But BURP (pardon me) is indefensible—just one of those things that happens even in the best of families. 22 1944 often surprising—sometimes startling; occasionally merely vulgar, and again, at times, dainty and apologetic; doubtless even distinguished on occasion. For some reason, however, one just doesn't dwell at length on such things.

A recent card from Maggie Martin, who's been flat on her back for the past seven months, asks, "I've been wondering if you still publish anything. I run across your name occasionally, but haven't seen anything of yours in ages. Is the exclusion personal or 'purge'?"

The barnyard's been quiet so long I've most forgotten how to stir up a Chicken, Rooster, or Cockerel. College with its 25 hours a week of classes, additional hours of preparation, and 35 hours a week of 40c-an-hour work in the Library — but now that that's all a thing of the past and Ransdell Incorporated asks only 43 hours a week of my time— well, copy's ready for two Scarlet Cockerels and soon we hope to be back in the swim.

In the meantime my address is 1318 Webster St., NE, Washington, D. C., where, I assure you, the heat and humidity (in spite of reports about "Washington's awful summer climate") is no worse than Pittsburgh's, Chicago's or New York's worst (nor much better than their best).

Since the Mailing Bureau won't handle anonymous papers, someone'd better 'fess up to this BURP—(pardon me). So take note that this, THE BLUSHING BIDDIE, is one of the gallinaceous family squired by Ralph Babcock. And if you'll turn the page he'll be pleased to introduce you to the NAPA Official Editor, Miss Elaine Jorgensen:

X-PN 4827

Labor Day, 1938 **Burp!** *(Excuse It Please!)*

This BURP [woops! Pardon—back again] second issue of THE BLUSHING BIDDIE celebrates the second homecoming of its sponsor, Ralph W. Babcock, sometimes of 58 Maple Drive, Great Neck, N. Y., (where mail ALWAYS reaches him) but more often, lately, of Washington, D. C.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
APR 29 1944

Well, well—a BURP with a deckle-edge! Who could have forseen this marvel of modern science!

Don't tell anyone, but it's thought that BURP SCARLET COCKEREL is gonna be a 24 page monthly for a while. Ransdell, Inc., having just linotyped No. 7 (Aug.) will soon print it, and we're here to work on No. 8 (Sept.). So it may go—if copy enough can be found to fill future issues. How 'bout a little news, manuscripts, and correspondence to help out?

Unions are a damn nuisance. Our plant (Ransdell, Inc.) being 100% union (six different unions represented) a non-union office stooge like myself can't twiddle a finger there—regardless of whether he's spent four years at college learning layout and design, hand composition, linotyping, job and cylinder presswork and a multitude of other things (now, just interesting to know) and only wants to "mess around" for his own amusement, with no intention of doing anything commercial. So we have to trot back home and dust off The Babcock Press in order to spatter typewash on our shirt and get ink in our hair.

On t' other side you'll find a neighbor of ours, MISTER Edwin Hadley Smith, who (with Vincent Haggerty, the guy that pays this year's White House taxes) was responsible for my joining the NAPA, and whose latest protege — Elmer Stevens, new Manuscript Recorder — would be glad to help place your mss. with amateur publishers.

But if anyone makes a crack about who's the Potomac Polecat now, I'll "mow him down, s' help me, I will!" Unless, of course, he's referring to President Roosevelt.

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#1

Brrr-p! *No. 3 Sunday after Turkey Day, 1938*

The folks are away (probably snowbound in upstate New York) and the mouse is home at play. Sunday at home . . . radio for company . . . icicles outside, hot soup and coffee inside . . . Blew in at one a.m. from Washington (via three-hour-late Greyhound bus) among part of the second seven-inch snowfall this week. After shovelling paths thru sixteen inches of snow outside, a hot bath and raid on the larder . . . Huddled by the little kerosine heater beside ye pants press at ye high-sign of ye Bloody Typelice & lead and alimony slivers —— let's use red ink; maybe it'll keep the press warm . . . As that old Chinese philossifer is said to have said, "He who find himself in hot water should not hesitate to take bath." About two more weekends and there'll be another SCARLET COCKEREL finished. Meanwhile, Brrr-p, it's cold hyar and we ponder which is greater (more pifflish) piffle, Brrr-p or Benny Bianchi's "Laughing Jackass." Oh yeah—knew I had something in mind when starting this: Please note new address of yrs trly, Ralph Babcock,

2540 Fourteenth Street NW, Washington, D. C.

(P.S. It's so cold the red ink's all blue!)

311SPI 22 Ap 41

X-PN 4827

THE BROCHURE

Vol. I | February, 1938 | No. 2

George Washington 1732 – 1799 | Abraham Lincoln 1809 – 1865

Executive Mansion
Washington

November 21, 1864

To Mrs. Bixby,
Boston, Mass.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from of tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the alter of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln

X-P N 4827

THE BROCHURE

Vol. I March - April, 1938 No. 3-4

Easter Sunday ..... April 17

Organized—
WORK is pride in doing
PAY is just and fair
BOSS is human being
MAN is free from care.

Unorganized—
WORK is where you find it
PAY is what you get
BOSS is always driving
MAN is in a sweat.

More anon.— R. E. Noonan

If all the economists in the world were laid end to end, they would never reach a conclusion.

APPRENTICESHIP

Beware, high school graduates, of the shyster employer who offers to teach you the trade in return for anywhere from nothing to $9 a week. Such animals work you like a dog, payless overtime becoming customary.

If you ask for overtime, that shows you're "not ambitious." They teach you, generally, only what will help the boss most, not what might help you get a decent job somewhere. Maybe if all of usguys put our feet down, these punky bosses would have to shell out a bit more to get their help. Ex-Sapadillo, Queens

---

Camera Bill Signed

On January 12, 1938, President Roosevelt signed a bill prohibiting the making of photographs, sketches or maps of vital military and naval defenses.

Early to bed and Early to rise,-
Work like hell - and Advertise!

X-PN 4827

THE BROCHURE

Vol. I | May - June, 1938 | No. 5-6

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS TRIAL DEPOSIT
APR 29 1946

New Member Tells Of A. J. Conditions In Austria

AMATEUR JOURNALISM— FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

By LUDWIG IMMERGLUCK

Exclusive To OWI It Hurts

About three months ago I arrived here in New York, coming from Vienna, Austro-Germany. Before I came to America I had but little idea of the existence of an Amateur Press. In fact, over there I heard nothing about it. After all, you cannot expect that an Amateur paper could thrive in a country where there is no freedom of Press. It would be against the idea of Amateur Journalism to dictate to their editors, publishers, and contributors what to do, and to keep one political way.

Only a very few schools in Vienna had their School-Papers, and those were supervised, edited, and mostly written by teachers. Then we had so-called Trade Papers for the various branches of Trade, but they were also, like the daily newspapers, tended into one political direction.

A few weeks ago a friend of mine told me all about Amateur Journalism and the UPAA. Naturally I was much interested in it, and desired to become a member immediately.

Now, already acquainted with the ideas of Amateur Journalism, I can state that the UPAA is really a great institution.

Every member, regardless to his age and disposition helps to build up Amateur Journalism, the pioneer of free thought. Hail to Amateur Journalism.

DANDELIONS

By Andrew Floyd Alix

Many laughing ladies
In their castles green,
All are dressed in yellow
Fit to serve a queen.

Join U. A. P. A. A.

BROCHURE 1938
Z-DN 4927
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RECORD JUN 19 1945

THE BROCHURE

Vol. 1 Winter, 1938 No. 7

THINK RIGHT

Think smiles, and smiles shall be;
Think doubt, and hope will flee;
Think love, and love will grow:
Think hate, and hate you'll know.
Think good, and good is here;
Think vice, its jaws appear;
Think joy, and joy ne'er ends;
Think gloom, and dusk descends.
Think faith, and strength's at hand;
Think ill, it stalk's the land.
Think peace, sublime and sweet,
And you that peace will meet;
Think fear, with brooding mind,
And failure's close behind.
Think this: "I'm going to win!"
Think not on what has been,
Think "victory"; think "I can!"
Then you're a winning man!

DAVID V. BUSH

Think

Little cubes of metal,
Little tubes of ink,
Brains, and the printing press,
Make the millions think!

THE MOVIE PEST

When to the theater I go
To see a thrilling show,
I hardly seat myself in peace,
Then suddenly my pleasures cease.
Before me sits a man so tall
That I can't see a thing at all;
It seems that this must always be-
Someone spoils the show for me.
I think there ought to be a law
Against the worst pest I ever saw,
Or else a special seat be made
For those who cause my view to fade
But why should I be talking thus,
When there are others besides us
Who have the very same thought in mind,
If we sit in front and they behind?

CHARLES A. AUSTIN

"Opportunity is the fruit of effort,- the bud of patience. It does not materialize or pursue any one; be he of noble or humble birth."

JAROSLAV CHMELICEK

"'Tis not so much how much is said, — 'tis how it's said."

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXVIII. HOHOKUS, N. J., JUNE, 1938 Number 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827

STEPPING OUT

Our subject is open to any number of interpretations, but I doubt that my own particular interpretation will prove any more arbitrary than the rest. "Stepping Out" suggests, to me, the donning of more or less disreputable or excentric attire, and hieing forth into the woods. My excursions of this sort have of late been limited to Sundays, but at one time I devoted vacations and week-ends to them, to my own great pleasure, if not profit. Some years ago, I spent a week in the Kittatinnies of New Jersey, with James Morton. We carried food supplies for the week, in our knapsacks, as well as blankets and ponchos for the nights, which were to be spent in the woods. We tried to spend one of our nights on top of Sussex High Point, the highest peak in the state, and not yet ruined by an automobile road, an observation tower, and a park. A few great boulders and slabs of rock then crowned the summit of this mountain, which could not be reached except by a scramble on all fours, for the last fifty yards of the way. I recall that this particular July night grew so bitterly cold, that we relinquished our downy cots on one of the slabs of rock, and blundered down the mountain side in the dark, searching for seasonable warmth. We found it in a hunter's shack which providentially loomed directly before us, or we should never have found it. On another occasion, we decided to sleep on a hill-side, where a flat depression in the slope offered all the comfort that could be expected. Toward morning, the rain began to fall in torrents. We knew of no shelter in the vicinity, and philosophically decided to remain where we were. By the time the first gray streak of dawn illumined the skies, we, with all our hiking gear, were wallowing in the mire. James, raising a countenance upon which all the sufferings of man seemed suddenly to have been engraved, feebly asked me to make coffee. The spirit was willing, but all the matches were wet. Every item of clothing we wore, dripped, and dripped again. Our packs, with all their contents, had become so saturated, that when we stood on them, they squirted water in all directions. It was still drizzling, but afar off, in the valley below, I espied a comforting spiral of smoke, which obviously came from a house. Heartening James with the promise of prompt coffee, I staggered downward toward the smoke. As I had hoped, it came from a little cottage in the vale — a cottage occupied by two extremely aged and deaf foreigners. They shrank back in affright at the spectacle of the Tarzan who knocked at their door. But I saw a coffee-pot on the stove, and caught a whiff of its aroma, and this probably made me a little mad. My words meant nothing to them, and their jabberings conveyed nothing to me. I picked up the coffee-pot with one hand, and showed them a quarter, as the saying is, with the other. They beamed amiably at this, and accepted the quarter. I scrambled up to James again, with my prize. He was almost incredulous of his eyes, when he beheld the pot, and paid me the sincerest compliment I have ever received or hope to receive from this accomplished Curator. "Rheinhart", he murmured, "you're a daisy!" The sun mercifully appeared shortly after midday, and by two o'clock I had dried one package of matches sufficiently to make a fire. We spent the rest of the day in drying ourselves and our belongings. James and I made a trip, shortly after this, to the Mianus Valley Gorge, in Connecticut, but it was quite devoid of staggering privation or tremendous suffering.

I have made such trips, in the past, with Ernest Dench, and recall with special pleasure a visit of a week to that tangled and fascinating wilderness, the Wawayanda Plateau. Ernest, in fact, became so smitten with it, that he afterwards made many solitary one-day visits of exploration to the locality, and has since acted as guide to the hiking clubs that have visited it.

There is a pleasure of an undefinable sort in following a mountain trail all day. For one thing, we realize that we are away from the cares and vexations incidental to city life. Some temperaments cannot leave such cares behind them, and to such the trail has nothing to offer. Granted the properly receptive mood, it does not take long for one to forget that Broadway and Forty-second street ever existed. It is a distinctly novel sensation to awaken in the morning with the forest cries all about. Ernest, who is a phenomenally early riser on such expeditions, is likely to get up at four in the morning to make a cup of tea—a commendable habit, especially when it means that tea will be ready for the next one to arise. I do not know how it came about, but on every trip I have undertaken with James and Ernest, I have been the cook. It is my task to make the fire, to open the cans, and to make the beverage. It is a part for which I have no distaste, but it amuses me to imagine the astonishment of my female relatives if they should ever see me thus engaged. At home, they credit me with just sufficient ability of a culinary sort to make a cup of coffee. However, this misapprehension of my domestic skill and acquirements has distinct advantages, and I would not change it for the world.

Rheinhart Kleiner

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXVIII. HOHOKUS, N. J., SEPTEMBER, 1938 Number 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 25 1947
X-PN 4827

Progress

Before attempting to deal with this subject, however inadequately, I trembilngly consulted the dictionary. There my searching eye passed resolutely by such mysterious and intriguing words as "prerogative", "protoplasm", "promenade", and "profusion", and at length discovered the subject of our deliberations comfortably placed half-way down a column. Continued researches revealed that, according to good authorities, progress is "a moving or going forward; a proceeding onward as from one point to another further advanced; an advance in physical, mental, or moral development, condition or position; an advance toward better or ideal knowledge or condition or that conceived of as better".

Thus Webster's Dictionary. From the above definition it is apparent that, in the moral realm at least, the idea of amelioration is inseparably associated with progress. Negative numbers, however dear to the heart of the algebraist, have no place in such a discussion, for moral progress is evidently currently thought of as proceeding in one direction only, to wit from the worse toward the better.

Biological progress is a fascinating subject, too vast to be discussed here in even the most cursory fashion. Besides the main stream of life development, the centre of which according to our cherished belief leads to the appearance of man upon the earth, there are countless, not all of which may seem to us to represent an improvement upon what went before. Consider, for example, our alias (!) too familiar acquaintance, the mosquito, sometimes ranked as Insect Public Enemy No. 1 as far as human welfare is concerned. Doubtless he, or rather she since the damage is due entirely to "girl bandits", (it is only the female mosquito who sucks blood) represents a tremendous advance in development over myriads of preceding generations which had not yet achieved the miracle of flight or the much earlier but hardly less astonishing miracle of breathing air unmixed with water.

Limitations of time and space forbid such fascinating excursions into the realms of biological change throughout unnumbered generations in the past. Even in the case of man himself we cannot dwell upon what progress has been already achieved in physical development. Interesting speculations have been made as to possible future progress in physical function, should later men be found to have the necessary scientific knowledge joined to the resolution of character required for extensive experimentation upon themselves. For example the fascinating even if somewhat fantastic suggestion has been made by a scientist of high rank that a new sense might some day be cultivated in men so that they might be able to receive directly the communications of those electrical wavelengths, the perception of which still requires a cumbersome transforming apparatus in occasional need of repair and adjustment.

It will hardly be contested that in physical and mental fields the human race has made immense advances "toward a knowledge or condition conceived of as better" so that in these directions our definition of progress is satisfied. Indeed on the physical side it is now possible to look forward confidently to the complete abolition of disease as being well within the power of the human race to achieve.

Morally, however, a distinguished friend of mine stoutly maintains that humanity is getting steadily worse. And it cannot be denied that here progress seems to be gaining ground pretty slowly if at all. Modern wars are not so much less frightful than ancient ones. Crime is still quite a healthy or at least vigorous representative of the most perverted tendencies of mankind. Many of the most respectable and respected members of society seem vastly more concerned with gaining or keeping power, place, and pelf than with the establishment of any greater degree of social justice than such an elementary measure as may be necessary to keep the masses of exploited men and women quiet in their traditional places. Religions follow each other in solemn parade across the stage of human activity with monotonous regularity, but so far men do indeed seem to behave much as fishes....the big and strong do eat the little and weak. The passions that burned at white heat in the breast of early man still blaze forth in apparently undiminished vigor. I say "apparently' for it is my conviction that such a dark view of the moral state of the race rests upon two closely related fallacies. The first is that significant evidences of a slowly growing sense of individual and social responsibility for others are not given anything like proper and scientific consideration. Tiny beginnings they are, and as yet they bulk small against the far more imposing evidences of human selfishness. But they exist at least, and make themselves increasingly perceived. And the second reason for uncertainty in the sphere of moral progress is a failure to use a sufficiently accurate time scale. We think of yesterday and lament when we can measure no progress, forgetting that on the divine scale a thousand years is but as yesterday. Those who thoughtfully survey the growth of moral notions over vast periods of

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The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXVIII. HOHOKUS, N. J., DECEMBER, 1938 Number 3

DEC 29 1938

X-PN 4827

Who Would Not Be A Gossip?

There are all kinds of gossip, even as there are all kinds of people. If a person is a natural bore it doesn't make any difference whether he is telling you about the marital entanglements of his best friends or advising what he would do if he were Hitler—he is still a bore. There are people who can not describe a day in the woods without making you yawn, and there are other people who can tell you all about their operation and their sensations with such delicious side comments that you don't even mind when you hear it all over again. I believe it was Irving Cobb who described his first operation, in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post, and his feeling before and after. He made it most interesting. To go back to gossip, who would go without the telephone? And why? Because the gossips can call you up to tell you the latest. Is some one run over? The telephone rings. Did the ambulance go by? Some one calls up to tell you, or to find out from you what it is all about. Life is much more interesting in the small town in the country because your neighbor is far enough so he does not hear what goes on inside your walls, and yet is near enough to come over and tell you all the news that you do not know yourself. Once at some social gathering I was told about a Woman's club that had just been organized and the final comment was "and we don't allow any one to talk about anything personal. Personalities are taboo." At once I decided the club would be a terrible bore and I would refuse to join. As I wasn't asked to join I didn't have to refuse.

Gossip doesn't have to be malicious and I frankly don't care for the person who relates as facts what should be only speculations and theories. But then as I have already said a bore is a bore regardless of what he or she talks about. I used to think a bore was a person who talked only about himself or herself, but again there are people who can talk so charmingly about themselves that you delight in listening to them. Gossip relating has to be evenly divided. I like to listen to gossip just so long, and then I want to tell some myself. Strange as it may seem one may talk for hours about one's private affairs and yet keep a good deal strictly secret. I've been with some very talkative women who have told me a good deal about their families and when I come to think back, all the talk was about things on the surface—interesting, yes, but not revealing; nothing that the families in questoin would care whether it was known or not. There is no point in condemning all gossip, just because some gossip is vicious, guesswork slander. The gossip is not necessarily a trouble maker. In the days of my chikhood when we lived in a small town the milkman would pause every morning to tell my mother all the news of the town. He would stand in the doorway freezing out the house while he talked busily. No, he wouldn't come in and sit down but—and off he would go on some other bit of gossip. We children would close all the doors so only the kitchen would get cooled off because we were so afraid mother would shut the door in his face and we wanted to hear all he had to say. In Washington it was the huckster in the back alley who would relay all the current gossip, though he more often would discuss his own family problems.

Teachers gathered together during the noon hour can clatter at such a rate one wonders how they can find time to eat. My sister Ella used to love to substitute as a teacher because she would have that hour with the teachers at noon and could listen to their spicy comments about their classes; their troubles with this pupil or that parent; or merely the various problems that came up with individual cases. Nurses are even worse. I hear a good deal about professional secrecy and confidence, but that would seem to mean only that one must not mention names. Not many people care whether names are mentioned or not. Most of us who enjoy gossip enjoy it as the experience which could happen to any one, and may have already happened to us. There is no better cure for the person who is self-conscious than to listen to an endless amount of gossip. He can hardly take himself seriously when he realizes how many other people have the same problems, the same sensations and the same difficulties in overcoming feelings of inferiority as he has.

If you look over the people you know who are bored with life you will find that they are not interested in their fellow beings, and often they are not interested in themselves. No gossip ever committed suicide because life had nothing more to offer him. Providing the gossip was not also a bore, no gossip ever had her husband or wife go to Reno. Where there is a gossip, life is interesting, full of thrills, something new always around the corner. Men wonder if hen parties are really interesting. How can the women enjoy themselves without the company of the lordly male? But only at hen parties does one hear gossip at its best. A bunch of women, leisurely relaxing, can talk hour after hour, and strange as it may seem they talk more about themselves and other women than they do about the men. A group of women all expert gossips—one could listen all day and not grow weary.

PEARL K. MORTON

X-PN 4827

#79

THE BOHEMIAN

Vol. 1 *Summer, 1938* *No. 2*

X-PN 4827

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JUN 25 1945
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THE BOHEMIAN

VOL. I *AUTUMN, 1938* *NO. 3*

X-PN 4827

THE BOHEMIAN

THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

VOL. I WINTER, 1938 NO. 4

PON 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
#102

The Brooklyn Sun

Vol. 1 BROOKLYN, N. Y. JUNE, 1938 No. 1

NEW YORK CONCEDES 1939 CONVENTION TO OAKLAND, CALIF.

SMITH, STAR WITNESS IN $150,000 SUIT

NEW YORK [Special to the SUN] From an unimpeachable source it has been learned that Edwin H. Smith of Virginia was retained by the Hearst Publications of this City to be a star witness in a suit brought against them. It seems that a Hearst newspaper ran an amateur journalist page some time ago and they were sued for $150,000. The complainants contended that the page was originally their idea. Mr. Smith was in New York for about a week with all expenses paid.

STOP PRESS NEWS

[Special to BROOKLYN SUN]

Reports have been received that the 'privileged' members of the United Amateur Press Association are encountering some difficulty in agreeing on a suitable candidate for the Office of President. It appears that they can not find one whom they can trust.

Miss Litta Voelchert of this City leaves June 28th for Mexico City on her vacation.

Secretary Felicitas Haggerty of Jersey City, N. J. expects to be present at the Convention.

Bernice McCarthy visiting at Jersey City to do some pre-convention shopping.

Vondy McDonald prepares to leave for the National Convention City.

On to Cincinnati!

EMPIRE CITY NOT PREPARED TO HANDLE CONVENTION

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 20---Due to the fact that the members of the National Amateur Press Association in Oakland have worked hard in preparation for the 1939 Convention the editors believe Oakland should be selected. Orchids to the Oakland Amateur Press Club for their fine work in putting before the members so picturesque a preview of what to expect at Oakland in 1939.

The possibilities of having the Convention in New York City are faint because of the lack of activity and interest shown by the members here. However, we would like an opportunity to display the wonders of our Empire City in 1940 in a manner equal to that of our West Coast members.

SEGAL FORMS PRINTING CO.

PHILA. PA. JUNE 15---It was learned today that Harold Segal, editor and publisher of *The New Times*, is planning to go in the printing business. He has been in New York and Brooklyn various times during the past month with his cousin shopping around for a linotype and a new press.

THE BROOKLYN SUN extend their heartiest wishes for success.

OUR CHOICE

President: Felicitas Haggerty
Vice-President: W. Haywood
Secretary: Bernice McCarthy
Treasurer: Robert Holman
Official Editor: E. Jorgensen
Executive Judges
G. W. Macauley
Anthony F. Moitoret
Rheinhart Kleiner

#103

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1940

B E L L E T T E

An intimate publication, issued as may be, by Edna Hyde McDonald, 1974 University Avenue, New York City; and Ernest A. Edkins, 3413 Salzedo Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida. Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association.

Number 5 December 1938.

X-PN 4827

As you will observe upon the perusal of this paper, we have permitted our cogent co-editor, Mr. Edkins, to run rampant in this issue, and have ourself been content only to check him now and again with a few pertinent remarks. These are parenthetically inserted and attributed to Ed., meaning Editor or Edna as the whim may be.

We trust you are as satisfied with the arrangement as we are.

The Old Chair Talks Back to Stephen Teets.

(See Page 6 November Tryout)

Thanks for the lines in Tryout, Teets!
I've seen the peak
Of Old Prosperity; and now I'm known
As an antique.

It does not matter very much I'm sure
If I am oak,
Or maple or mahogany or pine;
I'm wholly broke.

Or whether ever sat upon my seat
The brave or fair.
But if you'd like to own me ---
Have --- a chair!

E.H.M.

#104

BELLETTE

An intimate publication, issued as may be, by Edna Hyde McDonald, 1974 University Avenue, New York City; this time aided and abetted by Ernest A. Edkins, 421 Linden Street, Winnetka, Illinois. Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association.

Whole Number 3 July 1938

APR 29 1944

SLANTS ON THE CONVENTION

X-PN 4827

The Cincinnati convention - to borrow a nifty from Mr. Roosevelt's mother - was a nice shindig. It should go down in history as a record-breaker on several counts:

(1) First convention in about fifty years to offer a top-notch literary program.

(2) Only one major executive present; a carload of regrets; only four of the general staff showed up, out of about two dozen; approximately 18 delegates in attendance from out of town.

(3) Representative old-timers from every section of the country; they did not attempt to run the convention or influence the elections; probably talked too much, but nobody seemed to resent their well-meant loquacity; were treated by younger amateurs with genuine courtesy and consideration.

(4) Banquet featured by notable addresses; everyone called upon to make a speech except the head-waiter. No casualties.

(5) Talk on Poetry - usually a topic that reduces the average audience to tears - received with rapt attention and followed by stimulating discussion; one of the finest literary talks ever given at an amateur convention. The speaker was Mr. Robert W. Smith, a local poet, and erstwhile Assistant Professor of English at Amherst.

Sardonic note contributed by Entertainment Committee; delegates invited to meet their friends at the Zoo. With sublime courage, many accepted. It proved to be a swell idea. After a somewhat diffident survey of our imprisoned ancestors, who in turn surveyed us with obvious distaste, we left in chastened mood to discuss amateur affairs over our exiguous hamburgers; later, to hear the familiar strains of "Rigoletto" in a delightful out-door pavilion, under the twinkling lights of the fire-flies and stars. A memorable night.

Smart and pretty girl delegates enlivened the proceedings and kept the young men in a gentle dither; as for the oldsters, they fell for 'em like a ton of bricks. Startling discovery on the part of one old galoot; a convention without the girls would be an awful bust. Several times, when discussion was about to die on the vine, they saved the situation. Now, if they will only go home and write as cleverly as they talked.

#105

BELLETTE

An intimate publication, issued as may be, by Edna Hyde McDonald,
1974 University Avenue, New York City, and affiliated with the
National Amateur Press Association.

Whole Number 2 May 1938 2

In the first warm days of spring my thoughts turn, naturally I suppose, to the N.A.P.A. convention. I begin to look forward to it, to foregather again with friends and acquaintances from all over the United States. I anticipate with no small amount of pleasure seeing those I have not seen for a year or more, and meeting those I have always wanted to meet. This year is no exception.

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If one should put to me the famous question: "Wuz you ever in Zinzinnati?" I should have to reply in the negative now, but I do not expect to have to say no very much longer. Cincinnati, I am told, is a lovely place. I doubt it. I never believe any place is lovely until I see what kind of a time it gives me and how much of it remains with me afterwards. By this token, the places I call lovely would surprise you; and those I think are unspeakably dull would also give you pause. But, de gustibus non est disputandum, and I shall tell you more accurately what I think of Cincinnati after I have been there. But, better come and find out for yourself.

There is nothing like a convention for making you acquainted with amateur journalism. For no matter how familiar you are with its workings and with the writings of those whose papers you receive, you will never know the joy of the familiarity until you have seen those who make amateur journalism worth while. Even those who make it otherwise are, sometimes, worth talking to. You'd be surprised. Enemies become your friends overnight. It really is quite remarkable. I hope we shall have a large crowd in Cincinnati. I like large crowds. It makes for interest and enthusiasm and it gives me an opportunity to know more of the membership of the N.A.P.A.

- - -

Speaking of conventions: Ed Suhre thinks it would be nice to have the '39 N.A.P.A. shindig in New York, just so the fellows in the east can increase their attendance at conventions? Well! Well! Ain't that nice? But wouldn't it be polite to ask those in New York whether or not they want the convention?

Oakland, California, has put a lot of work and enthusiasm into plans for entertaining us out there in '39. And if Suhre doesn't want to go to California, I do.

He seems to think, too, that the San Francisco exposition will not draw as big a crowd as the "World's Fair" to be staged in New York. But, does he know? Our experience is that when you've seen one exposition, you've seen 'em all. Besides, New York will probably hold over its "Fair" for another year. Chicago did. They all do. We cannot afford, in these hard times, to do all that work on the Flushing Meadows for nothing.

#106

THE BELL PEPPER

An intimate publication, issued as may be, by Peter Panic
of Beefsteak, Tex., and affiliated with the
National Amateur Press Association.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LIBRARY
APR 29 1944

Whole Number 1 June 1938

Now that spring is here----and if you don't believe it, see "Bellette" for May----my thoughts turn a couple of nimble mental handsprings in the direction of the Fourth of July and where to spend the holiday. Whether to hie out to Seattle for the United's convention, scamper down to Cincinnati for beer and pretzels at the National's annual sangerfest, hop over to Vienna for the post mortem meeting of the late Austrian Amateur Press Association or just stay home and start making plans to attend a convention next year-----that is the question.

X-PN 4827

If I decide to go to Cincinnati, I'm sure to be reminded of "The Prince of Pilsen" and start chatting about the happy days with Pixley and Luders when they were fashioning that delightful operetta and then, the first thing you know, I'll be in Dutch with Brother Pursell of St. Louis for bringing up "remembrances of things past."

There is nothing like a convention of amateur journalists unless it is another convention of amateur journalists. The procedure by now has jelled to the point where you know just what to expect and still be delightfully surprised. Popping out of their cells like so many jacks-in-the-boxes let loose after a year of hibernation, a bevy of old-timers intent on building up their convention attendance records will attempt to elbow the youngsters out of the limelight, voice the same old pious promises about all the papers they are going to publish and sigh for the "good old days" when chorus girls were coy and every third amateur, at the very least, had blood in his eye and vitriol on his inking roller.

- - -

Still and all, conventions are worthwhile. They emphasize the human side of Amateur Journalism. The wide horizons projected by publishing and correspondence become real when you meet amateur friends for the first time. Lorraine Lindblad's high-keyed anticipation about Cincinnati is in the right spirit. She has put enough of her personality into "The Purple Cow" to make many of her readers eager to meet her.

So don't let the doddering old timers frighten you away, youngsters. After all, they're the links with a wonderful tradition and you'll be grateful for these brief contacts when, in after years, you, too, start bragging about how you "knew them when."

By all means attend the convention----any convention, if you have to beg, borrow, steal or go on relief to get there. If you can't make the National, attend the United, the Central States, the American, the New England, the Interstate, the Atlantic Coast, the Seaboard Air, the Lehigh Valley, the Wabash, the Marquette, the Ann Arbor or the New York, Ontario & Western. If you can't do any better, hold a convention of your own. It's the convention season ahead and why not be conventional?

#107

B E L L E T T E

An intimate publication, issued as may be, by Edna Hyde McDonald, 1974 University Avenue, New York City; ably assisted by Ernest A. Edkins, 421 Linden Street, Winnetka, Illinois. Affiliated with The National Amateur Press Association.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 27 1944

Number 4 September 1938

X-PN 482

MID-SUMMER MUSINGS

Summer no sooner reaches its flood tide, than the tanned sojourners by mountain tarn or rock-bound coast begin to pack their fishing tackle and golf clubs, cleat their tennis racquets and look up time tables. Adieu, green fields, we return to the urban delights of Piccadilly. It was great fun exploring new golf courses, reading light summer fiction under green apple boughs, drowsing in shady hammocks and drifting in a canoe, under the vast midsummer moon, but now it is over. So too, in amateur journalism. After the excitements of the convention, the epistolary repercussions of July and the usual syncope of August, we approach September, month of harvests, school openings and renewed responsibilities. Many pledges were made at Cincinnati; will they be redeemed? I wonder.

Nothing flatter than the best sellers of yester-year. During one of my juvenile vacations at Placid I spent many an enchanted afternoon poring over the pages of "Yolande, A Yachting Romance", "Macleod Of Dare" and "Two On A Tower." This summer I exhumed them from the necropolis of a local library, and found them exceedingly dull. One may discount the inevitable changes in style, manners, social attitudes, - but such dreary, dreeping women and such dithering male sentimentalists make one wonder if the characterization was false, or if the human nature of late Victorian and early Edwardian years was actually full of prunes; possibly a bit of both.

Clever and revivifying epistle from Holman. With some encouragement from the hypothetical and semi-conscious literati, he might even be willing to add a few extra rooms to his Cubicle, come Michaelmas. Rip Van Winkles and dodoes of the scribbling genus take note.

Despite Mr. Purcell's adroit sophistry I do not think that he has quite demolished my definition of an amateur journalist, - though I cheerfully admit that the definition was a bit far-fetched, in order to accomplish exactly what it has accomplished in Mr. Purcell's case. In short, my object was to provoke discussion. Of course, in a large and loose sense, all of us who are interested in amateur journalism, are amateur journalists. But only those who are trying to become better amateur journalists really deserve the title. There must be some technique, even in tiddle-de-winks; and the vacuous lollypop who bats the little celluloid ball all over the room, without ever trying to get it on the table, can hardly be classed as a ping-pong player, - or do they now call it table tennis?

THE BARD

GIVE ME THIS DAY

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE BARD VOL. VI. NO. 1.
September, 1939.

ALWAYS AN OPEN WINDOW.

There's always an open window,
Remindful of scenes ahead;
Promise of days that shall follow
With blue skies overhead.

APR 2 1939

The fires on the hearthstone of Life
May have died, and the room seem bare,
But always an open window
Reminds there is more out there.

In traveling the path of Life,
Sorrows give way to cheer;
There is so much more to the world,
Than just one's own little sphere.

And it all belongs to us, out there,
The hills and friendly trees!
Look through the open window,
Sad heart, and be at ease.

--Irma A. Gwin.

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THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

THE BUSY BEE
FROM DESERET

Vol. I, No. 7

June, 1939

Rhoda Wallis, Editor
1144 East 8th South
Salt Lake City, Utah

HAVE UTAH IN MIND

If you plan a trip for pleasure to view the scenic treasure,
Where climate and weather are kind,
Where the dawn is so inviting, the sunset so delighting,
YOU'LL SURELY HAVE UTAH IN MIND.
Where joy bells are ringing and pine trees are singing,
Where marvels of nature you'll find;
Where the silv'ry streams are mating, where atmosphere's elating,
YOU'LL SURELY HAVE UTAH IN MIND.

Where the wonders are gigantic, the canyons so romantic,
With brilliance and beauty combined,
Where the best of roads are leading, where herds of deer are feeding,
YOU'LL SURELY HAVE UTAH IN MIND.
Where noondays are brighter and moon rays are whiter,
The twilight with radiance entwined;
If you're fond of fruits nutritious, exceedingly delicious,
YOU'LL SURELY HAVE UTAH IN MIND.

—Ivor Ajax.

—o—

KING DUNCAN vs. MACDUFF

"A lean and hungry look," quoth one Macduff;
Trust not the glance that fain—Ahem!—Brrfsk!
A sunken cheek, an evil eye—Har-r- ff!
And flaunting scented raiment—Phew! of musk.
Lay on, O, King! Unleash thy wicked fist,
Heh! Heh! "The Manly Art" his ribs doth choose,
Egad! And twenty paces; Har! Tst! Tst!
Migosh! The brute within us (me and youse).

—Trebla Nipahc

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

THE BUSY BEE
FROM DESERET

Vol. 1, No. 6
February, 1939

Rhoda Wallis, Editor
1144 East 8th South
Salt Lake City, Utah

REVERIE ON A GRAY DAY

The day is gray and gloomy, and the clouds are overcast,
The mountains are invisible, as the clouds so slowly pass,
Then a soft and gentle rainstorm, and the earth feels all renewed.
The sun in majesty appears, and casts a golden hue.

The earth licks up the water, like a starving little child.
Then in response to nature, she blooms forth as a bride.
So may we just like the sunshine, when depression holds us down,
Try to shine with brightness, and cast away the frown.

—By JESSIE E. W. BOOTH.

(Editor's note: Mrs. Booth lives in Oakland, California, and is my sister.)

EVERY DAY IS FINE

Every day is fine
In its way
Though it rain or shine
On that day

'Tis not the merry sunshine
That makes the world seem gay
It is the glorious heart shine
That brightens with it's ray.

—By ELAINE JORGENSEN.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

THE BROCHURE

Vol. 2 Spring, 1939 No. 1

U.A.P.A. Exhibit at 1st Annual Hobby Fair.

(*Continued on Page Two*)

United Gets A Day At Fair

U. A. P. A. A. CONVENTION NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1939

There will an extra treat in store for those visiting New York during the time of the United Amateur Press Association Convention in New Jersey.

The United will have a place at the Fair on July 5th, 1939, supplied with necessary equipment

—: :—

THE LAW

"What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

The petty tyrants flout the truth,
With force and fraud their deeds are done;
They grind the weak, they show no ruth.
The great are just to every one.

The petty tyrants proudly go
The petty tyrants shout their claims
And where they march leave wreck behind;
They have no care for human woe.

The great are merciful and kind.
That all shall tremble when they nod;
They bid men hail their noble names.
The great walk humbly with their God.

The petty tyrants boast their power,
But all the might they deem secure
Shall crash to earth with wall and tower.
The great build strongholds that endure.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

MURDER !

From an American citizen whose sister arrived recently from Germany:

"My sister lived in a small province town. The entire Jewish population there amounted to about two hundred souls. Early one morning she was awakened by knocks on the door. It was a storm trooper. "Is Max living here?" "Yes," my sister replied. "I must see him at once," was the trooper's retort.

"When my brother appeared, protesting the intrusion, the Nazi-hero, without a moments hesitation or warning, pulled out his gun and shot him in the face.

"My sister went into hysterics. She ran into the street shouting for help and for a doctor . . . but was immediately placed under arrest by the waiting gangsters When later in the day she was released, her brother had bled to death.

"For days the body could not be buried. All the Jews in his town, including the only Jewish undertaker, had been arrested and placed in concentration camps. No Gentile undertaker dared to bury the dead man. Finally, with the aid of a woman relative, my sister managed to sew together the burial garments necessary and it was she who with her own hands dug the grave and buried our brother . . ."

X-PN 4827

The Boys' Herald

Established 1871 by English and Hall

Vol. 67—No. 1 ARLINGTON, VA. February 1939

"Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been."

FIFTY YEARS SINCE MY FIRST PAPER! "Once an amateur, always an amateur." Who coined that classic, when, in what paper?

How well I recall the Sunday afternoon that a frock-coated young man came down an aisle of the Fourth Baptist Church in Philadelphia and handed me little papers. Why did he pick me above the dozen other chaps in Mr. Walton's Bible class? Anyway, my amateur birth was on a Sunday and through religious training.

"Join the National Amateur Press Association" said the young man. "I may later," I replied; then he urged "Join soon, as there's going to be a convention here." That proves the year was 1887, as the association did not meet again in Philadelphia until 1891 when I was a two-year member.

A hand press was given me when 10 years old, but printing cards did not create a wish for a larger one. Lacking mechanical ability, machinery has never interested me. Yet, for eight years I was with a publisher of machinery books. When hired in 1904, his desk had a pile of answers to the advertisement, so I asked why he chose me. "THE BOYS' HERALD, which you enclosed, showed a liking for the publishing business," he replied. The moral is obvious—amateurs get preference.

He had thousands of delinquent accounts, so I created a collection agency with a post-office box address that scared them into paying. One day a new stenographer appeared whose unusual last name duplicated an N. A. P. A. member. After a while asking the cashier for her address, it was the same as the member. Saying nothing of this, next morning I dictated a letter about Amateur Journalism to the member at the stenographer's address. She never showed surprise nor said a word, but mechanically penciled on. Finishing dictation, I said "Don't type that letter—isn't she your sister?" Perhaps the stenog's nonreaction was because she had sometime mentioned me to the sister, so knew I was an amateur when she took the letter. At quitting time next day the sister called for my introduction—the first meeting of Edna von der Heide; Edna Hyde after the World War; Mrs. Philip McDonald after the wedding; now and forever the beloved Vonda; "the college widow of A. J.," quoting the editor of the Purge. Yes, "New York is a small town."

Now that "love interest" has been brought into the story to hold your attention, and getting back to 1887, I could not join the N. A. P. A. nor publish a paper then on $4 (the weekly insult, someone called it), which barely paid board.

"The Finger Man"
BENJAMIN M. TAYLOR
The first person who told E. H. S. of Amateur Journalism 52 years ago.
(Photo of 1876 when 16)

I have no recollection of mother, who died when I was two years old. Father died when I was 14. The aunt who then supported me, until I quit the grade before high school to be a $3 errand boy in 1885, gave me the option in 1887, on a cousin's marriage to a Minneapolis jeweler, of moving there with them or staying in Philadelphia, which I did. Between auntie's strictness and church affiliation, I escaped corner loafing, which never appealed to a bookish boy. Becoming my own boss at 18, A. J. soon opened-up a literary world that had a steadying influence on the lone orphan.

Becoming a theatre-goer and through that a music lover, and knowing an insurance clerk

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUL 2 1945
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The Boy's Herald

Established 1871 by English and Hall

VOL. 68, No. 1 ARLINGTON, VA. NOVEMBER, 1939

The Bank of Memories

FROM MRS. FLORENCE SHEPHIRD CALL
2612 W. Grand Ave.,
Alhambra, Calif., Oct. 10, 1939

The amateur papers are much enjoyed, and it is interesting to read about the Alumni friends. It has been said "the best bank in the world, if you put the right things in it, is the bank of memories."

Although in the County Assessor's Office in Los Angeles, I have never lost interest in journalism. I belong to the Scribblers' Club, which meets twice a month, and have met some professional and semiprofessional authors. One of our members was in the N. A. P. A.—Victor A. Berry, now an attorney.

Ambassador Daniels' Greeting

FROM JOSEPHUS DANIELS
American Embassy,
Mexico, March 15, 1939

I thank you very much for sending the BOY'S HERALD, the Critique, and other papers.

One of my earliest recollections as an amateur editor is reading the BOY'S HERALD, which I thought typographically and otherwise was among the best of the great number of amateur papers, all of which I read greedily.

You have preserved the history of those days, and as I grow older I wish that I had been more diligent in keeping records of my first trials at journalism.

When a boy helping his mother, postmistress at Wilson, N. C., J. D. became interested in the papers coming to the amateurs of his town, so in 1877 when 15 he started the Cornucopia.

Three years later he was editor of the town's newspaper, the Advance. In 1885 he became editor of the Raleigh (N. C.) State Chronicle. In 1894 he consolidated it and the North Carolinian with the News and Observer, which he edited 20 years.

Mr. Daniels was president of the North Carolina Editorial Association, and the North Carolina member of the Democratic National Committee over 20 years. In the 1908 presidential campaign he was chairman of the literary bureau; in 1912, chairman of the press committee; in 1916, chairman of the publicity committee; and 1913 to 1921, during the World War, Secretary of the Navy. He is now Ambassador to Mexico and president of The Fossils, amateur journalists prior to 1909.

A New Deal Oldtimer

FROM PAUL H. APPLEBY
121 W. Bradley Lane,
Chevy Chase, Md., Feb. 28, 1939

Receipt this morning of your Anniversary Packet delayed me a half-hour in reaching the office. There was much to recall my days in following the prince of hobbies. These memories are churning around in my head so that I can not turn to my work without first letting-off a little steam.

In the American Gem, published in St. Louis by Charles A. Wendemuth, my father early in 1900 advertised for a small printing press and equipment. The ad brought the press—a Model 5 by 8, and the traditional shirt-tail full of type, a good deal of it the "fancy" variety that was beginning to go out, and some of it in sizes—14 and 28 point—not much used in the next period. In June 1901 I issued the first number of my boyish paper—I was then 9 years old. The first exchange received was the American Gem. From then until 1906, when I prepared for college, was the usual story, recalled by names found in the packet. Arthur Goodenough was a contributor to my paper, and W. Paul Cook's Monadnock was on my exchange list. Herbert Hungerford and Roy Norcross were others active. Walter S. Goff preceded me, but I had copies of his paper.

Since 1906 I have had few reminders to serve me as has your packet. I have run across Berry Akers, now editor of The Farmer in St. Paul, who put out a little paper at Richmond, Mo.; Homer Pickerell, who is editor of the Albuquerque Journal in New Mexico; and Wayne H. Conrad, publisher of a weekly paper in Medford, Wis.,

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXVIII HOHOKUS, N. J., MARCH, 1939 Number 4

X-PN 4827

A WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

Not to raise again the much belabored question as to whether the matriarchal or the patriarchal pattern was preferred by our remotest ancestors, there have been innumerable proofs in these latter days of the advantages inherent in the yielding of the wheel to a woman, and of the enthusiastic acceptance by individuals and by nations of such feminine guidance and authority. The French may boast their Salic law; but the patron saint of Paris is Saint Genevieve, who interfered effectively and astutely in political and military affairs in the protection of the city against Attila, and to whose counsels Childeric, the father of Clovis, listened. No Frenchman in history can boast greater popularity and influence than another maiden a millenium later, Joan of Arc. Even though the late war her spirit was appealed to; and in her own day her superiority to all the men of the time extricated her country from the worst situation it has known since the days of Attila and Saint Genevieve, and gained for herself the supreme compliment of bitter hatred and fear from all Englishmen.

The skill and wisdom of women rulers is so well known that it hardly needs mention. England, the century-long rival of France, owed to queens her two most glorious reigns. Elizabeth took an insignificant, minute nation, definitely a minor power and raised it to the first rank, defeating unaided the proud master of Europe and America; Victoria developed "Little England" into the mighty and far-flung British Empire. Both were rulers indeed, no mere figureheads, though both also stirred their subjects' hearts as symbols of England and something more than mere queens. And both produced periods in which flourished the flowers of civilization more luxuriantly than under any male rule. Catherine of Russia and the late Empress Dowager of China managed statecraft efficiently and show that women's rule has been wise and strong in countries of lesser enlightenment.

Though American women have more commonly ruled from the back seat, Dolly Madison was a more efficient executive than most of the national leaders of her day; and the pioneer women managed more businesses than homemaking. A matter so important for family welfare as the expenditure of the income has been almost universally turned over to women, and the latest statistics assert that more than half of the property in the United States is owned by them. Even a most cursory reading of history shows that those who hold the purse-strings finally rule the nation.

Since then women do, or soon will, rule, the problem arises as to the benefits to be derived from this state of affairs. I shall not mention the gradual amelioration in living conditions coincident with the growing influence of women, but merely point to two notable examples of an opposing ideal, German and Italy. The men have seized the rule, in the family and outside. The strong man, with all his purely masculine characteristics emphasized and encouraged, has become the ideal. And what is the highest type of man? The war hero, brutal, arrogant, pagan, aggressive, seizing whatever pleases him with no regard for law or sympathy for the weak! Meantime the women, who might be so misguided as to prefer peace with living children, enough food so that they are not always hungry, beautiful homes, music, and poetry, are definitely not at the wheel, but under the heel.

KATHARINE B. COLLIER.

PURR-POSEFUL PURRING

Anyone desiring a lesson in The Gentle Art of Purring may well make an airplane flight a-la-Chamberlain to the City of Munich, and transfer from there to Berlin; then listen to the contented purr of Der Fuehrer. No picture of the cat which consumed the canary can do justice to this happy situation, with Herr Hitler sitting back on his haunches practically shaking all Europe with the contentedness of his purr. As to the sensations of the canary, down the cat's insides — who cares? From time immemorial cats have eaten canaries and purred — then other larger cats have come and beaten off the purring ones and purred a little on their own account. In the case of purring, as in the case of laughter, he who purrs last purrs best. All of us have our hours to purr, and our hours when we are the Jonahs while the whale does the purring. We have our brief hour of triumph and make the most of it, licking our chops and purring; then perhaps some inquisitive person discovers that we are a few million dollars short in our accounts and our purr goes up in smoke — in the smoke of a pistol.

Obviously some of the best purring is done by what in pre-war days was known as the gentler sex. And there are individuals among the membership in that well-known sex who can purr and purr, and be a villain still. There was, in ancient days, the lady who purred before

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXIX. HOHOKUS, N. J., SEPTEMBER, 1939 Number 2

HOT WEATHER

There is to me a charm about hot dry summer weather. Do you never feel it yourself? Stand on a wooded hillside on one of those afternoons. Everything is absolutely quiet — as if waiting. Multitudes of birds made an almost deafening sound about seven this morning; now — absolute silence. The crackle of a twig under your foot startles you. You almost feel as if you had emitted a violent sneeze in church! No shade — the sun, directly overhead, blazes down upon you between the branches. All nature seems to be in suspense. Waiting — for the rain. And it may be that after a few such afternoons, one day the rain will come. Then standing on this spot again, you will become suddenly aware that the woods are dark. You hear the rumbling of thunder. You look up to see what has become of the sun, but it is now hidden behind the edge of a heavy black cloud. A strange ominous looking thing with sharply defined outlines and terribly close to the treetops. There is a queer unearthly sort of twilight, something like an eclipse. A sudden cool little breeze springs up, causing a general movement and fluttering of foliage. Birds make shrill cries. Lightning shoots its arrows across the sky. The thunder seems deafening in the silence of the woods. Suddenly, the rain. For half a minute perhaps the hurried pattering of large drops. Then the deluge! Water pouring from the tip of every leaf, running over the rocks, swelling the streams. But in a few minutes all is over. The sun shines again on a refreshed and re-animated earth. The air is clean and vigorous, and all created things seem to experience a rebirth to a more abundant life.

Every season has its own glories, but give me the summer, no matter how hot it is. I think I could take it all the year round if I could get it.

—EDWARD P. B. LAURENCE

THE OLD MILL

Ed. Laurence's Favorite Haunt.

MY FAVORITE ANCESTOR

It matters not the least to me,
If my remote and far removed
Ancestors swung from tree to tree,
In their unending search for food
Such as a nut, a fruit, a flea.
Of course you'll note the Darwin touch
In that attempt at boyish rhyme,
But really does it matter much
Since 'tis so long in point of time
From whence we sprang, or came, or such.
But whether from the ape or Cain,
We sprang, 'tis no concern of mine,
We dare not delve with might and main
Into our less remote foreline
Lest there appear in our own chain
A black and unrespected link
A pirate, robber, racketeer,
Or one with hair that had a kink
Or else some other profiteer,
Of such we do not like to think.

—CHAUNCY PLYLEY

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The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXIX. HOHOKUS, N. J., DECEMBER, 1939 Number 3

THOTS APROPOS OF NOTHING

Next to writing about "nothing", the most desirable thing to write of is "anything." It gives one the whole wide world as a field, with the heavens above and the regions of fire and brimstone underneath. The field is so large as to be almost bewildering — as the fledgling from the nest must feel when he tries his wings for the first time in the realization that he may fly to the uttermost reaches of the ether if he has air and power enough. Doubtless the Wright brothers had the same idea, although at that time the man on the New York Tribune who was covering the trial flights at Kitty-Hawk brought in the positive statement that the Wright boys were not going into the undertaking business as a side line.

Believe it or not, we were skeptical of the possibilities of human flight. I objected on the grounds that the farmer in the countryside didn't want monkey wrenches and beer bottles raining from the skies — it hadn't specially occurred to most of us then that the primary objective on the part of the airmen, eventually, would be to rain deadly projectiles down upon the countryside as well as upon metropolitan centres and ammunition dumps.

How naive we were in those days! We believed, among other things, it was a sin for big, husky men to smoke cigarettes, to say nothing of angel-like women. And as to their drinking alcoholic beverages — well, that indicated the last stopping place on the female on the high-way to total depravity. But as men found their wings in a mechanical sense, women decided to do a little high-flying on their own account, and some of us are perfectly willing to concede that there's something about the modern woman that even the Gibson Girl did not possess.

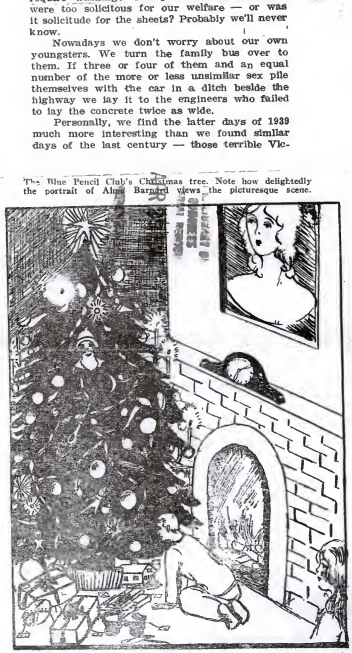
Some even have declared that we, ourselves, us, have improved with the passing of time. Not so long ago there arrived in the metropolis from points afar West one known in ages agone. We spent a few hours with her and as she departed she oracled thusly: "When I knew you about 25 years ago I thought you were pretty much of a prune — now you are the perfect man-About-Town." Weren't we proud? And even a gentleman of great discrimination who doesn't like our looks, the way we dress, Our form of humor — at least that is his own statement of fact — said that with our grey hair we've come to look really distinguished. So in addition to having sweet young things get up in subway cars to offer their seats to the "nice old man", there are other compensations in reaching the rapidly declining years of life.

One of the outstanding signs of approaching senility is the habit of harking back to past ages — to those golden days of stone bruises and the similar disabilities of childhood, of which one of the sweetest recollections is the rare occasions when we managed to sneak off to bed without washing our feet. And after wandering all day over unpaved highways and down the pasture lane how could the lower extremities require washing? Our parents in those days were too solicitous for our welfare — or was it solicitude for the sheets? Probably we'll never know.

Nowadays we don't worry about our own youngsters. We turn the family bus over to them. If three or four of them and an equal number of the more or less unsimilar sex pile themselves with the car in a ditch beside the highway we lay it to the engineers who failed to lay the concrete twice as wide.

Personally, we find the latter days of 1939 much more interesting than we found similar days of the last century — those terrible Vic-

The Blue Pencil Club's Christmas tree. Note how delightedly the portrait of Alma Barnard views the picturesque scene.



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OVER 235 COPIES WEEKLY THE ESTABLISHED IN 1932

BENTON CITY BOOSTER

PUBLISHED AT BENTON CITY EVERY THURSDAY AS A COMMUNITY SERVICE, THRU THE COOPERATION AND SUPPORT OF THE ADVERTISERS.

VOL. VII Thursday, April 6, 1934 No. 45

LIBRARY APR 29 1934

IT NOW APPEARS THAT the question of a permanent community park has been definitely settled, once and for all, and decidedly in the affirmative. A most suitable and desirable location has been acquired, and behind it is a large group of community-minded citizens who are determined to see it through to completion. Splendid cooperation is being offered and with such a spirit being shown, results are assured.

The history of the community park idea is an interesting one. No doubt there were others, like minded, before our time who visualized an attractive outdoor recreational center. In fact a city park on a somewhat grand scale was planned at the time the townsite of Benton City proper was laid out.

Be that as it may, many of us recall that during the years of 1924½ '25 and '26, barbecues were held below the recently abandoned site. This was little more than a grassy spot under a few willows, and to get to it, the cars had to plow or be shoved through several feet of blow-sand. Later, attention was directed to the shady area near the Kiona drainage ditch, and in response to repeated calls for volunteers, work and still more work was done to make this site as attractive a park as possible under the conditions. The grounds were mowed and raked repeatedly and bulbs, shrubs and trees were set out. Through the fault of no one, but rather as the result of natural consequences, this spot, too, had to be abandoned because of seepage water, and all of the hard work and persistent efforts went for naught. But the will to have a park would not be downed, and as a consequence we now have every reason to feel like celebrating when the first spadeful of dirt is turned at the newly acquired site. The big job still lies ahead, but by keeping persistently at it we will in a few short years, have just what we've wanted in the way of a park where our children and our children's children can gather with their parents and grandparents, neighbors and friends to enjoy themselves from year to year..

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SERIAL RECORD
APR 22 1944

B E L L E T T E

An intimate publication, issued by Edna Hyde McDonald, 1974 University Avenue, New York City; assisted by Ernest A. Edkins, winters in Florida, summers in Illinois, at present A.W.O.L. Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association and, in its own opinion, among that organization's ten best papers. Parodied, and rather niftily, by Peter Panic, alias Anthony Francis Moitoret.

Number 6 June 1939

X-PN 4827

The Postman Carried a Handful of Poseys:

So it might be said. And he rang, not twice, but many times in several weeks. So popular was our December '38 issue.

Stephen Teets wanted to know if we were paying him a compliment or sheer flattery; but the rest of the membership broke loose like pandemonium itself. Here, read:

"I want to let you know that you can count on me to help any movement you start in your appeal against the decision of the judges of the ten best papers. No ten best papers can be listed which fails to put BELLETTE on top."

"BELLETTE came last evening, and I have read it with many chuckles. It is rare! The comments were gems, especially the Caesarian slam. And it is good indeed to know that when occasion demands you can curse. I have always advised my daughter to let off steam in that proper way."

"Many thanks for the recent BELLETTE, best paper since the convention. See you turned the tables on Edkins and did some plain and fancy heckling. Bravo."

"I've just spent a delightful twenty minutes reading BELLETTE. Obviously you had a lot of fun interpolating your comments, and I've enjoyed them all..... Edkins' copy is sheer delight, though there are allusions which pass me by... The reasons for our inactivity are not difficult to find. Amateur journalism calls for either a printing press or a bankroll; I'm saving my money for Oakland."

"I like your roundabout references to amateurs. Also numerous other numerosities too numerous to enumerate."

"Obviously the female 'Burp' is more penetrating than the male."

"From a hasty hit-and-run glance BELLETTE seems to be a bit wind-blown and disheveled but practically intact. You certainly had a hell of a crust to copper all the wisecracks and arrogate to yourself the role of Mr. Bones, affably elucidating the wheezes of Sambo. What are you running anyway, a periodical of profound thought and uplift, or a minstrel show? Darn your Hyde! However, you have given me a brilliant inspiration and I forgive you this time. The inspiration is that in the next number you furnish all the copy and send it to Edkins for editing and wisecracking. Turn about is fair play. Next time You do all the hard work while he lolls on the side lines, doing the necessary cheering, or jeering, as the case may be. Perhaps you may thus found an entirely new school of journalism, not to speak of driving some of your readers violently insane. Oh, hell, I can't stop now to develop this theme, but you must see its fascinating possibilities; first, the strophe, then the antistrophe, followed by rejoinder, robuttal, swing your partner, and all hands round."

In Amateur publications

BEACHWOOD RECORD.

BEACHWOOD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

VOL. II, NO. 2 Sat., July 15, 1939. Price: 5¢

YOUTHS' BAND ORGANIZED HERE

During the past week some of you readers may have noticed a stream of hot music poaring from the Lydiard Cottage as you passed by. The Lydiard Cottage happens to be the place of rehearsal of the new swing-band which has been organized by some of the youthful jitterbugs of this community.

The players in the band are as follows: First Trumpet, George Scribner; Second Trumpet, George Wilson; Third Trumpet, Donald Libby ; First Saxaphone, Walter Wiewel;2nd Saxaphone, Gilbert Fessenden; Trombone, Fred Griffin; Drum, Maynard Lydiard,Jr.; Piano, Marylou Sheedy; Vocalist, Marcia Fessenden; Tap Dancer, Lee Lydiard.

REGISTRATION NUMBERS.

Last week the editor promised to publish, as a safety measure, the registration numbers of the cars that travel at a dangerous rate of speed on the Beach road. Below is published the registration numbers of the cars which the editor believes have been driven at an excessive rate of speed during the past week on the Beach road. It might be added that after a car has been caught speeding the third time, we might publish the name of the driver. Those who have been seen speeding on the Beach road during the past week are as follows:Maine 106-322, Maine 68-530, Mass. 704 - 386, Maine 16-482, Mass. 9702,N.J. 447, N.J. EB688, Quebec 41-496, Maine H-550, N.J. VD86X.

THE TIDES.....

For the week of July 15 to 21. DST

HIGH WATER.

Date	A.M.	P.M.	Moon.
15 Sat.	10:30	10:45	
[illegible]	11:30	11:45	New Moon.

PLANE LANDS ON BEACH

Last Sunday morning at about ten o'clock a Taylorcraft monoplane landed on the beach. The flight was made from Contoocook, New Hampshire by Mr. Stewart Astles and Mr. Fred Richards. They landed here to visit Mr. Towne and stayed only for about an hour.

The plane had not long been landed when someone sent in a complaint to the State Police. A Maine State motorcycle Policeman arrived at the scene and asked the two aviators for their papers and licences and after they had been shown, the officer, after much thinking, decided that everything was within the law and no arrests were made.

Because there few people on the beach at the time and also because the aviators were very cautious, no lives were endangered during the landing and take-off of the plane.

---

morning for their home in South Acton, Mass. They will return here in a few weeks.

Last Wednes day a large school of porpoise were sighted off the coast of the beach between the land and Timber Island.

Mr. Nelson P. James of Beachwood has just returned from a short visit in New London, N.H. It is rumored that he has special interests there.

Miss Ruth Smith of Bristol,Conn. arrived here yesterday to spend a couple of weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Warren B. Calley.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown of West Sum-

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BEACHWOOD RECORD

BEACHWOOD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. II, No. 5. Saturday, August 5, 1939. Price: 5 ¢

LARGE COD CAUGHT BY LOCAL MAN.

Mr. Oscar Patton of Ardmore, Pa. stopping at the Belvidere Hotel went deep sea fishing with a party of sixteen men from Cape Porpoise on Wednesday, August second, and caught one of the largest cods that has been pulled out of "these yar waters" in many years. It was 43 inches long and weighed 31 pounds.

Mr. Patton presented it to Mrs. Geo. R. Dunham who looked at it in amazement and thought it was a seal The Dunhams and their guests have been eating fish all week and feel sure that it was the grandfather of the "Three Little Fishes"who went over the dam.

NEW ORCHESTRA STARTS WEDNESDAY NIGHT DANCES.

Last Wednesday evening a newly formed dance orchestra made its first appearance at the Beachwood Casino. The new six-piece orchestra is not made up of people of the beach but, nevertheless, was quite successful in drawing a fair-sized crowd.

With the dance the orchestra sponsered a prize waltz which was won by Elsa Junker and John Siveke. Starting next Wednesday night, Al Goodwin will call the barn dances and act as the announcer.

The Beachwood Casino is the ideal place to go for entertaining evenings. If you don't know how to dance, you may bowl

MORE SEALS WASHED ASHORE

Last week we announced that a seal had washed ashore. During the past week two more seals were washed in on the beach. They were, most likely,killed willfully by some fisherman or someone hunting seals just for the sport of it.

A new Maine law permits the shooting of seals off the Maine Coast and offers a dollar for each nose in all the Maine counties except this one, York County.

Dr. Ernest Fessenden and his daughter removed the head of one of the seals on the beach to obtain the skull for biological study. After two or three days the seal carcasses were removed by the garbage collector, Perley Whitten, appointed by the board of health.

Seals have been known to make fine pets for people. It is said that one summer Mrs, McRae who now lives here all the year round trained two baby seals to walk right up to her doorstep and beg for food every day. Mrs. McRae claims that the baby seals used to sleep behind the stove in the cattage where she was staying at the time.

Fine pets as they are, seals prove to be a great nuisance to fishermen because they eat the fish and get tangled in the nets. This is the reason for the bounty on seal noses.

THE TIDES

For the week of Aug. 5 to 11. D.S.T

HIGH WATER.

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BEACHWOOD RECORD.

BEACHWOOD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Vol II, No. 6. Sat., Aug. 12, 1939. Price: 5 ¢

AURORA BOREALIS DISPLAYED LAST NIGHT

Many people of Goose Rocks saw the spectacular display of the Aurora Borealis (or Northern Lights) last night at about eleven o'clock. At its brightest the Aurora consisted of a greenish light touched with a tinj of pink. It formed a great arc over the heads of the spectators and over the North Pole. Under this arc were perpendicular streaks of light that flickered about in a wierd form.

Most of the summer residents of the beach who were gazing at the spectacle last night had never seen such a display of the Northern Lights before in their lives but a few of the natives said that they did last winter here.

Next week the editorial section of the Record will contain some interesting information on the Aurora Borealis.

THE TIDES.

For the week of Aug. 12 to 18. DST

HIGH WATER.

Date	a.m.	p.m.	Moon.
12 Sat.	9:15	9:30	
13 Sun.	10:15	10:30	
14 Mon.	11:00	11:30	New Moon.
15 Tues.	12:00	12:15	
16 Wed.	12:45		
17 Thurs.	1:00	1:30	
18 Fri.	2:00	2:30	

GOOSE ROCKS BRIEFS.

Miss Irene Allen who has been staying for the past two weeks with her two aunts, Miss Daisy and Miss Edith Allen at the Foss cottage

NOTED SCOT VISITS GOOSE ROCKS BEACH

Mr. Kenneth Muir-Simpson, J.P., Police Judge of the city of Glasgow, arrived here Thursday to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. S. Reoch of Methuen, Mass. at their cottage.

Mr. Kenneth Muir-Simpson arrived here in America from Glasgow, Scotland, the 16th of July and he will sail back there to his home on the 16th of this month. He has been motoring over the eastern part of the United States during his stay in America. He toured to Miami and spent a week at the New York World's Fair where he was the guest of many important conserns which have exhibits there. He was the guest of the Consolidated Edison Building at the Fair and also the General Motors and Ford buildings.

Mr. Muir-Simpson was a guest at the home of Mayor La Guardia where he discussed with him political matters. He is now putting the finishing touches to his trip to America by visiting here at Goose Rocks. There certainly could be no better and more restful place to come to as a finishing touch to a visit to this country. We certainly hope that he will find Goose Rocks most restfull and entertaining.

CAR STOLEN, BADLY DAMAGED, RECOVERED.

A heavy sedan car belonging to the James family of this beach was stolen in Portland last Thursday. The car was recovered that night by the police. It was found hung up on

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BEACHWOOD RECORD.

BEACHWOOD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. II, No. 3. Sat., July 22, 1939. Price: 5 ¢

660 POUND TUNA CAUGHT OFF COAST

Robert Fisher of Kennebunkport and Greenwich, Conn. set the record for the largest tuna caught in Maine waters when he landed a 669 pound tuna off Walker's Point last Saturday. The fish measured eight feet five inches from the nose to tail.

Fisher claims that he landed the tuna after a struggle of one hour and twenty minutes from his forty foot cabin cruiser "Walrus". He used a green feather jig and a 54-thread line.

The tuna wieghed 80 pounds more than a tuna taken off Portland in 1936 to establish a new record for Maine coastal waters.

Those who assisted Mr. Fisher aboard the Walrus at the time are as follows: Capt. Ken Hutchins, Albert Campbell, Leslie Hall, Albert Pomeroy, Wallace Coleman, And Fred Gervalt.

D I E D.

Mr. Norris Emmons died last night. He had been sick for almost a year.

T H E T I D E S .

For the week of July 22 to 28. DST

	HIGH WATER.		
Date	a.m.	p.m.	Moon.
22 Sat.	4:15	4:45	
23 Sun.	5:00	5:45	First Qtr.
24 Mon.	6:00	6:45	
25 Tues.	7:15	7:45	
26 Wed.	8:15	8:45	
27 Thurs.	9:15	9:30	
28 Fri.	10:15	10:30	

BEACHWOOD BRIEFS.

A lone star whale was sighted

MONDAY'S DANCE GREAT SUCCESS

The dance at the Timber Club last Monday night given by the "Beach - combers" swing band was a great hit with the people of the beach. A crowd of over 128 were present. The women folks were dressed in their finest and the debutantes were stunning.

There were many times more ladies and girls than men and boys and for this reason Mr. Lydiard (Senior) danced with nearly every lady and girl. Mr. Lydiard (Senior) did a fine job of dancing but when he was through, he was so lame that he couldbarely walk home.

The Timber Club Dance Hall was very beautifully decorated as a result of two day's work by Mr. and Mrs. Hart.

a.m. to 5p.m. weekdays - Mondays and Fridays free. (Contributed)

There will be an Antique Show Monday, July 24th, from 1:30 to 10:30 p.m., and Tuesday , Wednesday and, July 25, 26, and 27, from 10:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. in the Music Room of the Marshall House, York Harbor, Maine. (Contributed)

Miss Frances Haskell , of Medford Mass., has been a guest of Mrs. Ilsley and Miss Marsh at Sky High. (Contributed)

Mr. and Mrs. Alden J. Carr, of Marlboro, Mass., are due to arrive at the "Dolphin" July 21st for a short stay. (Contributed)

A Gypsy camp was established on Mr. Hutchin's farm for a period of three days. They are gone now.

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BEACHWOOD RECORD.

BEACHWOOD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. II, No. 4. Sat., July 29, 1939. Price: 5¢

STAR SOFT-BALL PLAYER INJURED

Last Sunday morning Miss Betty Siveke received a broken collar - bone while engaged in a game of soft-ball on the beach.

While attempting to catch a high fly which was hit into right field Miss Siveke and another player, running with terrific speed and with heads up, collided with each other with tremendous force. Miss Siveke fell to the ground unconscious. When she came to her father, Dr. Siveke, and Mr. Junkerwho attended her found that the terrific impact had broken her collar-bone.

Miss Siveke was treated at the Weber Hospitol in Biddeford and is now recovering from the accident very nicely here at the beach. The accident was one of the unavoidable type which often happens on regular teams. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

THE

TIDES

For the week of July 29 to Aug. 4
Daylight Saving Time.
HIGH WATER.

Date		a.m.	p.m.	Moon.
29	Sat.	11:00	11:15	
30	Sun.	11:45	11:45	
31	Mon.	12:15	12:30	Full Moon
1	Tues.	1:00		
2	Wed.	1:00	1:30	
3	Thurs.	1:45	1:15	
4	Fri.	2:15	2:45	

GOOSE ROCKS PRIZES

DR. FESSENDEN PURCHASES NEW CABIN CRUISER.

Dr. Fessenden who has been coming to this beach for twenty-two years purchased a brand new thirty-two foot Baltzer-Jonesport cabin cruiser this week. The boat will arrive here Wednesday, August 9th, from Medford, Mass. where it is now receiving the last finishing touches to its construction. It will be kept in the channel here at the beach.

The cruiser is equipped with a six cylinder Chrysler engine and has a cruising speed of twelve miles per hour. It has all the luxuries of home including four bunks, a two burner Primus oil stove, ice box, lavatory, and also all the neccessary navigating instruments.

The Helwen (her name) will be the new pride of Goose Rocks Beach and will probably be known as "Goose Rocks Beach's floating summer resort".

She'll bunk four comfortably or six if they are closely related.

The Dr. and Mrs. Fessenden are great lovers of outdoor sports; love horses and are fine horseback riders. They own two fine horses known as "Kitty"and"Ella".

---

bridge game. The party was held in honour of Mrs. McLoughlin who is leaving the beach Sunday for the month of August to visit the New York World's Fair.

The Tiltons have recently

x-PN 4527 #125

BY WILLIAM H. GROVEMAN

—EXCHANGE COPY—

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

APR 28 1944

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 22 1945

BROOKLYN COURIER JOURNAL

Vol. II December, 1939 No. 3

TELL AND SELL

By Sidney Cohen

Without a doubt the greatest force in business today is advertising, the medium through which styles are replaced and new desires are created.

The primary purpose of advertising is to increase sales by creating demand and stimulating the buying impulse, and to then keep in existence the desire created and cultivate "good-will."

It pays to advertise if you advertise where it pays with attractive advertising copy.

The two major advertising mediums are our various types of publications and radio with the latter medium becoming more effective every day.

The average person cannot be and is not a good judge of the best advertising mediums, certain merchandise advertising

(Continued on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 2 1945 GIFT

#127

The Brooklyn Sun

Vol. 1 BROOKLYN, N. Y. JUNE, 1939 No. 2

"SEND 1940 NATIONAL CONVENTION TO PHILADELPHIA" --SEGAL

EXTRA

After one whole year, THE EMPIRE dated May, 1938, has donned a cover and is now ready for distribution. We offer it at this time with apologies at our tardiness and with the conviction in our minds that it pays to be prompt.

PRESIDENT OF NAPA LEAVES FOR COAST BY BUS

NEW JERSEY---Felicitas Haggerty, Jane and Bernice McCarthy left for California by bus. Last minute business details made it impossible for V. B. Haggerty to accompany them. The Haggertys hope to take a leisurely motor trip to the Coast later.

* * *

N.Y. TURNS DOWN 1940 NATIONAL CONVENTION

New York City bows in favor of neighboring Philadelphia for 1940 Convention.

QUAKER CITY PREPARED TO RECEIVE '40 CONVENTION

PHILADELPHIA, PA. JUNE 29---The birth place of the National Amateur Press Association is seeking the 1940 Convention. Members here point out that it has been ten years since they have had the Convention. They also point to the fact that out of the sixty-three Conventions, Phila. has had only five.

Harold Segal and others in Philadelphia have organized a press club so that they will be able to plan for the Convention if it is sent here.

By chosing Philadelphia for the 1940 Convention seat members will have a chance to see the world's largest collection of amateur papers in the Franklin Institute.

* * *

OUR NEXT SECRETARY?

Foto by Trainer

ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY---Bernice McCarthy (above) nominee for Secretary snapped at her home here. Busy at work with the mailing of our papers.

Special to the SUN

WETZEL MAY NOT ACCEPT EDITORSHIP IF ELECTED

It is rumored that our candidate for Official Editor, Benton Wetzel, might withdraw from the Official Editorship race. He may attend college this fall.

927

THE BA

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

Vol. VI | December | No. 3

JUN 29 1945
GIFT

Incentive

Even a little hover bird
Sitting on a fence,
Canising a better song
If its recompense
Is commendation he has heard
From a hovering mama bird.

Humans are the same as birds
In many ways indeed;
"Well done," though a tiny phrase,
May sprout a genius seed
Struggling in some doubtful breast,
And spur one on to do his best.

—Irma A. Gwin.

X-PN 4827 #129

BY HECK

AAPA CHARTER A-5

Vol. 2 JUNE, 1940 No. 1

VOX GROVEMANUS

In this same bundle you probably will find the April and June issues of PRINTERS' DEVIL. Ignore the address in the latter, for I have again moved back to Hempstead. My address is once more 18 Maryland Avenue, Hempstead, N. Y.

Will I be seeing you in HEMPSTEAD IN 1943???

Looks like the National is on the rocks with an official editor that doesn't care and a prexy who won't.

Bayard Oxtoby....the guy who gave Trainer our membership list, **not** Frank Miller.

Metchap is going classy, what with printed notices. And you should have tasted Bob Smith's home made ice cream sodas at the April 14th meeting. Metchap Prexy Miller threatens to have us investigated for misapropriation of Metchap funds....

....Bill.

X-PN 4827 #130

BY HECK

"Hempstead in 1943"

Vol. 2, JULY, 1940 No. 3.

JUN 28 1945

VOX GROVEMANUS

Please note that the first issue of BY HECK was really the second issue of the second volume, and not the first as printed.

Ye ed is in the market for a used mimeograph in good condition. All persons having such an item please contact me as to price, condition, and other pertinent information, enclosing samples of work done.

Is the National finally on the way out, that's the question that's bothering all ajayers nowdays?

With chapters springing up like hotcakes these days, we announce with pride that the Metchap has been awarded Chapter Charter Number 1.

Since I'm practically begging for manuscripts for this journal and PRINTER'S DEVIL why don't some of you writers comply? The situation is so drastic that for once we may be forced to suspend our journals, not for lack of funds, but for lack of articles. Anything of about 200 words welcome.

(Continued on page 4)

X-PN 4827

BY HECK

"Hempstead in 1943"

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUL 28 1945

Vol. 2. AUGUST 1945 No. 4.

PM

By William Herbert Groveman

Tuesday, June 18, the first new metropolitan newspaper in 16 years was published in New York by Ralph Ingersoll. By radio, advertising, and most of all by word-of-mouth the public had been informed of the debut of "PM" and there was so great a demand for the new paper and so small a supply that several newstands were mobbed and copies went at $0.50 apiece.

PM costs $0.05, which may make some old-timers smile who remember that just twenty years ago the N.Y. TIMES could be purchased for a penny. PM is written for the common man, but the price cannot be afforded by the low-income group who today read only the $0.02 NEWS or MIRROR. PM is written in magazine style. The familiar Who, What, When, Where, Why, and How style which has been drummed into

(Continued on page 2)

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 25 1948

THE BARD

Volume Seven
Number Nine

November, 1940

COPY - AARA Charter A-33
GIFT

FORLORN MEDITATION

Night - I lie awake thinking of tomorrow,
Another day which means nothing for me but sorrow,
And when I finally go to sleep I know that I'll dream
Of friends who formerly held me in their esteem.
But they no longer think of me,
As they indulge in reverie.

I am alone when day is done;
I've forgotten the meaning of joy and fun,
For I have been forsaken by all men:
I am a man without a friend.

–Ray F. Dougan

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THE BUSY BEE
FROM DESERET

Vol. 1, No. 8
January, 1940

Rhoda Wallis, Editor
1144 East 8th South
Salt Lake City, Utah

MERRY NEW YEAR

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827

FINAL

THE BROCHURE

CIRCULATED LOCALLY & Through The UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASS'N OF AMERICA

Vol. 2, No. 2 October 31, 1940 Copy: 2 Cents

AMATEUR JOURNALIST SHOOTS MICKEY ROONEY!

by Seymour Berman

Brooklyn, N.Y. Oct. 18 (U.A.P)

Maurice Gerber heard that Mickey Rooney was to be in New York City to make a personal appearance at the Loew's State. Seymour Berman (Sec'y of N.Y. and Brooklyn Chapters of the U.A.P.A.) heard the same thing. Add one and one and you get two amateur journalists desiring to interview Mickey Rooney. After desire comes attempt.

In an attempt to establish an interview, Gerber called the publicity department of the theatre. On the first call he was told to phone later. He did. He tried again and again was told to call back still later and to ask for a Mr. Rogers who is the head of the publicity department. Well, to make a long story short, Maurice at long last spoke to this Mr. Rogers who told him that no private interview could be given, but if he wished he could attend a mass interview to be given in Mickey's dressing room backstage at the State.

Mickey Rooney

Gerber lost no time informing his fellow newspaperman (ha!) Berman of his triumph. Berman, armed with a flash camera and a dozen flash bulbs got into their chariot (I.R.T. 7th Ave. Express) and arrived at the theatre only to find they had been deceived. They walked to the stage door — past a few officers of the law who were holding an enthusiastic crowd of Mickey Rooney fans at bay. But—the stage manager told them there was no interview being held. Undaunted, they

Continued on Page 3

APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827 #135

THE BAY STATER

Vol. 1 No. 1 April, 1940

MEET THE EDITOR--

Many of the members of the AAPA and UAPAA already know me as the editor of the paper HOBBY RUBOUT but for the benefit of those who don't here are the particulars: age: 16; height 5' 6"; has black hair and blue eyes and wears glasses I am a junior at the Taunton High School. Now about this BAY STATER: I can't publish an issue a month becaue it takes time to set in all this type by hand but I'll promise an issue in every other bundle. After this, the editor's page will be page 2 and a short story will appear on page one. Comments on three and four

Thanks to Walt Crews, Bill Groveman and others for mentioning and encouraging THE BAY STATER. ---Charlie

STUDENT'S LAMENT

Latin is a dead language
As dead as dead can be
First it killed the Romans
And now it's killing me.

--The Brooklyn Courier-Journal

X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 22 1945

THE BAY STATER

Vol. 1 No. 2 May, 1940

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Many tales have been of bullfrogs and the different ways of catching them. The best I ever heard was of the man who was catching frogs late one night out in Kansas. It was a fairly warm night, although rather early in the spring and the lake was just alive with huge frogs. The hunter had fair luck when all of a sudden he realized it was rapidly turning cold. He shivered and started for home but before he had gone ten yards the lake was frozen solid. The frogs all realized the return of cold weather too late and when they made a dive for deep water, the lake froze, leaving their long hind legs stuck up in the air & their bodies stuck fast in the ice.

The hunter was very happy. Hurrying home, he promptly returned with a lawnmower, and in no-time at all had all the frogs legs cut down.

Believe it or not!

This issue is dedicated to all ajayers' mothers.

X-PN 4827

THE BAY STATER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

Vol. 1 No. 3 June, 1940

JUN 2 1940
COPY GIFT

FLAG DAY --

Flag Day - though not a legal holiday - is generally observed throughout the United States. This day special reverence is shown to our national emblem - the symbol of peace and democracy - the Stars and Stripes ! With the present depressing conditions of Europe in mind, we should happy to be living in a comparatively free land where our only wars are in Congress over such things as the census and the budget. We've our dangers also but with the routing of foreign spies who prey on our fortifications, we can dispel all these dangers and continue to fortify our country without being molested by enemy powers. Let us all on this day- June 14- - learn to love and respect our flag and renew our pledge of allegiance to it.

ENTERED FOR AAPA & UAPA LAUREATESHIPS

TWO NEW FEATURES TO DRESS UP BAY STATER

A series of poems by Eileen Hoye, & Bruce Smith's "Ajaydom Miniatures" are two features beginning this month.

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THE BAY STATER

Vol. 1 No. 4 July, 1940

We are going to devote the entire issue this month to ajay chatter and I've a grand eight page journal planned for August...Well, to start our chatter, Bill Matteson's MONTHLY CITIZEN seems to have been too late in getting to the mailer...It failed to get in the June bundle...Welcome in the June AAPA shipment was the long ago forgotten journal --THE POLITICAL POT and THE ALABAMIAN...The printed pages and the hectoed pages do make a good combination but I don't like it...I want to thank Dr. Noel for vivid view postcards which he has been sending me...They make a splendid addition to my collection...Our amateur from Minn., Wally Wallner is planning to enlarge his NORTH STAR if the right amount of interest is shown. ..Come on UAPA -- let's give him a mail "blitzkreig" to show our interest...Final number of WITTY WISDOM was dated Summer 1940...Next issue another new feature called Massachusetts To page 4

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THE BAY STATER

AAPA Charter Number Ohio, Class B
Vol. 1 No. 5 August, 1940

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUL 29 1947
COPY
GIFT

JUST FLASHES

Once again I devote the issue to aj comments as I did in July. Much favorable comment was received on that issue Well, election campaigns of most of the candidates are in full swing so I'd better get going. So far, there five candidates including myself out gunning for the 5 directorships. There probably will be more as time goes on. My activity will be my qualification. My platform is "Service". Now you have my story. May I have one of your five votes? Recently received was a copy of THE TURNER INQUIRER, edited by NAPA 'r Shirley Turner soon to join the AAPA. I don't want any ajayer to take the wrong meaning from the crack I made at Matteson last month. I was merely taking a poke in fun at Bill because he didn't get his June issue out on time. Well, the eight-page issue, planned for this month, fell through but I will print those -- See four

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 29 1948

THE BAY STATER

AAPA Charter Number One, Class B

Vol. 1 No. 6 **September, 1940**

Bay State Communities

Holyoke, an industrial city world-renowned for its manufacture of fine writing papers, is nestled in the heart of the Connecticut Valley at the foot of Mt. Tom, partly surrounded by the swift flowing Connecticut River. Unlike most manufacturing centers, Holyoke is a city of scenic beauty, with residential sections second to none.

Though the population is around only 50,000, the estimated value of Holyoke's manufactured goods is $50,000,000 annually. Besides paper, the city also produces silk, alpaca, paper-making machinery, valves, hydrants, boilers, automobile accessories, other metal products; thread, worsted, cotton, felt, braid hosiery, corsets, belting, wire, and store fixtures.

The Holyoke Dam on the Connecticut River, a structure one-fifth of a mile long, Con't on page four

:7 X-PN 4827 #

THE BAY STATER

For the American, National, and United

Vol. 1 No. 7 November, 1940

APR 29 1944

JUST FLASHES

Hello ajayers ! I was unable to issue The Bay Stater for October thus I broke my monthly record but here we are again as if the interruption never happened.

If you are observant, you will notice I have finally discarded my Gothic head for Heavy Goudy.

I have joined the National APA and I am repeating, for the benefit of my new readers, the introduction which appeared in my first issue last April. This will be found on an inside page.

Now, a little news of our Bay State AAPA Chapter...We have had two meetings the first boasting six members present and the second eight...The membership stands at eleven with a rise due in a short time...More details will be found in our organ, THE BAY STATE AMATEUR.

For the information of Al Ross's pals, his address is now 115 Darling St., Angola, Indiana. Note street name !

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

X-P 487

THE BAY STATE AMATEUR

Official Organ: Bay State Chapter, AAPA

Vol. 1. October, 1940 No. 1.

"The Bay State Amateur" And The Masschap

— a message from its prexy.

This issue marks the debut into a.j. circles of the "Bay State Amateur", official organ of the Bay State Chapter of the AAPA. Those who contrihuted to its appearance earnestly hope that it will he accorded a hearty reception.

Memhers of the Masschap hope to hring the "B.S.A." into quarterly hundles so that its readers may become acquainted with the activities of this new division of the AAPA in Yankeeland. Considerable enthusiasm has heen felt for the new Chapter so that its memhers believe that other AAPAians will he interested in hearing from it.

The Masschap was organized on August 18th at my home, and members (to date) include Frank Miller, Charlie Hoye, Boh Bates, Bill Matteson, Eileen Hoye, Bob Kelle, Al Ross, Charlie Norton, and yours truly; so that at this time we lack the required ten to be officially known as a State Chapter, although we expect to receive our Charter within a couple of weeks. Members adopted a Constitution providing for regular monthly meetings and dues; an official organ; and an uncomplicated administration to include only president, secretary-treasurer, and editor to he appointed prior to each issue hy the president. Charlie Hoye was elected secretary-treasurer, Boh Bates was appointed first editor, and I was chosen prexy. These terms last but six months, giving each memher a hetter chance for activity.

New England has always had a fairly large representation in the AAPA hut, with few exceptions, it has been a passive one; concentrated activity has been sadly lacking in places where it might well have flourished. The principal idea hehind the organization of this Bay State Chapter is to bring out EVERY ounce of enthusiasm that can be produced from this territory. The process may he slow, but its results could be a satisfying reward to those who are willing to co-operate.

—Bill MacGaregill

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The Bay Stater

Spring New Bedford, Mass. 1940

DOPEY GOES TO TOWN

Dopey, what a name for a plump white rodent with a long appendage? Well, ya know in Walt Disney's "Snow White" Dopey the beardless Dwarf stole the show. Maybe that's why the moniker was stuck on me in spite of my beautiful crop of whiskers. Anyhow young Frank has to take the blame, he did it. The boys' dad made me a nice cabin with screens on top and side and a curtain for privacy so I wouldn't be like a goldfish. I like to store part of the food I get each day, in one corner but Dad cleans out the whole place every few days. He says I make a mess of it but if he wants to throw away good stuff, that shows he isn't as thrifty as I am.

Dad planned to go to Boston recently to visit the folks and he decided to take me with him. So he fixed up a special box for me with two compartments. One section was a rest room with warm furnishings and the other part was a diner and recreation room. A round opening gave access to both sections. He marked it with fancy letters: "Dopey's Private Trailer." I didn't think much of it at first but it worked out pretty good.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

MAY 28 1941

GIFT

THE BUREAU SPEAKS

Voice of the Manuscript Bureau

Vol. I October, '40 No. 1

Five Hundred Years Of Printing

By Gary Hantke

Since 1940 is the anniversary of printing, it is up to us to make our publications finer and more attractive than ever. An article, no matter how well written, will not be appreciated unless it is presented in a neat and attractive form.

Here is where the skill of the printer manifests itself. He must choose the correct type, layout, and paper to make the printed piece appear to best advantage.

For ordinary purposes,

(Continued on Page 4)

Introducing Our Mouthpiece!

Presenting to ajaydom, THE BUREAU SPEAKS, a new journal which will be published as a regular feature of the manuscript bureau. I shall publish it at least six times a year, if I am re-elected manuscript mgr. If I am not, I hope that at the end of my current term, my successor will continue to publish it and make it a part of his duties as manuscript mgr. I assure you that the succeeding issues you will notice a marked improvement in this paper.

Its general purpose is to let ajaydom know what the

(Continued on Page 4)

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF #745

THE BUGLE

VOL. 1 MARCH, 1930 NO. 1

WITH INK ON MY HANDS

by R. Randolph Karch

Arsenal Jr. H. S., Pittsburgh

The printer, hard at work over his cases, was observed by his visitors. His keen ears heard the quiet voices that said, "I would not want to work at printing. It is too dirty, this job with ink and types." The printer rose, stretched out his hands, and observing them, said:

"I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE INK ON MY HANDS. The labor with these little leaden casts dwarfs in importance all the other industries of mankind. Without these metallic types the world would never have risen above the power of the enemies of liberty and freedom of thought and law. This trade is powerful in education and business: without it both would cease to exist. During the chaos of the dark ages, printers, hidden away in the fastness of the mountains from the roving, destroying bands, preserved through printing the arts and crafts, the laws and literature of a world gone mad. Printing has long conrolled the destinies of mankind. I AM PROUD OF THIS INK ON MY HANDS."

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF #745

THE BUGLE

VOL. 1 MARCH, 1930 NO. 1

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by R. Randolph Kirch

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
MAR 1945

BROOKLYN
COURIER-JOURNAL

(Courier for the Promotion of International Tolerance & Fraternal Education)

VOL. 3 JUNE, 1940 NO. 1

WORLD COCKTAIL

Mixed By Ye Ed

At the moment F.D.R. intends to run again with La Guardia as his running mate. But if F.D.R. changes his mind the Garner-Farley combination will receive the Democratic nomination with F.D.R. becoming the editor of this city's outstanding newspaper.....This columnist will wager a nice sum with anyone disbeleiving that Taft will be the Republicans Pres. or V.P. Candidate.....Landon *and* Hoover are quietly supporting Dewey for Pres..... There positively will be no European Peace until Hitler is removed. But at the moment Germany is winning the war. Britain's failure to fight an aggressive war has lost completely whatever slight chances they originally had to obtain this nation's armed aid. We hope the Allies win but we'll only aid them like they helped Czecho, Poland and Finland.....Mussolini has promised the Allies and warned Germany that she will definitely remain wisely neutral.....It's a fact.....When France's Chamber of

(Continued on Page 4)

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THE LIBRARY OF
JUN 28 1948

THE BOOSTER

FOR A. A. P. A. RECRUITING

VOL. 1 APRIL 1940 NO. 1

The 1940 Recruiting Situation

We do not seem to have any special problems in recruiting just now. In fact, an improvement has been made, in that members are far more "recruit conscious" and doing more in that department than previously. This is as it should be—amateurs selling their friends on the hobby. It is plain that members recruited by a friend who is active usually develop into active ajays too. Hempstead, N. Y., has a group of active members—the direct result of having ONE active member there to start with. William Groveman recruited his friend, Norman S. Levine; then the two added others.

One issue recently brought up was that of limiting the membership, the argument being that more than 200 or 250 places too much burden on the small hand press owner who must print his paper one page at a time. This means 1000 jerks on the lever for 250 copies of a 4 pager. To deny that this argument has grounds would be foolish; I've yanked a handpress handle enough to know how tiresome it gets. On the other hand, even if he publishes monthly, the amateur pressman has 30 days in which to make his thousand jerks.

My point of view may be somewhat commercial but I always like to have as much circulation as possible. This is

Continued on page 4

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#148

THE BOOSTER

Of the A. A. P. A.

Vol. I MAY 1940 No. 2

OFFICIAL RECORD
JUN 18 1945

No Halt on Recruiting

We must take our members when we can get them. At times the applicants take a drop for no apparent reason and at times these slumps become prolonged and of serious nature. So I think that some of our members are crossing bridges before they come to them. In short, we have just passed the 200 mark, and I can't see any excuse for concern under the 300 mark.

There is no special or unusual recruiting campaign on at this time. As 1st Vice President I am Chairman of the Recruiting Committee, and said committee is not entirely appointed or in active operation as yet. Most of the recruiting is being done by the individual members, and that is a sign of healthy interest and activity. I hope it continues, so 1940 will be a really great year.

On the Recruiting Committee I have appointed Wm. Groveman for the Northeast, Richard Schleihauf for the Southeast, Bayard Oxtoby for the Midwest, Ralph Brandt for the Southwest, Jack Garske for the Northwest, and Dave Gradillas for the West Coast. I hope the members at large will co-operate with the Committee.

I will try to have a more complete report in the next issue of the official organ. —G. H. K.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 1945

COPY

THE BOOSTER

OF THE A. A. P. A.

VOL. 1 AUGUST 1940 NO. 3

Thoughts in Type

Did you ever notice how the urge to publish increases with the arrival of a bundle? . . . Sentiment seems against ads in the organ, but at 50c an inch two inches would pay for a page. There is no danger of getting many ads—not enough circulation. I do think the O. O. should be open to paid political announcements of candidates for AAPA offices. . . . Politics off to an early start but I'm too old; can't run in this warm weather. . . . Groveman is going to have his trouble trying to mail at 1c per each 2 oz. On the little blue slip to be filled in and turned in with each mailing Bill will find at the bottom the following:

The rate of 1 cent apiece does not apply to circulars or miscellaneous matter if the individual pieces weigh more than 1½ oz.

Ex-Mailers Miller and Kay both tried pre-cancel mailing; the much criticized special bundle I sent out in 1939 went for 1 cent because it barely got in under the ounce-and-a-third limit. . . . Young politicians are rushing into the fray early; older ones are holding back to see what happens first.

X-PA 4827

#1

BADGER SPOTLIGHT

from the Badger State

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

No. 1 JANUARY 1940

JUN 28 1940
GIFT

FEAR

By E. H. Gabgree, Jr. "Gabby"

I was just returning from the store when I saw him. There he was, for the fifth time that week, waiting on the steps, waiting for me. I had no desire to see him, I hated all his kind, but his persistence had made an impression on me, and this morning it stopped me. Other mornings I had watched from the corner - watched him scale the fence, come stealing through the yard and then settle himself on the steps to wait. I had hoped to discourage him by not showing up, but he must have known that I would come sooner or later. I watched him as he sat there, his keen eye searching the street for me, but he couldn't see me crouched behind the fence at the corner. He almost did when I had rounded the corner that first day, but I had stepped back quickly enough. For the past four days I had looked around the corner warily, and then turned and entered by the back door, but it was today or never. I had made up my mind that he would not scare me away again today. No innermost fear could hold me back. I squared my shoulders and with a defiant air stepped forward and began my march down the street. Halfway down the street he saw me, and his eyes widened. As I came through the gate I halted, wondering if I had done right. It was then that he picked himself up and descended towards me. Fear clutched at me and it was all I could do to stand there as he came nearer - closer and closer.

(Continued on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

no. 4

APR 29 1944

Wow! *(Hope I didn't blow any gaskets that time.)* Must have been too many holiday cheers.

Well, here goes for **the rest** of the type Moitoret [*hic!*] missed. **Or** *did he? Or does he?* **Or Dewey!** Or else:

ΨQ ΔΤΔ

Or as Ibid once said, (and I quote) ΞΥΠΛΣ

(Proving that the Greeks DID have a word for a Burp)

Att'n Bur.(p) of Critics: **No aspersions, please;** this is strictly a GRADE A Burp—pasteurized for your protection

Mother said 't was Midnite --- time to retire. But midnight---that's when the best BURPS go ---I mean **float** away, **th: Mr. Burpee?** & so may we wish Mary Christmas & you a Hoppy 1940.

31U921 22 Ap 44

X-DN 327 #152
APR 29 1944

EDITOR REINSTATED IN A. A. P. A.

The Brooklyn Sun

Vol. 1 BROOKLYN, N. Y. MARCH, 1940 No. 4

HELM SPINK FOR NAPA PRESIDENT

PROGRESSIVE TICKET

H. Spink President; Gilbert Vice; Telschow Treasurer; B. McCarthy Secretary; Holman Official Editor

BROOKLYN, N. Y. FEBRUARY 29---With the best interests of Amateur Journalism uppermost in our minds, we have carefully canvassed the field of possible amateurs whose ability and service would justify consideration for the honored office of President of The National Amateur Press Association.

Our candidate, Helm Spink, we believe, has the qualifications for a good president.

For the office of Vice President our choice is Louis Gilbert, present eastern mailing manager. We believe he is capable of holding the office altho he is comparatively a new member.

As Secretary--Bernice McCarthy. She has done very well in the past year. Let us elect her to a regular two year term.

As candidate for Treasurer, we select Robert Telschow, a trustworthy member of the N.A.P.A.

Finally, our candidate for Official Editor--Robert Holman. His editorial ability is shown in his publication, *The Cubicle*--which speaks for itself.

THE BROOKLYN SUN'S TICKET

HELM C. SPINK.....President
LOUIS B. GILBERT.....Vice President
BERNICE MCCARTHY.....Secretary
ROBERT TELSCHOW.....Treasurer
ROBERT HOLMAN.....Editor
Executive Judges: ELAINE JORGENSEN
EDGAR M. HAYS
ANTHONY F. MOITORET
Convention City CLEVELAND, OHIO

OFFICIAL ORGAN LATE

BROOKLYN, N. Y. FEBRUARY 29---At this late date the December *National Amateur* has not been received. We believe Prexy Elaine Jorgensen should take steps to insure the prompt arrival of the official organ.

Many members look forward to receiving the *National Amateur* for news of the amateurs.

SUGGEST PUBLISHERS ENTER PAPERS FOR LAUREATE AWARDS

by Louis B. Gilbert

NEW YORK CITY (Special to the Sun)---Let's have some more competition for the Laureate awards. How about publishers entering the entire contents of their papers for the awards. Every year there are dozens of good articles that are never entered.

A great help to NAPA activity would be more competition for all the awards. And how about hearing about the history of a. j. from some old timer.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS COPYRIGHT

The Brooklyn Sun

Vol. 2 BROOKLYN, N. Y. APRIL 27, 1940 No. 1

REMOVE JORGENSEN AND BABCOCK

HOTEL ADELPHIA SELECTED FOR NATIONAL CONVENTION

PHILADELPHIA, April 22 ---In a statement issued today Harold Segal Chairman of arrangements for the National Amateur Press Association Convention to be held July 4-5-6 said that the Hotel Ad-

elphia had been selected as headquarters. Hotel Adelphia is located at Chestnut and Thirteenth Streets and is "nearest everything."

The rates are $3.00 single and $5.00 double.

BULLETINS

April 27---As we go to press we learn from a reliable source that Ralph Babcock "editor" of the NAPA hopes to publish three issues of *The National Amateur* at this late date. We believe this would entail unnecessary expense. Members should write to him protesting his plan to print the long over due *National Amateurs*. Even one issue would be enough for his excuses.

We also hear that an issue of the official organ will appear in two weeks according to printer, Elaine Jorgensen.

The next meeting of the Metchaps of the AAPA will be held at the editors' home Sunday May 5th.

WELCOME TO N. Y.

The Fossils will hold their thirty-seventh annual meeting and reunion dinner today at the Hotel Astor. The editors extend their greetings.

Negligence and Failure To Publish Organ

EXECUTIVE JUDGES SHOULD ACT

BROOKLYN, April 27--THE BROOKLYN SUN asks for the immediate removal of President Elaine Jorgensen and Official Editor Ralph W. Babcock. The President has failed to fulfil her duties set forth in Article 6 Section 3a of the Constitution. The Official Editor neglected to publish the December and March issues of *The National Amateur*. The Constitution states in part .....'The association shall publish quarterly on the first day of September, December, March and June, an official organ....Failure to publish any issue of the official organ within fifteen days after the date set by the constitution shall render the Official Editor subject to removal from office at the discretion of the President."

Even at this late date we believe the President and the Editor should be removed and that the Executive Judges

[Continued on page 4 col. 2]

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The Brooklyn Sun

APR 29 1944

Vol. 2 BROOKLYN, N. Y. JUNE, 1940 CONVENTION NUMBER No. 2

TELSCHOW, MEMBERS' FAVORITE FOR PRESIDENCY OF NATIONAL

NEW YORK, June 25----On the eve of the 65th annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association being held in Philadelphia the birth place of the National, we receive reports that Robert (Bob) Telschow is the favorite candidate for president of the Association. Bob has been active publishing *Reverie*. The editor believes that Bob Telschow would make a very good president and that is what we need now---someone who will take hold and get the association out of the slump it was allowed to get into. A vote for Telschow will put the National back where it belongs.

CLEVELAND IN 1941

CLEVELAND------Members here send in their bid for the 1941 National Convention.

TELSCHOW'S PLATFORM

1 To restore the normal functioning of the official machinery of the Association.

2 The National Amateur to be published according to constitution requirements.

3 To work consistently for the welfare of the membership.

4 To keep expenses within income.

5 To work for a solution of the Laureate problem, including the issuing of a suitable award certificate to winner.

6 To conduct a systematic recruiting campaign.

AMATEURS MEET AT BIRTHPLACE OF NATIONAL

PHILADELPHIA-----On July 4th, 1876, sixty-two boys, the youngest aged twelve years and the oldest nineteen, representing twenty-three cities and towns in eleven states and the District of Columbia, gathered in convention in the City Institute Hall, Northeast corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia and organized the National Amateur Press Association.

The fourth of next month young and old will gather again in Philadelphia the City of Brotherly love to hold their 65th annual convention, in fact only five squares from the National's birthplace. Members from afar and near will attend the three days of discussion of the welfare of the association.

SEA GULL TO RESUME PUBLICATION SOON

PHILADELPHIA,-----From sources close to Harold Segal, we learn that his sister Charlotte will join the National after the convention and that she plans to publish a paper. She hinted that she may resume publishing *The Sea Gull* which her brother printed for many years until he started *The New Times*.

Bradofsky In New York

BROOKLYN, June 26---Mr. Hyman Bradofsky, of Pomona, California visited the editors at their home today.

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXIX. HOHOKUS, N. J., MARCH, 1940 Number 4

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THE ANNUAL BANQUET

The 1940 annual banquet of the B. P. C. was a literary, oratorical and gastronomical success, as usual. Due to the inclemency of the weather there were not as many present as on former occasions, but what was lacking in numbers was more than made up in good fellowship. They took as their motto Amici usque ad aras, (Friends until death), and lived up to it.

Dinner was at The Parkside Hotel, Gramercy Park, New York City. A region redolent of money, slush and punctilious respectability. The dining room was as artistically arranged as the unswept hall of Soso of Pergamos, the mellow light of candles giving the hall as dim and mysterious an air as the hypogeum of Paula.

The menu was up to the usual standard set by this exacting hostelry. A veritable feast of Tri-malchio. The program was a delightful melange of poetry, oratory and amusing persiflage, exemplifying the truth of Rosseau's remarks, Il est le temps qu'on perd qu'on gagne.

Guests are Welcomed

"It is a pleasure to welcome you to our annual dinner," declared Katherine Collier, vice-president. "I see gathered here friends that I have not seen for a year and possibly shall not see for another year. This makes an occasion such as our dinner a most auspicious event. I welcome all: members and guests to our midst and, in the words of Tiny Tim, 'God bless us every one."

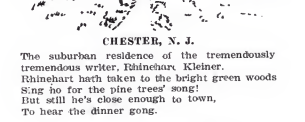
"I have an infallible way of spelling correctly," declared A. M. Adams, who spoke on "Simplified Spelling." "and that is to let the stenographer do it. Spelling never troubled me as a boy, either. Thoughtless pupils were so undeveloped mentally that they strove for prizes in spelling. I was only too happy to escape adding to my collection of zeros. Kids in my day collected stamps, bugs, butterflies, freckles, warts and stone bruises but I had the finest collection of zeros — bar none — in the entire school. In my journey thru life I've added tremendously to that collection."

"I am a member of three organizations," asserted "Mother" Collier. Two of them are among the oldest organizations for women in this country. The Blue Pencil, too, is getting on in years, but I rejoice to see that it is as lusty and vigorous as it ever was. I am proud of my connection with the B. P. C. They was formerly a strong prejudice against admitting women into any organization, and the prejudice was just as intense against purely female groups. That prejudice has largely disappeared. I hope I am able to attend many, many more of your dinners."

Edward Dewing Toastmaster.

"Brother Adams has saved me giving one half of my speech," stated James Morton, who spoke on Optimism and Pessimism. "He has given the pessimist side while I now have only to speak of the optimistic view of life, a more congenial task. Despite wars and rumors of wars; nothwithstanding New Deals, Raw Deals and Ideals I firmly believe that the world is increasing in light. I am convinced that these ills we now complain of are merely the excresences due to rapid growth and that, in the course of time, they will disappear. Dictators arise, disturb the waters in the vast ocean of existence for a little while and then go and are forgotten. But the vital principles of liberty and freedom are imperishable. They will live forever. The they may be relegated to earth they will rise triumphant. The sterling qualities in man are God-given and will assert themselves and eventually conquer. Mankind is naturally optimistic and has every right to be so."

Edward Dewing was toastmaster and introduced each guest in wise and witty rhyme. This novel feature was greatly enjoyed by all.



CHESTER, N. J.

The suburban residence of the tremendously
tremendous writer, Rhinehart Kleiner.
Rhinehart hath taken to the bright green woods
Sing ho for the pine trees' song!
But still he's close enough to town,
To hear the dinner gong.

From the Forty-Eleventh Chapter of
Azit - Tigiath - Mi - Phansi

Now behold it came to pass in the days of Empress Eleanor, Accumulator of Coin and Dispensor of wisdom, and her consort, Franklin the Also-Ran, that a certain young man yclept Edardius Dew-Ing of the tribe of Boo Pan-Chilers, rode down from the wilds of Rid-Gee-Would on a one-eyed, sway-backed, spavin jointed mule. As he rucketed along he sang: "Now who is there like unto me in all my father's house? For by my breath shall the enemy fall, for,, behold it smelleth strongly of onions."

Then the other ass lifted up his voice and cried, "Verily thou art indeed great—but is not a nutmeg grater?" then bucketh, bucketh he lustily, and swatted the singer on the conk and he was gathered unto his step-fatrehs (he was from Chicago) in a place called Obscurity and there he lieth even to this day, for lying is his specialty.

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXX. HOHOKUS, N. J., JUNE, 1940 Number 1

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 23 1944

SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE

Alma, Eleanor, Dorothy, Kate, Pearl, Ivy and the rest of the girls kindly note well.

WHO IS MOST TO BE ENVIED?

Ruth Pietchman.

It remains with the individual to decide "Who Is Most to be Envied." There are as many answers to the question as there are persons to answer it. According to our reaction toward life do we decide the question. The attainments of De Vinci or Michael Angelo would imbue some with a desire to go and do likewise. This I would term envy in its purest form, and if it results in inspiration to do greater work, it is not to be decried.

Perhaps he is most to be envied who possesses a free spirit, untrammeled by the desire to conform to others. He follows his own inclinations. He is not concerned with the latest fluc-

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXX. HOHOKUS, N. J., SEPTEMBER, 1940 Number 2

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LITTA VOELCHERT PASSES

Litta L. Voelchert, one of the long-time active members of the Blue Pen-Cil Club and the National Amateur Press Association, was born in Manitowoc, Wis., on April 19, 1885, died August 23, 1940, after an illness of several weeks. For many years previous to her death she had been associated with the Actors' Equity Association of New York City. She had been active in professional literary work as well as in Amateur Journalism, including, before coming East, editing the "Literary Clarion" in Milwaukee; co-editor of "The Eternal Feminine", and in particular the contribution of a poem, "The Wandering Jew", to "The Pirate."

In New York her professional activities included work on different commercial publications, among them "The Black Diamond", a coal magazine; "Bicycling", and assistance in the preparation of Acker, Merrall & Condit's catalogue, to which she contributed food articles.

Widely traveled, Litta Voelchert had made several trips to Europe, one to South America, and two or three to Mexico, with numerous travel trips within the United States, including one to Alaska. This constituted her outstanding recreational interest.

In Amateur Journalism, Litta paid little attention to politics, but was outstanding in the literary field in a day when more attention was paid to the N. A. P. A. awards than is now the case, and at her first N. A. P. convention in New York City, held at the Broadway Central in 1909, she carried off all the literary awards.

She will be remembered by her friends for many acts of kindness and thoughtfulness to others, and also for her gratitude for kindness shown to her, "truly following her Master in doing good."

ALMA ENTERTAINS THE CLUB

The October meeting of the Blue Pencil Club was held at the home of Alma Barnard in Ridgewood, on the evening of October 19 — the spot marked on the 1940 calendar as being an all-time low for the date. That is, an all-time low for the thermometer — certainly not for the spirit of the occasion — the threatening weather frightening away many of the regulars, the only attendant from below Paterson being A. M. Adams, of Plainfield, and this skittishness may have been justified, for as the party broke up, snow was falling and the impression as the last departees went home was that of having skipped a month and passed abruptly into late November.

Even the Haggerties — able to withstand the impact of a trip of 10,000 miles by motor to the Pacific Coast in summer, apparently were terrorized by the weather outlook on this occasion. The decline from the 27 at the meeting at the Morton domicile in Paterson in September was marked, but constituted no reflection on the hostess — merely the unrugged constitutions of the members of the Blue Pencil Club.

Prose contributions were by Pearl Morton and E. P. B. Laurence, the latter winning the coveted guerdon, with verse (pardon, poetry) by Ed Dewing and James Morton, won by the latter. The contribution by one Adams started with verse (and that means verse) trailing off into prose with the usual political angle. Eleanor Wood was present but poetically tongue-tied for the moment, due possibly to exhaustion from her struggle to achieve "Blind Dog" which appeared in the issue of the "Saturday Evening Post" for the same date—although she usually can acomplish three "pomes" a day, commercially, without undue effort.

In the absence of the president, James F. Morton (known to his ultra-familiars

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXX. HOHOKUS, N. J., DECEMBER, 1940 Number 3

ELEANOR IS HOSTESS TO THE CLUB

November meeting of the Blue Pencil Club was held on the usual third Saturday at the home of Eleanor Chaffee Wood in Ridgewood, N. J., with the usuall percentage of presentees and absentees—and as in the case of the October meeting, one of the features of the late evening was a light flurry of snow.

The program of the evening had to do with the sentiments of the members in the matter of Thanksgiving, with a considerable divergence of opinion, particularly in view of what happened on the first Tuesday after the first Saturday, Sunday and Monday of November. The viewpoints which found most favor with those present were voiced by James F. Morton in verse and Matilda Schabrucker, prose. The latter is one of the infant members of the B. P. C., having been admited at the meeting.

One of the subjects brought up for discussion was that of the annual dinner, which last February brought out a throng numbering 19, but which the membership is hopeful will be even more of a drawing card next February. Copies of the last "Brooklynite" were distributed, and comment was made on its generally fine appearance typographically. Another will be hastened to press in order that the four may be gotten out during the year.

Lillian Jackson also became a member at the meeting — the distaff side seems to have a keener appreciation of the value of the Club than do mere males.

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APR 29 1944

LET US BE THANKFUL

What for? the cynics cry! Aren't they to be pitied! For inasmuch as they can still utter those words, should they be grateful.

It is the custom in homes on Thanksgiving Day to give thanks and say a word of prayer for what has been provided, just previous to partaking of a somewhat more bountiful meal than on any other occasion. But I am afraid that with all the good things to look upon in front of us, and our nostrils assailed with the delightful odors forthcoming, our minds are apt to wander a bit from the subject matter being said, for we are anxious to cut into the turkey.

Wouldn't it be much better to take a few moments to ourselves just after rising in the morning and earnestly give thanks for the uncountable blessings of little things and big things to be thankful for?

Is it not something to be thankful for that we are Americans united in democracy and ever striving to preserve it? The privilege of worshiping as we please? That is but one of the big things we should be thankful for.

And is it not sometimes the little things that give us most pleasure? Nature with all its beauty—and harshness? For someone somewhere will benefit.

Let us too be thankful for the pleasant occurrences of each day — the flower someone gave us, the kind word or deed you were able to do, the thoughts and memories of the past to cheer and encourage. We are not asking too much of ourselves if we take time out for one minute each day of the year to give thanks for at least something we know we can be thankful for, whether it is life, liberty, happiness, laughter or love.

Many times a day we hear the drone of an airplane above, but we don't look upward stricken with fear or startled into action to run for shelter. That alone, while war rages on the other half of the world, is something to be thankful for on this Thanksgiving morn.

Let us be thankful for the kind and generous people who are able to aid those who are in need—the hundred and more agencies composed of people like you and me who contribute time and money toward the welfare of those requiring help at home and abroad.

And most particularly on this Thanksgiving, I am thankful for the precious friendship I have enjoyed of a man beloved by us all, who is with us tonight in spirit. Let us be thankful for the service he gave to others — service in kindness and humility — bringing beauty and inspiration to all he came in contact with and who has found the perfect peace only God can give after an unselfish life of love and devotion in his chosen work.

—Matilda A. Schabrucker.

#151

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JAN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

B E L L E T T E

An intimate publication, issued as may be, by Edna Hyde McDonald, 1974 University Avenue, New York City, and affiliated with the NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

NO. 8 September 1940

GRACE BEFORE WRITING.
By Christopher Morley.

This is a sacrament, I think!
Holding the bottle toward the light,
As blue as lupin gleams the ink.
May truth be with me as I write!

That small dark cistern may afford
Reunion with some vanished friend
And with this ink that I have poured
May none but honest words be penned.

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Sinclair Lewis says: "Writing is such a lonely business. I almost always discourage kids who tell me they want to be writers. The only reward is in what you do, the actual doing of it, and the writer has a lonely life. Of course, discouragement does no harm. It is impossible to discourage the real writers --- they don't give a damn what you say. They're going to write. The others are better off if they aro out of print."

And if that doesn't fit amateur journalists to a T, I miss my guess.

"Writing is just work --- there's no secret," Mr. Lewis goes on, "If you dictate or use a pen or type with your toes, it is still just work. I know that people want to hear about methods. They think, now if I knew exactly how that fellow, or this fellow, does it, I could do the same thing."

And Hilaire Belloc adds: "The test of excellence in writing is simply this: 'How far has the writer by a choice of written words and the use of them in the right order produced the effect he desired to produce?' Herein lies the test of craftsmanship, and a craftsman can only be tested by his mastery of the craft wherein he is engaged."

Here is free advice for the amateur from first-rate sources. But I am still of the honest opinion that "writers are born; not made." And no amount of reading of professional journals like Life, Time, The Satevepost, etc. convinces me to the contrary.

And as for the amateur journals! In hoc signo vinces.

* * * * * * * *

The Recent Convention of the N.A.P.A., for this representative at least, was lacking in lightness, a levity of sorts. It may be, of course, that the discernment of this lack was due, on my part, to the absence of my own particular convention beaux. Ernest Edkins, Helm Spink, and Tony Moitoret were nowhere about and there is no triumvirate who can give zest and zizz to a convention like that one. And, alas, in all amateur journalism, there are too few individuals who possess that fairy touch which rouses the risibles.

4827 #160

The Booster

of the AAPA Mailing Bureau

Vol. 2 | January, 1941 | No. 1

THE LIBRARY OF SERIAL RECORD ILLINOIS UNIV.

Bureau Voice

The Booster will be used exclusively to carry news and items pertaining to the Mailing Bureau in 1941. It will NOT be filled with rules and regulations, however. I believe the fewer rules we have the better it will be. I ask co-operation rather than observance of a lot of rules.

Elsewhere in this issue is a number of points we must bear in mind if the bureau is to operate to the benefit of the association and to the satisfation of the members. The best operation will come by co-operation, and the latter can be gained by members reading and keeping in mind the suggestions and information printed in this paper from time to time.

X-PN

#161

Breezy Blasts

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

October • • • • • • • 1941

APR 29 1944

Richmond Needs Local Club

Richmond, Ky., could have a great amateur press club affiliated with the United. There are seven members in Richmond who have the interest and ability. Practically all of them are graduates of Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College.

To survey the situation, Lois Colley is Secretary of the KAPA and possesses a great deal of journalistic ability. Walter Moores produces some exceptional literary work. Harold Hieronymus would be at home in a newspaper office. James Neale loves the hobby. Ernestine Butner did a commendable job as editor of Centralette, a high school publication. Rosa McCay has a highly developed sense of literary appreciation. Edward Tevis has had several years experience in amateur writing and publishing.

How about a friendly get-together some evening to discuss the matter. Maybe we could meet somewhere on a Sunday afternoon. We have plenty local talent. Let's talk things up among each other and start the ball rolling. What do you say, folks?

X-PN 4827 #162

Breezy Blasts

October • • • • • • 1941

APR 29 1944

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X-PN 482

#163

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 25 1945

Breezy Blasts

October • • • • • • 1941

COPY

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#114

THE BELL

IN (G) HAM

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

PUBLISHED IN YE OLE
GREAT NORTHWEST
NEAR BEAUTIFUL MOUNT. BAKER
IN THE EVERGREEN STATE.

Vol. I FALL, '41 No. 2

Has This Happened To You?

It was a perfect example of work, something that I had done and it was so complete. I was proud of it, it had taken me several hours to complete it, and there were only several mistakes. Then it happened. I was so outraged that I felt like pulling my hair. Well anyhow the more I thought of it the more my anger rose. Two hours of hard work had all been thrown away and alas I wasn't one bit ahead--DARN that blot it had spoiled my beautiful letter!

******ALTON MAGNUSON.

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#165

The Bay Stater

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

Vol. 1, No. 8 January, 1941

HAPPY NEW YEAR.....

Although I'm rather late, I want to wish everyone a very happy New Year from Eileen Hoye, Bill Matteson, and myself. We assume you have all had a pleasant Christmas season.

Lately I've received comments on the fact that I print more material of the AAPA than of the other associations and to remedy this situation I have decided to have three writers, one from each association, fill a page each with the news of their associations. This setup begins with the next issue.

As to activities of the Bay State Chapter, AAPA .. little has been done since October but we are now getting reorganized (December) with an important meeting scheduled for January 19th.

The December NAPA bundle had 16 papers. The most interesting to me is the NAPA MAILER with two mimeod pages of complete last minute news. This is what Groveman has promised the AAPA if elected mailer.

~~X-PN 482 27~~ X-PN 4827 #166

The Bay Stater

Vol. 1, No. 8 January, 1941

APR 20 1944

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The Bay Stater

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

Vol. 2, No. 2 September, 1941

Charles J. Hoye, Editor

X-PN 4827

#168

The Brown Derby

Vol. 1 Summer 1945 No. 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

Ebenezer Wrongfont

Ebenezer Wrongfont a proof reader is,
Spotting errors is his biz.
Says he, "One thing I know is true,
After it's proof-read
It's better for you."

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#169 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

Brooklyn Courier-Journal

Vol. 4 December, 1941 No. 1

Sport of Sports

Sid Cohen

As an active participant in the amateur and semi-pro ranks of football every Sunday this 156 lb. halfback is fully convinced that there is no greater sport than the game of football. And as these lines are written, on a Sunday evening, the writer's face is a bloody mess of football scratches while both bruised legs are well taped. But the application of heat and rest tonight will make a new man again of us on the morrow.

A cleanly played game, even though it be hard fought, teaches the player the meaning and necessity of cooperation and how to take it like a good sport. We've got to get in there and fight, can't lay down on the job for a moment.

Dish it out; tackle or block your man courageously and you'll find that its really similar to the game of life--play fair, be a good loser, but try to win.

Playing according to the code of ethics will score points or respect and whichever it may be, if not both, you will find yourself the eventual winner. Its good football--or business--practice.

X-PN 4827

Big 4 Advertiser

Published Monthly By
Big 4 Press, 208 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

VOL. 5. March, 1941. NO. 9.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 21 1941

AD RATES: Adlets, 1c per word. Display, per inch, (35 words or less) 70c. Any ad run in 3 issues for the price of 2. Forms close the 15th preceding date of issue. Subscription, 25c a year.

Personal Chats

BY F. O. RELTH,
208 N. Wells St.,
Chicago, Ill.

What progress are you making in the Mail Order Business? Do you know? Do your records show when, how and with which item you made the greatest profit?

In order for you to succeed you must keep records that will give you the above information without which you are lost. All mail received should be recorded, whether an inquiry, advertisement, magazine or order. For this purpose use pieces of 3x5 paper as an original and a card of the same size for a duplicate or carbon copy.

At the top and to the right, write or type the name and complete address and in the upper left hand corner, the origin or your key number. Below this enter date and a brief notation of what was received. The originals should be filed in alphabetical order and where two names are involved make cut two sets and on each mark "See also....." As your list grows, it is well to refile the originals in state and city order, and each city alphabetically.

The duplicates may be filed by the commodity or item to which they refer. This gives you a complete cross index of your business. When mailing circulars, magazines and other matter, each slip should be marked with the date and brief description of mailing. All orders and amounts received should be listed on these slips, also. When you receive an order, remove the card from the commodity file and place it alphabetically in a customer file. By putting a piece of cardboard on front and back of your slips they can be kept intact by means of a rubber band, just like cards.

POSTAGE

A "postage out" record should be kept for each month on any sheet of paper on which have been drawn a series of vertical lines one-half inch apart and two lines across the top for headings. Put headings over each column, such as c—m for circular mailing. P. P. for Parcel Post, etc. Totaling these columns each month gives you a classification of postage money spent. The headings of course should be the same as those on the credit side of your cash book. On this credit side of your cash book head a column —"postage". In this column enter all money spent for stamps, as well as all stamps received which you have entered as cash sales on the debit side of the cash book. At the end of the month, the total of your postage out record plus the stamps you have on hand less the amount you had on hand at the beginning of the month, should equal the total of the "postage" column in the cash book.

For the small Mail Order Business it is necessary to keep only a cash book. On the left hand page (Dr.) make a record of all money and stamps received, treating the stamps as cash. On the right hand page (Cr.) make a record of all money paid out, also entering there all stamps received in the postage column as this shows the same as if you received cash and spent it for postage.

(Continued next month.)

N 4827

#171

Bellingham Progress

Vol. I December 1941 No. 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

NEWS AND NOTES------

Well, here is the long awaited Bang! Did you hear it in Maine? Bellingham now has four members. They are: Miss Mildred E. Gooch, Miss Louise Schuit, Mrs. J. P. Feller and Alton Magnuson.

Louise Schuit has already had an article in an amateur paper. Miss Gooch is planning on having an article published in the near future, and Mrs. Feller has been ill for several months, and will be unable to be active for some time yet.

Bellingham has be[illegible] the third [illegible] journ[illegible] club [illegible] amateur [illegible]lish[illegible] in the [illegible] state of Washington. [illegible]joining Spokane and Seattle. We have been proud to live in a state which has produced such leaders as Erford, Barnes, N[illegible]l and our past president from Bellingham, Harry Shephard, who died some years ago. The club paid a standing vote of thanks to those officers who sent messages. We were sorry that

BANG!

X-PN 4827

#172

SPECIAL BOB SMITH EDITION

THE MINT JULEP

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
2 2 1944

ARMY CHEFS ON THE ALERT

BOB SMITH DRAFT'D

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The Boy's Herald

FOUNDED 1871 BY ENGLISH & HALL; REISSUED 1904 BY EDWIN HADLEY SMITH

Vol. 70, No. 1 Arlington, Va. March 1, 1941

IN MEMORIAM

Alfred Rigling, librarian of The Franklin Institute, died December 8 of pneumonia after three days' illness at 72. He had charge of the Library of Amateur Journalism. In appreciation of constant cooperation, he was elected honorary member of the National Amateur Press Association at the Philadelphia convention last July and was guest of honor at the banquet.

After apprenticeship in Leary's book store, Mr. Rigling was employed by The Franklin Institute when 15. At 19 he was librarian, and in 1908 was also made assistant secretary and assistant editor of the Journal of Franklin Institute. In 1933 his 50 years' work was celebrated with a banquet, a 28-page 7 by 10 pamphlet reporting his services and reminiscences. A copy has been added to the Library of A. J. (Shelf No. 1,000).

Mr. Rigling was a member of the American Library Association, Pennsylvania Library Association, University Club, Pennsylvania Library Club, chairman of Special Libraries Council of Philadelphia 1931 to 1935, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Rittenhouse Astronomical Society, Centennial Alumni, American Pharmaceutical Association, City Historical Society, American Association for Advancement of Science, National Joint Committee of Classification of Technical Literature until the World War ended its work in 1918, and secretary 25 years of Alumni of Franklin Institute School of Mechanic Arts. The Institute News for January gave a eulogy of his career. A widow survives him.

Director Allen Oldtime Amateur

Dr. Henry Butler Allen, director of The Franklin Institute, strolled in while N. A. P. A. conventionists were viewing the Library of A. J. last July. During his chats he mentioned that he published a little paper when he was a boy, but could not recall its year or name. That makes him eligible for The Fossils, amateurs of before 30 years ago.

Dr. Allen was born in Greenfield, Mass., July 20, 1887, and educated at Amherst College and Columbia School of Mines. In 1915 he married Ione A. Ralli. Prior to affiliation with the Franklin Institute, he was U. S. Examiner of Iron and Steel for New York port, metallurgical engineer and chief metallurgist with Henry Disston & Sons, and vice president of Dodge Steel Company. In the World War he was a captain in the Ordnance Department, A. E. F. He received honorary D. Sc. degree from Temple University and French Legion of Honor in 1938.

X-PN 4827

MEMORIAL NUMBER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

174

Boys' Herald

FOUNDED 1871 BY ENGLISH & HALL—REISSUED 1904 BY EDWIN HADLEY SMITH

Vol. 71, No. 1 | Point Pleasant, N. J. | October 1941

JAMES F. MORTON

In 1896 when president of the National Amateur Press Association

James F. Morton was hit by an auto 8 p. m. October 6 and died at dawn the next day.

The following story from the Paterson (N. J.) Morning Call October 8 is by Matilda A. Schabrucker, a Call reporter, an N.A.P.A. member, secretary of Blue Pencil Club, and member of Paterson Chaucer Guild.

Funeral services for James F. Morton, curator of the Paterson Museum and nationally famous mineralogist, will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock in the R. Charles D. Legg and Sons Funeral Home, 384 Broadway. Rabbi Max Raisin, close friend of Mr. Morton will officiate, and cremation will follow at North Bergen.

Mr. Morton was on his way to the initial meeting of the Paterson Chaucer Guild, of which he was a member, held Monday night at the home of Mrs. F. Hamilton Archer, 65 Lincoln avenue, Totowa Borough, and was within two blocks of his destination, when he was hit by an automobile driven by Robert F. Grund of Mountain View, at Lincoln avenue and Union boulevard. An autopsy revealed he died from a crushed fracture of the second dorsal vertebrae.

The tragic accident came as a shock to the entire community and metropolitan area, for he was well known and loved in civic, social, literary and scientific circles wherein he was very active.

His wife, the former Pearl K. Merritt, survives, as well as two brothers, Frank, of South Sudbury, Mass.; Nelson, of Melrose Highland, Mass., and one sister, Mrs. Mary Ziegler of Gatesville, Ohio.

He would have celebrated his 71st birthday, Saturday, Oct. 18.

A direct descendant of one of America's oldest families, Mr. Morton could trace 160 family lines in the United States, many of whom were prominent throughout the nation's historv. One ancestor, Rev. Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895) was the author of "America."

He had a remarkably colorful and interesting life, and gained national prominence in several and varied fields.

He was one of the leaders in the American Puzzlers' Club. This organization has played an important role in the nation's defense over a long period of years, with one of its principal studies being various codes employed by the spy rings of foreign powers.

Mr. Morton's collection of minerals at the Paterson Museum was one of the outstanding in the nation and ranked third in the United States according to tabulations by experts.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
GIFT

#175

BELLE-LETTUCE

With May A. Nayes

Vitamins added | 19 & 41 | Self-service

X-PN 4827

Free Parking

Any names misused in this broadblast similar to persons who think they are alive have no basis in reel life and are purely intentional.

Edkins' Literary Foundation

"On what meat doth this our Caesar feed that he hath grown so great?"

An admirer of Ernest A. Edkins recently asked him for a course of reading and writing to become a literateur. The noted dictionarian advised:

"At around age 9 I was a devotee of Beadle's dime novels, and at 12 I was enthralled by the adventure stories in Golden Days; but since then my taste has steadily deteriated until now I read nothing but the trashiest mystery stories, the New Yorker, and Life.

"Among writers, the use of an occasional word or phrase from another language is a matter of individual taste, involving the exact shade of meaning to be conveyed. If overdone, it is pedantic; with discrimination, it enhances the text. My style is colloquial and easily understood by the average reader. When I read Vincent Sheean's Personal History, I could not follow some of the passages and quotations, but I found it a very stimulating book.

"You mention high-brows. I have grandchildren aged 3, 6, 8, and 17 years. Douglas first gibbered and did not understand any language but his own; Dane slowly mastered Bruce's vocabulary; Bruce, the bright boy of the family, is almost as fluent as Donald; yet Donald had trouble with his Latin, and thought his Mother was a whizz because she could help him construe Caesar's "Commentarii." Well, which one is the high-brow? If we assume that everyone who is a bit better educated, or knows a bit more about this and that than we do, is therefore a high-brow, we will have to conclude that the world is almost entirely populated by lofty domes. So what?"

— IF —

By Antonius Motoraye

"Say, Seagull, lemme tell youse,
I'd be happy as a clam
If I only was de feller
Dat Victor t'inks I yam.
He t'inks I yam a wonder,
An' knows his great, big Dad
Could never mix wit' nuttin'
Dat was ugly, mean, or bad.
Oh, lots o' times I sit and t'ink
How nice 'twould be, gee whiz.
If I only was de angel bird
Dat Vondy t'inks I is."

Cole's "Few (?) Remarks"

The Cleveland banquet was a quiet affair—after the soup was served. "Peace it's wonderful"—but not souping near A. M. Adams. The costume worn by Vondy was a coming-out creation from Fifth Avenue; hosiery buy Bradofsky.

Professor Cole made the keynote speech. He got a "Jack-Rabbit" start toward the Aurora Borealis on the north; then made a U-turn for the Land of the Southern Sun, detouring to Texas to tank up with Johnnie Vaglienti's American gas. Next he stepped on it for the Garden of Eden on the east, with a brief pause at Wollaston for station identification to find out where he was at. The banquet-tears, hoping it was an exhaust, applauded. Ed mistook the sign for the green light and went into high for Primeval Chaos on the west, getting some hot air at Erfordville and stalling for a back-sass drive with "Rusty" Weixelbaum. Finally, he wound up, or rather ran down, and switched off his headlight, being out of gas and all service stations Ickesed. Shades of Jeems Morton, whatta speech!

"What did Mr. Cole talk about," Bernice asked.

"About an hour," replied Jane.

"I mean, what was the subject of his discourse?"

"He didn't say."

#176

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXX. HOHOKUS, N. J., MARCH, 1941 Number 4

BLUE PENCIL CLUB DINES AT NEW YORKER

By Felicitas Haggerty

X-PN 4827

APR 30 1941

Twenty-eight participated in the novel program arranged by the committee, James F. Morton, chairman, assisted by Matilda A. Schabrucker and Edward P. B. Laurence, for the annual dinner of the Blue Pencil Club on February 15. The members who attended were: Alma Barnard, Katharine Collier, Edward Dewing, Vincent and Felicitas Haggerty, Virginia Heins, Elizabeth Higley, Lillian Jackson, James and Pearl Morton, Matilda Schabrucker, Mrs. Tessida Schwinges and Mrs. Edna Stoddart.

The group assembled at 6:30 p. m. in the coffee shop of the New Yorker hotel, in New York City, and sat at tables reserved along the entire rear of the room. Everyone selected their own menu, ordering as much or as little as desired, and later on lined up at the cashier's desk and paid the regular price. Hats and coats were checked free, and an electric eye automatically opened and closed the door at entrance and departure. Then an elevator ride to the third floor of the hotel where Parlor "A" was reserved for the sociability.

Acting President Katharine B. Collier called the meeting to order, and motion was passed to suspend business matters. Katharine then graciously welcomed the guests on behalf of the Club, and introduced Vincent B. Haggerty as master of ceremonies. Vincent seated himself alongside Chairman James Morton at a table facing the audience, who sat in rows of comfortable chairs and free to move around if desired.

Vincent first called upon Mrs. Maude Holden, who beautifully played piano selections of her own composition, although handicapped by only 34 keys on the small upright piano provided.

Jacob Apatow, first president of the Club, expressed his pleasure at being present. He passed around a large photograph of amateur journalists taken in Brooklyn in 1908, about the time the Brooklyn Amateur Journalists' Club was organized. Jacob Apatow, Charles Heins, James Morton and Edwin Hadley Smith were easily distinguished in the group.

Burton Crane, Mrs. John Collier, Mrs. Tessida Schwinges and Felicitas Haggerty made brief remarks. Edward Dewing read entertainingly his poem about the Club members. Mrs. Holden again favored with her piano compositions.

Meantime Chairman Morton was busy unwrapping minerals which he had carefully prepared as souvenirs. These were placed in two inch black boxes (naming the mineral) mounted on thin 5x7 white cardboard stating "In Memory of the Blue Pencil Club Annual Dinner, Hotel New Yorker, February 15, 1941." Elwood Janes was asked to distribute these interesting souvenirs to those present.

Vincent next called upon Chairman Morton, who expressed his great love for the Blue Pencil Club and told of its unique record of holding a meeting every month since it organized. He said he found his wife through the Club, and remarked that whoever picked a wife from the Club would get a good one.

Pearl Morton, the Literary Director, requested her husband to present for her the prizes, customarily awarded on this occasion to the members receiving the most votes during the year for prose articles or poetry on the subjects assigned each month by the Literary Director. Vincent Haggerty received the prose award, a telephone list finder. Edward Dewing won the poetry award, a pad of paper with pencil and electric bulb useful in jotting down middle-of-the-night inspirations, etc. Thereupon Edward Dewing presented James Morton with a book gift in token of his own ability.

Vincent then called upon Herman Weckstein, who spoke briefly, and the youngest member, Virginia Heins, (daughter of Charlie Heins, the old-time amateur journalist), entertained with several scenes from her stock company acting in Maine last summer.

Vincent Haggerty then stated that he would prefer to call upon all present, but the Committee wished to conduct a Literary Quiz and yet allow time for chatting afterwards. Chairman Morton took charge, and explained that each person would be questioned in turn and if answer was correct would receive a slip of paper, prizes to be given for the most slips. Nobody answered a few of Mr. Morton's inspired questions. Katharine Collier and Edward Dewing were tied when he finished, so they were given further questions until Katharine finally triumphed. Mr. Dewing received second prize.

The meeting then officially adjourned, but no one hurried away. You heard the sound of voices all talking at once. There was piano playing and singing. You could see the real amateur journalists

cont. on last page

X-PN 4827 #177

The Breath

Published by Willard Thompson, 128 E. Clinton St., Rushville, Illinois. Member of the AAPA.

SUMMER, 1942 VOL. I, NO. 1

I have gone to Spritualist meetings and gotten "messages" but the names I never recognized. Not always amusing either.

They have left me thankful that my friends are all here — "That this is the best of all possible worlds."

Thinking of the friends I have lost by life is something else again. It would take up all the missing columns in the world.

I would like to say it is "progress". But real friends are few.

X-PN 4827 177

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APR 2 1984

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X-PN 4827

#179

The Bugle

Chipley, Florida

A Little Paper
With A Big Toot

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

May, 1942 -- Volume II, Number Fifteen

Boots In The Belfrey

By Daniel Harrington

Oh east is east and west is west
  But in theater aisles they meet,
When east goes west and west goes east
  To trample o'er my feet.
The western aisles are wide and free
  The east is uncontested—
But no matter how free they all might be,
  Mine's always |*★x%@‡ congested.
Boots, boots, boots, boots,
  Marching up and down again,
Stumbling through the corridors
And pounding on my corns.
  Foot slog, slog, slog,
Slogging on my callouses
  Until I my only wish is that
I never had been born.
  Yes, east is east and west is west—

(Continued on next page)

Buy Bonds Today !!

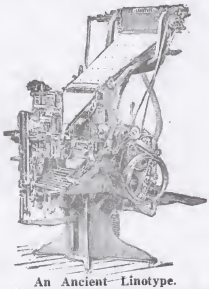
X-PN 4827

#150

The Bugle

Qulihed m●nthly @ Chi¢ley, Florida,
$y Jimmie Seller$.Mem$er, &&¢&.
(A¢ologie$ to &lonzo)

April, 1942—Volume II, No. 14



An Ancient Linotype.

"A Little Paper with a Big Toot."

X-PN 4827

#121

Breezy Blasts

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

March 1942

Photo of Bessie Barnes of Spokane, Wash., and Maurice E. White of Chicago, Ill. This was taken July 5, 1941 while they were attending the "late lamented Louisville convention."

X-PN 4827

#152

Breezy Blasts

JULY • • • • • • • • • • 1943

To An Old Sweetheart

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Today when you came on the stage,
I could not my surprise assuage;
I knew that you were going to shave
The speakers platform—but your hair,
Not gray, but pshaw, your wear it long!
I feel that this is surely wrong.
Your eyes that were a liquid brown
And looked like black if you chose to frown,
Are hidden by your glasses now;
I note your suit is white, you bow.
Returning the are dreams of mine
From twenty years before, they twine
Again around my heart and haunt
My mind. A smile I then must flaunt,
Erase emotion from my face,
To stay my poise, and pride, and grace.
The sound of your voice brought anew
Your words to me as fresh as dew,
Words uttered under summer skies
When I dared not look into your eyes.
In breathless rapture I hear now
Your voice so sweet, so dear, and vow
That I am glad I married Ben,
Who sees the barber now and then.

—**Maloy Byrns.**

X-PN 4927

#153

SCIENCE SERIAL

APR 29 1944

Breezy Blasts

Sept. **** *1942*

Starting Another Year

We are starting off a new year in the United. More papers are being published and activity is increasing. We must all work hard to make it a success. And during these times a momentous drama is being enacted upon the world's stage. The Japanese treachery has plunged us into another war. Now the whole world has become a gigantic battlefield.

In the face of the unfolding events, what about the United? Will its activities continue as in the past? The answer is left up to the members. Will we answer the challenge triumphantly?

In times like these recreation is a vital need, because it affords relaxation. What better form can be found than writing for the enjoyment of it? Along with the enjoyment, it helps to create lofty ideals. It is conducive to a higher form of life.

It is easy to publish a paper of your own. Those who

Y DN 4827

Breezy Blasts

December ●●●●●● *1942*

BOUNDEN
JOURNAL, REPORT
APR 29 1944

Dreams

Where goes the smoke of the pipe dreams
I have dreamed as I sat next the fire?
They are caught on a breath of fancy
And wafted higher and higher.

Caught on a breath of fancy
And blown away to the sea;
Expanded, billowed, and tinted
They shine for the world to see.

The shades of a million day dreams
Have been gathered up into the sky;
They sail in their glorious splendor
Whenever a sunset is nigh.

—LOIS ERNST.

R-N 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
COPY
GIFT

Breezy Blasts

December ●●●●●● *1942*

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X-PN 4827

#186

The Bugle.

SERIAL RECORD

Chipley, Florida.

JAN 23 1945

A Little Paper
With A Big Toot.

Special "Gay Nineties" Issue.
Volume 2, Number 14

L. E. Sellers, father of the editor, as he appeared in a recent play here entitled "Bubbling Over."

X-PN 4827

#157

The BELL

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

IN (G¢ HAM
TO MAKE LIFE A LITTLE MORE
INTERESTING FOR ALL

Vol. I J anuary 1922 No.4

THAT IS - EXCEPT THAT BEEF STEAK

I was reading a book when I glanced over to where my friend was sitting, He had been reading the newspaper but had fallen asleep.

Suddenly I heard a grating, grinding sound.This surprised me and I looked everywhere to see if I could find where this noise was comingfrom. Finally I decided that it was a mouse, although we hadn't been bothered with mice lately. So I continued reading. Then the noise sounded again. I happened to glance over at my friend. Did I ever feel sheepish! He was making the grating, grinding noise. I was ssure he was dreaming that he was eating.

And, I determined that it should not all be imaginative eating. I quietly stole out to the kitchen, where I found a piece of beef steak which I cut into small pieces. Then with all of the caution which I could summon, I went back into the living room.

After waiting a moment all was ready. I popped a piece into his mouth as he opened it. He went right on chewing. On the second bite his face lit up and I imagined that he was enjoying the steak. I fed him piece after piece. He looked ready to weep after I had given him the last piece.

(Concluded on page 4)

X-PN 4827

#155

The BELL IN (G) HAM

TO MAKE LIFE A LITTLE MORE INTERESTING FOR ALL

Vol. I. March 1942 No. 3

HERE COMES BELLINGHAM

With this issue of the Bell, the Bellingham Amateur Press Club has published six papers since the convention, and several of the members are planning a third paper.

We have only four members but hope to make up in activity that we lack in numbers.

In our paper drive the club collected around $2.00 per person.

Besides these things the club has had a number of meetings, and also a display of amateur papers.

This issue marks another goal, for with it the Bellingham club is starting a membership drive. We will try to get more publicity and get it in more ways then before.

Our goal is 500% activity than the average of the rest of the United. Is the rest of the club going to allow this effort to go unchalanged?

Bellingham has hopes of ultimately becoming an amateur journalism bulwark, as Seattle has been for many decades.

So, HERE COMES BELLINGHAM.

The Bellingham club is a great example of democracy, We have two schoolteachers as members, and two high school students.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827

Back to Eden

Monthly Flower and Garden Magazine

Vol. 9 DE QUEEN, ARK., SEPTEMBER, 1942 No. 2

Approved By Woman's Naticnal Farm and Garden Association, Inc.

BEGONIAS FOR WINDOW CULTURE

By Eva Kenworthy Gray, San Diego, California

Begonia plants are becoming more and more popular as many flower lovers are awakening to their culture, and finding them satisfactory plants for the winter garden. For window culture in pots to grow during the winter there are many varieties to choose from. The semperflorens have been the most widely grown for their ease of culture, but now many new varieties have been introduced and grown from seed. A window full of these potted plants in bloom during the cold weather outside are always a source of pleasure. Some are old well-known begonias such as the Weltonensis varieties, while now we have the foreign seedlings gathered from other countries. Of the few I will mention one is from a seed that came in with a shipment of orchids and was found in the Manda glass house. It was not identified and from the woolly new leaf was dubbed the "Woolly Bear." It is a small compact grower and always full of its white flower clusters. It grows easily from seed. The dichroa species are really beautiful with sprays of yellow flowers, but is rather particular in its care, but now we have crosses from it that are more hardy and easier to keep. The flowers of these crosses are usually pink or red, but have the lovely long pointed leaf of the parent and often spotted with silver.

We now too have a begonia grown from a cross between the old well known Sutherlandi and Lucerna that is evergreen and has nice pink flowers. This makes a very fine basket plant. My favorite of the winter blooming begonias is one that grew from seed sent from the ruins of Machu Picchu in Chili. It has been grown under various names but the most favored one is "Bracteosa" so called from the bract that covers the buds. Others call it Roezlii. But no matter by what name it is known it is a beauty worth growing. Is not at all particular and grows readily from seed. The flower is in clusters on the ends of the branches and a lovely pink with a touch of lavender. Will bloom all winter and well into spring. Though inclined to grow tall, by pinching out the tips of the top branches it will branch out more.

The new variety of Christmas begonias are very popular. Seed planted in July will be ready to bloom in about six months and a window full of these gorgeous red flowers are most cheery, especially to those living in cold countries with a snow laden view from the window. These are easily grown from seed, and the little seedlings potted up when they have grown their second leaf respond quickly and begin to bloom when only a few inches tall.

Of course we also have the recumbent types that have been grown for years by the begonia lovers. The old Haageana and these types are too well known to describe. A few of these set seed pods but are very slow in making a large plant, but by root division one soon has a fine blooming plant that is a joy.

MORE ABOUT FRAGRANT GERANIUMS

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb, Luverne, Minn.

The Scented Geranium Round Robin to which I belong has given me much information which I pass along to the readers of Back to Eden. In this Robin which comprises members of many states we describe the ones we have and know giving correct names, and enclosing leaves, also addresses of dealers. I

(Continued on Page 3)

X-PN 4822

#12

BRUSH-FIRE

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

8

JUNE 1942
$1 a year, 10c a copy

X-PN 4827

BRUSH-FIRE

LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

9

JULY 1942

$1 a year, 10c a copy

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#142

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

COPY
CHF

The Bulletin Board

Published quarterly by the Board of Directors

June, 1943

Chuck The Gloom

by Michael Phelan

JUST because a few AAPA bundles are thin, and the armed forces keep plundering our men with seeming-glee, and a few top officers resign for reasons both good and not-so-good, 'tis no sign to toss in the towel and exclaim with finalty, "We're done--we're sunk--we're through!" For it isn't so.

We'll get nowhere by howing we're licked, and assuming a passive attitude. We need a spirit of effort. No need saying we're in a tough spot; we know that. Most all of us are working longer hours now that we did heretofore, and we have another activities than a. j. to take our interested attention. But as long as we're

(Continued on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

Breezy Blasts

August ******** *1943*

Classification

I'm the servant of a pencil,
not a slave to pots and pans.
I feast myself on poems,
not common beans from cans!
I'm the maid of Inspiration,
not a Cinderella-girl;
My head is wreathed with verses
in this day of dainty curl.
Yes, an absent-minded poet---
that's what I'm called, I think;
I wrote this verse with---COFFEE!
Oh, gosh! I drank the INK!

—VEDA B. COLLINS

ead all bare
the wind and snow,
't it there
know

d bright.
new white dress,
ed it tight
ppiness.

s do.
ittle girl friends,
dresses in two—
story ends

BURTON CRANE

SOMETIMES one gets the feeling that in all the nebulae there cannot possibly be a star with even one of its planets as absurdly wicked as our own little grain of sand.

Bavardage: a periodical of sorts
Vol. 5. Winter 1943 No. 2.

Riverside Sketches

Sophronisba

DOWN THE GARDEN PATH, HIS BRIGHT, red uniform of H.M. Canadian M.P. flashing in the winter noon-day sun, he came, this battle-scarred veteran to pay a brief call. "Hi! Mountie." "Hi! Sir." Pointing to a pale red blob and a band-aid, "How did you get it?" " 'Cause," he replied with great importance, "I broke a bone in my leg and," with manly disgust, "I must wear it for a while or so." And Momsie says," he added very seriously as an after-thought, "Momsie said it was quite in-con-see-kwent-shall and of my-nor importance."

I KNOW a moon-drenched garden
where the land in beauty dips
garbed in ghostly splendor
to the Mystic's frozen lips.

NANCY ANN WAS DISCOVERED IN THE PANTRY STANDING ON a chair, her little hands shoved deep into the pockets of her new brightly flowered house coat, a look of indecision on her puckered-up chubby face. Asked what she was doing on a chair in the pantry right before the newly frosted cake, Little Dot's youngest sister answered, primly, "My conscience is speaking to me and I am paying marked attention."

x-294527 #195

Bavardage

a periodical of sorts

Spring 1944

X-PN 4827

The Brown Study

Published in Spring of '43
By members of U. A. P. C.
That once enthusiastic group
Which now to this delights to stoop.

While trying to decide on a name for this miscellaneous conglomeration of types and ideas, we were told that to be in a "BROWN STUDY" meant to be in deep thought. As the material here presented illustrates anything but that, we chose this ironical title.

So much for explanation. And now Elaine, speaking for herself, says, "My work as a missionary for the "Mormon" Church for sixteen months, my subsequent marriage, the death of my father and the responsibilities which come with trying to manage a printing shop and take care of a home have made it impossible for me to continue my a. j. activities for the past two years. And so to many of you I am probably nothing but the name of an unsuccessful and inactive Ex-president. However, my heart has been in the work and in my few spare moments I have enjoyed reading most of the papers and sharing the joy of hearing about the conventions. Now, as conditions permit, I plan to publish an occasional "Inklings", write a postal card or two and maybe even try to help stir up the Utah A. P. C. again. I cannot hope for such a return welcome as the initial one I received nor can I devote so much time to the hobby, but I beg to be thought of as an ardent devotee of Amateur Journalism an a hobby and of the N.A.P.A. as an organization."

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
#157

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THE BLUEJACKET

By Americans . . . for Americans

OCTOBER - 1943.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF IT ALL:

Being tired after running around in Los Angeles over the weekend, I put myself to bed about 6:30 one Monday night not so long ago. I had just gone to sleep when someone awoke me and asked if my name was Riddle. When I affirmed that rather sleepily, he then introduced himself as Joe Curran.

For a minute at least, I must have stared at him before it dawned upon me who he was! JOE CURRAN---formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, and AAPA publisher of THE FREE LANCE EDITOR and with whom I had corresponded for about a year, was standing there in front of me in real flesh and blood before my very eyes. He was the last person whom I ever expected to meet.

Joe and I spent several hours together that night (no, I didn't get as much sleep as I expected) and almost every night since. As he had been transferred to this base also, it was decided that we should get toegther and publish some sort of a journal.

This is it---whether you like it or not, we don't know. It's done just for the pleasure we can get out of doing it, as all amateur journals should be. We won't apologize for anything that crops up in it, and we won't take the blame for anything you find printed in these pages. Fair warning is enough!

Now that you have read why you are reading this, the rest is open for your perusal.

REVEILLE

By PVT. DAN HARRINGTON

Somewhere in New Jersey, out in never-never land,
Where the stormy old Atlantic breaks upon the shining sand,
Where the days begin at nighttime in the summer and winter,
Lies the answer to a jailer's prayer---our ORTC center.

Before the skies have had a chance to silver in the east,
Brassy bugles, loud and strident, blown by a mad inhuman beast,
Rocking walls and ringing rafters shudder thru a thousand heads,
Thinking "We are going to need a bugler, the one we've got will
soon be dead!"

X-PN 4827

#198

The Boys' Herald

FOUNDED 1871 BY ENGLISH & HALL—REISSUED 1904 BY EDWIN HADLEY SMITH

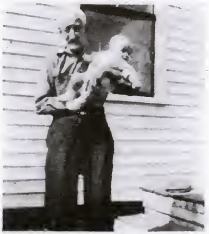
Vol. 72, No. 1 Point Pleasant, N. J. January 1943

C. W. SMITH WHEN 10 YEARS OLD

He wrote in 1942 tintype in an old I fell im love I fought im early

"I found this album of girls with and boys 1860"

C. W. SMITH IN HIS 80th YEAR



C. W. SMITH and his 11th great-grandchild. Photo of 1942. 88 years between the oldest and youngest of the family

C. W. SMITH AT "THE TRYOUT" TYPE CASE IN HIS 90th YEAR

#199

B E L L E T T E

A publication of comment by Edna Hyde McDonald, 1974 University Ave.
New York 53, N. Y.
Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association.

No 17 — June 1943

"A good reporter must first be able to think, then be able to feel, and last, but however not least, be able to find things out."

William Bolitho.

NEIL HOUSE, COLUMBUS, OHIO, July 3rd, 4th, 5th.

The convention meeting-place has been changed. Springfield is in a defense area and accommodations were not obtainable. The change should make no great difference to the membership. Springfielders will still be in charge and a successful convention is assured. Make your plans early and join us. There is no better way to get acquainted than by attendance at a convention.

Some of the Wild Amateurs you will Meet

are Frank Roe Batchelder, President of the Fossils; V. B. Haggerty, for whom this will be his 22nd convention; Vondy for whom it is the 18th; Willametta Turnepseed, whirling dervish of activity in the Ohio sector; Rusty Weixelbaum, efficient Secretary; Lois Grimes who looks like a movie actress; Mabel Forrer who gets along so swimmingly with Sir Miguel Burton Crane who really KNOWS about printing; Helm Spink who pretends he doesn't; the Diamonds who actually sparkle; Sir Miguel himself, the Bard of Woburn; Felicitas and Jane, "the" McCarthys; and perhaps even a few soldiers, sailors, and marines. You are going to be sorry if you don't come. Henry Morganthau, Randolph Paul and the Honorable Mr. Doughton will get your money anyway. Eleanor Roosevelt travels. So, make your plans!

The New Constitution

should be adopted. It is not perfect, but changes may be made later when its feasibility has first been proved. The old Constitution is unwieldy. Cast your ballot, then, for the new Constitution as it stands.

- - - - - - -

Since our last effusion: Luncheon with Clifford Laube, an event. The recital of poetry was as natural as the ham-and-eggs. A celebration of Victor Moitoret's 23rd and 24th birthday, necessitated by the fact that he missed last year's by crossing the 180th meridian on April 14th. Eleanor Thomas, amended to Eleanor Nelson, on a ten day jaunt to New York. Crepes suzettes with the Haggertys, side-cars with Crane, ginfizzes with Batchelder, and good in everything.

Then, the Fossil's Dinner, at which the completion of Truman Spencer's History of Amateur Journalism was announced. Felicitas Haggerty has been doing the typing as a labor of love. It will be done soon and the History, it is hoped, out before the end of the year. Make sure to buy at least one copy when it is ready. It is the bible of amateur journalism and, who knows, your name may be in it.

X-FN 4827

#200

X-PN 4827

B E L L E T T E

An impudent publication, issued by Edna Hyde McDonald, 1974 University Avenue, New York City, and affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association.

Volume 1 February 1943 No. 16

There are rumors of abandoning the convention. But why? Are there not, in Springfield alone, sufficient members to conduct a convention on their own, even if Cleveland and New York do not come on to help them? The convention cannot, of course, be an elaborate affair but it does seem as if we might maintain continuity at least after nearly seventy years of existence. And where is that ingenuity with which journalists the world over are endowed? BELLETTE could hold a convention alone any place, given enough proxy ballots.

This might also be the place to remind ourselves that such diversions as amateur journalism are more than ever essential in times like these. "Man does not live by bread alone." No more can he exist or exert his best effort in any direction without the stimulation of those recreations which appeal to him. When he tries to live to one cause purposefully, putting everything else out of the way, he becomes what you have in the total states. Man lives and is free only by doing those things which he enjoys.

- - - - - -

The N.A.P.A. has existed for nearly seventy years and in all that time it has never been "adequately financed." We do not know how it manages to sustain life but we think it is because there have always been loyal members to dig in and shell out, and others, like me, who keep up its printing and publishing tradition just for the fun of it. What we cannot understand are those Silemt Sams who hang on year after year, never uttering a mumblin' word, content to remain lines of type upon the membership list.

- - - - - -

"I find today in amateur journalism a relief from the tension of my work, the daily news, the general war atmosphere. In fact, I think that if I did not have it I would find a substitute, for the diversions of normal life are to me no palliative these days."

From a letter from Tim Thrift, Dec. 1942.

- - - - - -

"The price of intense living, enjoyment, is fatigue; one dies of living. A mature man is one who does not have to go outside himself for his controls. A mature man is one who can trust himself with himself. What I have loved well, no one can ever take from me. How nearly perfect; to know that one whom you like, likes you. To love, begin anywhere."

From David Grayson's Under my Elm.

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#201

Bellingham Progress

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Vol. I No. I

AMATEUR PAPER DISPLAY

The Bellingham membership of the U.A.P.A., thought that it would be a good idea to stir up some interest in a.j.--hence the display.

As the Association was founded Sept., 2nd, it was thought that such a display would be fitting between Sept. 2nd and 6th, at the Bellingham Bay Public Library.

A meeting of amateur journalists will be held Monday, Sept. 15th, in room 227 or the Assembly Room, in the Herald Bldg., at 8 P.M. All persons interested in a.j. are invited to be present. Please be on time.

311881 22 Ap 44

X-DN 4827 "Private Lives" THE LIBRARY OF #702

Written by Doris Schwanke, Dick Brauch, Paul Jackson, and Hallock Card. Produced by

JUN 28 1945

THE BOND

Vol. I Anniversary Special 1944 No. 2

Doris Schwanke

34 Elmwood Terrace, Irvington, N. J.

Dot began writing for the AAPA late in 1941 as co-editor of the "Kink" with Walt Strombach. Then came the "Hellbox," and just when things were getting on their way, Walt left for the Army in 1942. Since then she has been writing occasionally free-lance.

Dot is a Junior Cadet Nurse at All Souls Hospital, Morristown, N. J. At the moment she is at the Jersey City Medical Center for three months affiliation.

Her latest venture is co-editing "The Bond" with Hallock Card.

Don't forget to send a short account of yourself for "The Bond."

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#203

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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The Bond

Vol. I Autumn 1944 No. 3

Election - Nov. 7 ☞ Vote for DEWEY

Armistice Day - Nov. 11 ☞ May it once again bring PEACE to the world

1944 NOVEMBER 1944

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

Thanksgiving Day - Nov. 23
☞ Give thanks unto God

X-PN 4827

#2-4

The Baltimore

Edited by Edith Roeth,
616 Ashburton Street,
Baltimore, Maryland

Merry Christmas to you,
Many Happy New Years too,
Your whole life through
Is my wish so true.

R 29 1944

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

I am thankful for my eyes,
And that I can use my hands;
To see the beautiful skies,
And feel the silvery sands.

I am thankful you cared
Enough to let me write;
So it can be shared
With others in their dark night.

So that is my prayer,
I am giving thanks to Thee;
And I will not despair,
That I Your face will see.

X-PN 42 : 7

#105

The Berkshire Breeze

Published Irregularly for the N. A. P. A.

No. One *West Cummington, Mass.* *April 1944*

To The Editor

In brief we have a world to live in.
It is not perfect—seldom sane—
We do not recognize our fate
Yet there is little left to gain.
But you, O Son, so full of life,
So sure of what you'll see tomorrow;
You are the object of our dreams,
The salt of life to season sorrow.
Keep up the spirit burning there,
The world will need it more ere long,
When crushed and weary with its wounds,
It yearns to hear a heart'ning song.

— Thomas F. Whitbread

April Song

The other day I was sitting all alone in a window-side seat. When I looked out of the window all I could see was a curtain of rain and mist, covering everything with a gloomy atmosphere. Puddles of muddy water dotted the ground as the endless rain came down. The gaunt trees extended their bleak arms in silence, as the grass

X-PN 4827

The Berkshire Breeze

Volume I October, 1944 Number 3

Burton Jay Smith: 1916-1944

The tragic news has come that Burton J. Smith was killed in action in the European theater Although I never met him, I know what influence Burton had in the NAPA. Our association has sufferred an irreplaceable loss. No mere type will ever be able to express my feelings when the tragic message was received.

"Come unto me, ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."-Matthew 11:28

He has answered God's call.

This issue of "The Berkshire Breeze" is humbly and respectfully dedicated to the memory of Burton Jay Smith.

—Thomas B. Whitbread

#207

X-PN 4827

PLEASED TO MEET YE ALL

THE BELL

IN (G) HAM

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

PUBLISHED IN YE OLE
GREAT NORTHWEST
NEAR BEAUTIFUL MOUNT. BAKER
IN THE EVERGREEN STATE.

APR 29 1944

VOL. I NO. I BELLINGHAM, WASH.

A WORD FROM THE NORTHWEST EDITOR

The Writer sure is *proud* to publish a paper in this Great Northwest, thus joining the many other amateur Editors. Wishing to send greetings to ye all. Am proud to be a member of the last free press in America, and will do all that is within my power to further amateur journalism.

This paper will be published as often as possible. All suggestions or criticisms will be appreciated. Please send them to Alton Magnuson, 1326 Lincoln St., Bellingham, Wash.

JUST WONDERING. Can the writer lay claim to being the youngest editor in the club? Would be pleased to know if there is an editor in the club my age or younger--15 last December.

PLEASED TO MEET YE ALL

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JAN 28 1944
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THE BAY STATER

Vol. 4. No. 1 Somewhere In England January 1944

A Broadcast From Home

A dark, damp, dreary evening somewhere in England, blacked out by the terrible war which embraces the world. It is pass night but there are a few fellows staying in camp. They make their way wearily to the dayroom, a small-sized imitation of home which the boys have created in their spare time. They talk about home, their civilian jobs, their schooldays and the girls and wives they left behind. It is a lonely little scene, these few men sitting around the fire with sad-looking faces. Then suddenly the radio blares out "We take you now direct to the Yankee Stadium in New York by shortwave for a play by play broadcast of the second game of the 1943 World Series." The lights seem to go up as ten faces are lifted as one and happy smiles begin to beam across the room. They're at home now, right in little old New York, these men are. They are playing the game right along with the players. It's turned out to be a happy evening after all.

X-PN 4827

BLIND AWAKENING

APR 29 1944

The first in a series of poems by
Charles Herberger, Jr.

X-PN 4827

#210

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

THE BLOWOUT

Vol. 1 SEPTEMBER 1944 No. 2

BILL OF RIGHTS NOW ASSUMES MORE IMPORTANCE THAN EVER

* * * * * *

"...FOR I AM AN AMERICAN..."

JUST What Does this mean to you? Is it merely a line from a popular song or does this phrase express a feeling of gladness—a shout to the world, "I'm an American and I'm pretty darn proud of it?"

Refugees for generations, reaching our shores, have breathed a prayer of thanks for the tolerance of being able to think, say, read, worship as they pleased, and be protected in doing so.

"But aren't these the basic rights of mankind?" we say. Yes, but being citizens of the United States we forget that to some people these rights are denied. When our constitution was presented, the little guys, not the big shots, felt something was lacking—like a story without a plot. It wasn't a Bill of Rights, but the small fellow wanted to see them down in black and white for his children, posterity, and the world to see that in this country a man is really free.

"What is the Bill of Rights?" The Bill of Rights is America and all it stands for!

—*FRED KASIN.*

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#211

THE BOHEMIAN

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 2516 S. TRUMBULL AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

AMERICA

By AGNES MINKINA

America, the free and democratic nation,
Your country, my country, the country of the free.
May it never from freedom be parted,
May it dictatorship never see.
May its air never be filled with gases,
May trenches in its fields never be.
May war-planes never soar above it,
May it forever be free!

America, our free and democratic nation,
Prospering, progressing, a gleaming future in store.
May its progress never be hindered
By the unmerciful slaughter of war.
May its buildings never be shattered,
May battleships never line its shore,
May the people never be frightened,
May there never be a war.

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#212

The Bellevue Echo

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS JUN 1 1944 COPY GIFT

12 pages Bellevue, Ky., April 1944 Price 2c

First Anniversary Edition!

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 1 1945

The Bellevue Echo

12 pages Bellevue, Ky., July 1944 Price 2c

Fire Carnival August 3, 4, 5

Volunteers Needed For Surgical Unit

The Bellevue and Dayton Surgical Center's monthly quota for surgical dressings is 18,000 per week. This Unit has always met it's quota and even gone over the top, but is now lagging and workers are needed badly.

Ladies, come to the Surgical Unit at the Bellevue City Building on any of the following days or evenings:

Monday and Tuesday Afternoons from 1 th 4.

Wednesday.....	9 A.M. to	4 P.M.
	7 P.M. to	10 P.M.
Thursday.....	9 A.M. to	4 P.M.
Friday	7 P.M. to	10 P.M.

PICNIC - LET'S GO!

Yum! Yum! Think about that good chicken dinner at the Campbell Co. Protestant Orphan's Picnic Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12-13.

This Orphanage is not maintained by the County and must rely on the proceeds from Picnics as the main source of income.

Continued on page 3

August 3rd, 4th and 5th have been selected as the dates for the Bellevue Fire Carnival at the City Building grounds.

There will be a merry-go-round and lovely prizes. The proceeds will be used for badly needed equipment. All citizens are urged to attend. Don't forget the dates: Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 3rd, 4th and 5th.

Land Donated To Boy Scouts

Mr. H. H. Harris, president of the Northern Ky. Council of Boy Scouts, announced the gift of a 193 acre tract of land located in Boone County, Ky. to the Boy Scouts of Northern Kentucky. The land was purchased and donated by Frank L. Michaels prominent Covington, Ky. manufacturer, and his two sons, Lewis and Lawrence Michaels of Covington. The Camp is to be known as the Boy Scout Reservation, and is located on Gunpowder Creek.

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JUN 28 1944

BIAS

FIRST ISSUE AAPA and NAPA JULY 1944

The Why and How

By Charles C. Hargis, Jr.

—/—

I have been a member of AAPA since April 1943. Most of you have probabaly seen the two issues of my "Journalistic Dispatch" which I managed to get out. Well, anyway time and a poor press finally made it impossible to publish any more, so I started writing for other papers. But recently a very good friend of mine joined the NAPA and got out "The Ink Blot" which appeared several months ago. Still desiring to get out a paper with someone else doing the printing of it, I had a talk with him, and together we decided to get out a paper. But one thing interfered: I belonged to AAPA and he belonged to NAPA, so, in order to avoid confusion I joined NAPA and he joined AAPA and we decided to make our publication for both clubs.

The next problem was a name for our paper. No doubt you are wondering where we got the very

—/—

(Continued on page 4)

Introducing Myself

By William K. Smith

—/—

Introducing myself is always difficult, so I will make this short and sweet. I am 14 years old and havejust finished my freshman year in school. My hobbies include Ajay, collecting phonograph records, playing in the band, cory and of course mowing the lawn.

I print a neighborhood paper twice a month. It usually averages six 8 by 10 pages. I love to write to printers especially if they are printer-publishers.

Inky Sez....

Comments on NAPA May bundle (by Bill Smith)

—/—

Congratulations to "Petite," "Cubicle," and "Rusty's Comet" for their excellent cover designs.

We new members really appriciate "The Mailer." It's chuck full of official information.

As usual "Literary Newsette" was an excellent example of mimeographing.

—/—

(Continued on page 2)

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A War Activity of Hudson County Amateur Press Club

★ BUNDLE OF FREEDOM ★

AN INDEPENDENT MAILING SERVICE FOR AMATEUR PUBLISHERS

●— Haig Anlian, Mgr., 327 Eighteenth St., Union City, N. J., U. S. A. —●

1944

PVT. GERBER REPLIES ON BUNDLE, SOLDIERS' VOTE — AND THE CENSOR!

(We turn over this space reserved for the mailer's message for an important communication from Pvt. Morris Gerber, sent via special delivery air mail from the South Pacific.-H.A.)

Dear Haig:

Day before yesterday I received your United Opinion and was overwhelmed by its unusual contents. It's about time several of our members got together to do something to improve our fine organization. Am referring to the Straw Poll Ballot (at least I received that one, being that I can't vote otherwise.)

I won't have to say anything further on (ex-Pres.) De Marco's Four Points as he described it better than anyone could've—on your first page of U. O. Your letters to U. O. were very much enjoyed. Critic J. S. Lynch is also doing a grand job.

Say, Haig, can you do me a great favor by trying to find out why I and others overseas are not receiving the United official organ and the regular mailings? Haven't seen it in a long time. The remark some member made some time ago about "being in doubt if us 'over there' would receive it" is just a line of hooey. So far I've been very fortunate enough to receive individual mailings from Uapian (plus other Associations) publishers. Also receive weekly mailings from Leon Stone (asorted extras).

I want to thank you all for the unforgetable encouragement you gave me on page five of your publication's Feb. issue. It was a grand writeup and news-story that I'll never forget. I'd like to reimburse you with some good news-stories of the S. W. Pacific, but am afraid that my friend the censor may not see my side of it. (Really, I have a good censor.)

Will write again soon. Regards to my dear friends back home.

Fraternally,

Morris.

(Pvt. Morris Gerber, 20253745, A.P.O. 922, c/o PM, San Francisco, Cal.)

Bundle of Freedom goes to publishing and writing members of United Amateur Press Association, with priority to our many Service Men and Women at home and overseas. We endeavor to reach many members of the United Alumni Association and also publishers of NAPA and AAPA, but it is to be realized that with 325 bundles we cannot reach everyone. Write us if you want to be on our mailing list. Publishers who want to send their papers through Bundle of Freedom can obtain particulars from us. Send us your change of address.

—The Mailing Manager

#218

THE BROOKLYN BEE

Vol. I, No. 1 JULY 1944 Brooklyn, N.Y.

NAPA

EFFORTS TO DISCOURAGE USE OF MIMEO, RUBBER TYPE, SMALL PRESS GAINING

Page 3

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."--- John, VIII, 32

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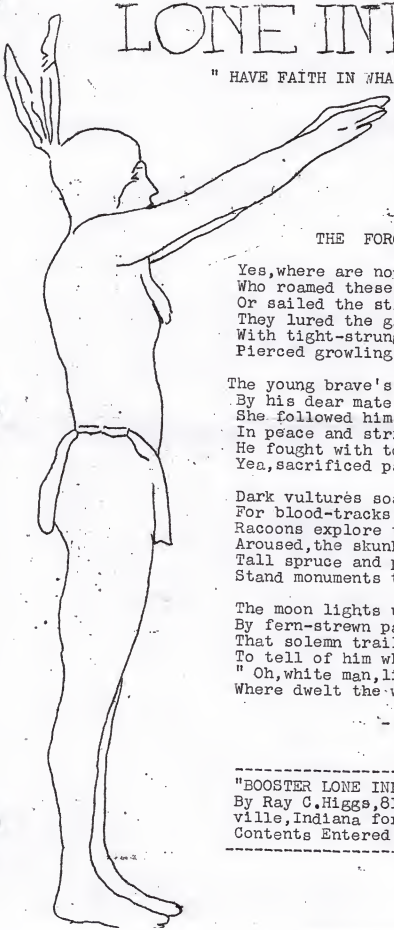
#217

B O O S T E R

LONE INDIAN

" HAVE FAITH IN WHAT YOU DO."

VOL.1-NO.3
SEPT. '44



THE FORGOTTEN MEN

Yes,where are now those sun-tanned men
Who roamed these woodland regions then,
Or sailed the streams in birch cannoes?
They lured the game with well-planned ruse;
With tight-strung bow and well-aimed spear
Pierced growling bear and swift-foot dear.

The young brave's love-call through the wood
By his dear mate was understood;
She followed him throughout the land,
In peace and strife with foes at hand.
He fought with tomohawk and knife-
Yea,sacrificed papoose and wife.

Dark vultures soar for corpses slain,
For blood-tracks wildcats lurk in vain.
Racoons explore the wooded dusk;
Aroused,the skunk expels his musk.
Tall spruce and pine with tow'ring tips
Stand monuments to silent lips.

The moon lights up a purling brook
By fern-strewn path and mos-grown nook.
That solemn trail alone remains
To tell of him who roamed the plains.
" Oh,white man,listen,and behold
Where dwelt the warrior of old."

- A.P.SONTUM.

"BOOSTER LONE INDIAN",Edited and Published By Ray C.Higgs,813 Eastern Avenue;Connersville,Indiana for LIF;UAPAA and AAPA. Contents Entered For Laureate Awards.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

Booster Lone Indian

" HAVE FAITH IN WHAT YOU DO."

VOLUME ONE. APRIL 1944 NUMBER ONE.

Sets Record In Becoming "FELLOW"

WHEN, less than six weeks ago, Ray C. Higgs of Connersville, Indiana joined the Lone Indian Fraternity, we did not think that in exactly 37 days he would be sporting the coveted FELLOW title of our organization. And yet, congratulations are in order, for Ray DID

gather together a total of 120 points in those few weeks. That's 20 points more than he needed. Yes, congratulations, brother Higgs. We all hope you will continue to boost the Fraternity always.

Brother Higgs majored in journalism, studied art and music, conducts his own 15-piece dance band, playing stage shows, night clubs and radio broadcasts. He does cartoon and comic work, is editor of printed newspapers, including THE AMATEUR PRESS for the American Amateur Press Association, and THE AMATEUR PUBLISHER for the United Amateur Press Association, being a member of both of these mighty fine amateur groups - also mimeographed papers and magazines and takes a big interest in Sports, including basketball, bowling, duck pins and baseball. He writes that he is "nuts" about photography, both still and movie.

With all of the above, he sums up that he has no time for "gals" and that is why he is still single.

And to top it all off, in his "spare" time he works in a war plant, the National Metal Products, Inc.

And so, brother Higgs leaves a great impression upon our members He has set a record of which he can be proud. It is one that will will be hard to beat, if ever it will be.

THE LONE INDIAN MAGAZINE.
December Issue, 1943.

* * * *

L.I.F. WELCOMES AJERS -

A warm welcome has been issued by Ernst T. Grube, President of the Lone Indian Fraternity, to all the members of the American Amateur Press Association, and the United Amateur Press Association. At present L.I.F. membership includes many of the A.A.P.A. and U.A.P.A. and visa versa, as many of the L.I.F. folks edit and publish amateur papers for both the A.A.P.A. and U.A.P.A. Thus being friendly with these two swell groups of amateur writers and publishers, we further invite all other ajers into our fold. L.I.F. is growing "by leaps and bounds", thanks to our good members who also belong to these press groups. We appreciate the many write-ups given L.I.F. in the amateur publications, and in return, may we urge members of our Fraternity to also join and help boost both the A.A.P.A. and U.A.P.A. They're Tops with us. For complete information concerning the LOne Indian Fraternity, also a copy of THE LONE INDIAN MAGAZINE, official publication of the organization, please write: Mr. Ernst T. Grube, 1010 Huron Ave. Dept. B.L.I.; Sheboygan, Wis.

* * * *

PROVIDING YOU ARE INTERESTED -

and care to see the picture of "yours - truly" together with a feature write - up concerning the same gentleman - by all means get the March issue of THE LONE INDIAN MAGAZINE., and it's all yours for only ten cents, with lot's of good

Please Turn to Page Two ——————→

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The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXXIV. HOHOKUS, N. J., MARCH, 1944 Number 1

X DN 4827

B. P. C. SMASHES A PRECEDENT

After maintaining the custom of an annual dinner for so long a time that the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant runneth not to the contrary, the Blue Pencil Club regretfully suspended for this year that function and decided to hold a regular meeting with special features — keeping the spirit alive if omitting the dinner itself.

At the December meeting at the home of President Haywood and Literary Director Matilda in Fair Lawn, a committee had been named to arrange for the dinner, the gastronomic group being composed of the Haywoods, Alice Cosine, Ed Dewing and A. M. Adams — all of them presumed to be experts in this line. During the interval between the December and the January meeting, Matilda called up most of the food emporiums in Northern New Jersey, only to discover that prices had riz since the Gay Nineties. So, at the January meeting, on motion of the Editor of this newspaper, it was decided that there wouldn't be any "banquet" in 1944, so far as the Club was concerned.

It was no lack of interest in the "Dove Cote" and its occupants that caused several of the members to miss the meeting. Unable to find Fair Lawn on the map, at least two of the members, noted for their scrupulous attendance at meetings if not prevented by broken ankles and one thing or another, moved into Paterson in a solid phalanx, enlisted the services of a local guide from 334 Summer street, and posted itself at various street corners to await a bus. Finally, overcome by the cold and by hunger, fearful that the food at the Haywood home would have been consumed and that the fuel problem there had not been solved, the pilgrims from New York sought a local dining spot and finally returned whence they came — via the Erie. In the meantime, Pearl had found a bus going that way and in due course arrived at the meeting to make her report.

Under the spell of the topic, "My Years in the Blue Pencil Club", the members became reminiscent and nostalgic, and particularly appropriate was the tribute by Pearl Morton to the late Vincent Haggerty, the contribution of the host having to do with the fortuitous discovery of the future Mrs. Haywood within the group, this lady and Ed Dewing singing the praises of the Club in verse. Before adjournment it was decided that the January meeting should be held at the home of Pearl Morton in Paterson, with "In the Beginning" as the topic.

Came the evening of January 15, and the members to the Morton domicile, plus two guests, George and Anita Mills. In the meantime, members had received copies of the December BROOKLYNITE, delayed too late for distribution at the previous meeting by illness of the printer — in fact, Ed Dewing, who by popular acclaim has become recognized as mailing manager, reported that he got the papers to the post office just in time to save the second class mailing privilege. In recounting the thrilling exploit Mr. Dewing declared: "It was neck and neck."

It being a dinner meeting and the Morton home well known both as to location and hospitality, 1944 started off auspiciously, with the versemakers in the majority, as evidenced by four contributions under this classification — Ed Dewing, Maude Holden, Eleanor Wood and A. M. Adams. There were prose contributions by Mesdames Jackson and Haywood, and Bill Haywood himself, as well as several contributions to the "march of dimes".

There seemed to be no argument when announcement was made that President Haywood's prose had won the accolade, but when the balloting developed that the Editor of the BROOKLYNITE had a majority of the votes in verse one of the members protested — asserting that while the winning contribution might be verse, it certainly wasn't poetry. The logical answer to that was, the author never thought it was poetry, a verdict which would be sustained by any jury of experts. The following sample, however, proves it was verse:

In the beginning Eve didn't care
Whether or not she had much to wear;
And in the beginning old Adam, the dub,
Never had heard of the Blue Pencil Club.

Chauncey Plyley at this time joined his wife Dorothy as a member of the Club and Rheinhart Kleiner was transferred from active to associate member. Invitation to hold the February meeting at the home of Eleanor Wood was accepted, with program to be announced later by the Literary Director.

Despite the fact that it wasn't the annual dinner, either the perfect weather or the lure of the hostess and her mother and the assurance of something different in the way of a program drew forth one of the largest attendances of the Club year at the February meeting in Ridgewood. The number present was between 20 and 30 — twenty-one, to be exact, and a number of visitors were present, in addition to members. No topic had been assigned, but the poets were not to be denied, and both Dewing and Crane "favored" in this respect — as

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The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXXIV HOHOKUS, N. J., JUNE, 1944 Number 2

SPRING FANCY

By ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

When I was a child, I used to walk in a wood.
It was another world, as such places seem
To a heart so young it imagines all things good.
There was the leaning wall to rest against, and dream.
There were the small birds stirring in the grass,
And nothing more. Far off the cow bells rang
As delicately as silver struck on glass,
As sweetly as the lark, invisible, sang.

Each April I think I will take time to know
That spring again; and changed, to look on change.
Yet in my heart I am sure I will never go —
There are horizons only dreams may range.
And there is no step backwood: nothing at all,
Not even the child who remembered the broken wall . . .

X-PN 4827

ALICE COSINE HEADS BLUE PENCIL CLUB

Reversing the usual process, members of the Blue Pencil Club went a-Maying to the New York City for their May meeting, held at the apartment of Betty Dorser — the first meeting to be held in the Metropolis in several months. It may have been the romantic influence of Greenwich Village; it may have been the actual presence of Spring, or it may have been the topic — "Spring Fancies" — anyway, all but one of the contributions were in verse, with the result that the essay by A. M. Adams won handily as the outstanding prose of the evening, with Eleanor Wood leading for the verse award, as this edition went to press.

On the poetical side of the ledger were the Haywood Twins — Matilda and William — Pearl Morton, Dorothy Plyley, Burton Crane and Ed Dewing, in addition to Winner Wood. Treasurer Laurence was unable to be present but his financial report was — and none too cheering for the stockholders. Secretary Callahan, too, was among the missing, but his excuse was regarded as more valid than most — the recent birth of a son and heir. Another missing officer was Literary Director Holden and in her absence, Burton Crane officiated.

In view of the fact that several of the Club members belong to the United Alumni, special attention was directed to the reunion dinner to be held at the Hotel Times Square on the evening of July 1, and note was made of the further fact that several Blue Pencilites will be in attendance at the convention of the National Amateur Press Association in Boston for several days immediately thereafter.

The April meeting, originally scheduled for the Plyleys, had been changed to the home of Alice Cosine in Paterson, owning to illness in the Plyley household. As usual, when the meeting is at the Cosine's, it rained, the attendance being cut materially on this account — but four 'phone calls were faithfully recorded.

"Horse and Buggy Days" was the topic, with the prose award going to Pearl Morton and the verse to Maude Holden. As to the food angle, one of the food experts present reported that "the dinner was delicious and hot, and there were two kinds of pie."

For the March meeting the John P. Callahans were hosts in Mahwah, with an afternoon threat of rain which failed to materialize, resulting in excellent attendance. Election of officers was one of the features of the evening, resulting in the election of Alice Cosine as President; Ed Dewing, Vice-President; Edward P. B. Laurence, Treasurer; John P. Callahan, Secretary; Maude Holden, Literary Director; and A. M. Adams, Official Editor. At this meeting, the prose award went to Bill Haywood, and the verse to Ed. Dewing. There were charades, too.

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The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXXIV HOHOKUS, N. J., SEPTEMBER, 1944 Number 3

BLUE PENCIL CLUB SURVIVES SUMMER

Members of the Blue Pencil Club — especially those living in pent-houses in the metropolis—deserted their victory gardens en-masse for the June meeting held for Member Edward P. B. Laurence at the home of his daughter and son-in-law somewhere in the foot-hills of the Paterson-Ridgewood mountains. Some who did not desert their vine-covered porches on that evening and make the trip were deterred by reports from explorers that there were no rail facilities contiguous to the home of the Trautmans — and anyone who has ever been bitten by a bus is forever shy, on the theory that trains start and stop at definite stations but the bus seems to wander hither and thither pretty much at will

One member representing the extreme furthest north of Club membership is reported to have promised faithfully to attend but got lost on the way — this is only rumor — but with suitable maps the Haywood Twins arrived safely by motor and gas. Arrivals by bus at the announced bus stop made made their way to destination by resorting to the novel expedient of inquiring of the natives — who seemed not unused to being accosted in this manner by puzzled foreigners.

According to the roving society reporter of THE BROOKLYNITE, the Trautman home is down a steep hill "and I mean STEEP, but outside sunporch and windows made the place comfortable despite the heat and turmoil of the day, and the cheerful philosophy of the hostess is embodied in the observation that it was all right to punctuate the contributions as read by rounds of applause — if the three children up-stairs weren't asleep it was O. K. anyway, and if they were asleep it would take more than hand-clapping to arouse them."

The subject assigned for the evening was "My First Date" — which is something the well-known female of the species seems to remember much more clearly than the male — although the impression might have been due to the fact that more females than males were present and contributing to the program. It finally was decided that Ed. Dewing's first date was the most interesting when set forth in prose, and that of Alice Cosine best lent itself to versification.

The meeting was saddened by the news of the death of Jane Mc Carthy, sister of Felicitas Haggerty, who while not a member of the Club was known to most of the Blue Pencilites, and suitable resolutions were drawn and presented by Mr. Dewing.

It is further noted by the society reporter that the entertainment feature of the evening was a game in which each one wrote on a slip of paper the name of some member and pinned it on the tag by the adjoining or adjacent person, then the tagees went round and sought the name on the tag by asking questions to be answered "Yes" or "No." Later, still quoting the society reporter, "we sat around a large dining table and indulged in some very good eats (sic) including sandwiches, several kinds of cake, tea, coffee, pickles, olives and such. As usual when we got our legs (sic) under the table we talked a blue streak (sic)."

Ridgewood welcomed the July meeting, the spot being the home of the Dewing family, with some doubt in the minds of the visitors as to the number of daughters in said family. There were "several", but it is stated that of the "several", "several" were not officially members of the family, and of the family's "several," "several" appeared "several" times — to the further confusion of the uninitiated. It was a dinner meeting and the guests arrived early — with the comforting knowledge that the Ridgewood station is hard by and fingers could be snapped at buses — if one happened to feel snappy.

Amazingly enough, Treasurer Laurence reported that after payment of printing bill for the current BROOKLYNITE, the Club still was solvent — to the extent of several $. It seems that on this occasion the Club membership was not too poetically inclined, verse contributions being confined to Eleanor Wood and Dorothy Plyley, with prose emanating from Chauncey Plyley, James Lebaugh, Maude Holden, Ed. Dewing, Ed. Laurence, Pearl Morton and A. M. Adams, all on the thrilling subject of "Doors."

During the meeting it was observed that the host "favored" what is known by his pupils in school as one "flipper" or "wing." and it is noted without comment that he had fallen down stairs. He insists that he was not pushed.

History was made at the August meeting of the Club — weather history. For the first time since the memory of members runneth not to the contrary (or something) the climate for the meeting in Plainfield, and presumably, if the attendance was small it was because the Blue Pencilites were grasping the last days of their vacations. As Plato says: "First Things First."

Be that as it may, the members commenced to gather around two P. M. and picked the Adams front porch as the scene of their activities. In the absence of the secretary for the steenth successive time, Ed. Dewing did the secretarying. Treasurer

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY OFF

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From: The News Sa
By Carl Gar

The Boy Newsman is a complete remodeling of Jeep's Creeps.

The Boy Newsman will carry no critic column. I will not mention any papers unless there is something special about it.

They talk of the heart-broken parents who's sons will never come home. What about the sons who will come back to a different home than when they left it. I am speaking of the mothers who are working when it is not necessary, while their 11 and 12 year old children are running wild around the town. Yes! And becoming wild!

Is there any other Kansas Ajerers be sides me, I, and myself!

The post card mineograph on which The Boy Newsman is printed is a advance Christmas present from Ye Editor's father.

I believe that The Scribbler was the most outstanding paper in the September bundle. It was printed in the form of a regular newspaper. An excellent job of printing.

X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
#223

The Baltimore

Editor
EDITH ROETHLEIT
616 Ashburton Street
Baltimore, Maryland

One day I saw, as in a dream,
A new and glorious day awake;
And then! I caught the gleam
Of a rainbow on the lake.

To me it meant a new hour,
In which to search my heart;
And realize God's wonderful power
From which I hope never to part.

GIVE US AN ANSWER, PLEASE

If anyone can answer these questions, please do so, as it seems no one knows the answers when I ask them.

Has a chicken a kidney?

If so, how many has it?

HOBBY FOR SHUT-INS

If you want to be a contented shut-in you must have a hobby of some kind, as no one knows loneliness like a shut-in.

My hobby is writing poetry and any other articles I can think of, also sending them to other shut-ins to help them pass their time; I hope I bring a few hours of sunshine to their lives.

X-89 482

The BALTIMORE

Edited by Edith Roeth
616 Ashburton St.
Baltimore, Md.

This friendly greeting I am sending
Hoping it will express,
All the joy I am wishing
For your Christmas happiness.

Also for your New Year
Much cheer and gladness,
And hope you forget the old year
With its sorrow and sadness.

★ THAT STAR ★

When the beauty of that starlight
Shines across the sea;
Then we remember on that night
Christ was born to set us free.

That star shining from above
Brought blessings rich and true;
And God's infinite love
Was then bestowed on you.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 25 1945
COPY
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THE BLACK CAT

INTRODUCING A NEW MEMBER

Hello fellers and gals. Im a new member and I spect Id better spend most of this hear paper tellin you all bout jest me.

Burton Crane tole me bout youse guys—you know hes an Old Meanie--what I mean is that he prints an Old Meanie—he reely isnt an old Meanie at all as he lets me use his press as I aint got none of my own yet—I hopes to get one soon so hows about if one of youse guys is drafted fore I is your selling or lending your press? I dont want an 10 by 15 or a 8 by 12 as theys too big—our celler has got 2 furnaces, 2 pot stoves, 2 coal bins—its a 2 family house-all the stuff my darling wifie canned, some empty trunks, barells, firewood, my daughters wagon, carriage—for when she was a baby shes past 3 now—her verloserpeed-she calls it a byke but its got 3 wheels—and Michels byke—hes the kid whot lives downstairs and up over the celler-we

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 23 1945
COPY
GIFT

THE BLACK CAT

Second Meow *December 1945*

Hello, amateur journalists! And here is that *Black Cat* back again. Only this issue was run off on a different press. And I do know how to spell. I'm hardly a novice, having set and printed 50 amateur journals since I first joined the N. A. P. A. in 1934. But this one is still quite an event as it is my first or second printed on my own press. Maybe it is not unique to—well, be a sponger for so long a time, but when you have a younger brother who owns an 8 by 12 and a couple of racks of type, you accept his cordial invite to use it instead of waiting to get your own. And years later, when a war plant job in Jersey brought me here and I had to room in a rooming house *alone* until I could locate suitable quarters for my wife and daughter, I was more appreciative than mere words can ever adequately express at Burton Crane's urging that I use his shop freely. I did. And now I have a press of my own—this was printed on it.

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FEBRUARY

THE BOND

Vol. 1 1945 No. 4

SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

Winter

The houses are covered with blankets of white;
The river is frozen with ice.
While majestically loom
The pines in their bloom,
And the children exclaim, "Oooo, how nice!"

There are snowballs on wing and on bodies;
There are faces all red and aglow.
Come on, folks, let's play
With ice skates and sleigh,
And revel in mountains of snow.

D. S.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JAN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

#228

The Bond

Vol. 1 1945 No. 5

Spring

The ground is covered with melting snow;
  The chill is gone from the air.
The trees are losing their haggard look,
  And the insects are everywhere.

The days of ice and snow have passed;
  The sun shines hot once more;
And all the birds are singing again—
  It's spring! Brrr—close that door.

D. S.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Bond

Vol. 1 1945 No. 5

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The ground is covered with melting snow;
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D.S.

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#220
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Bond

Vol. 1 1945 No. 6

The Bright Leads to Progress

How about something cheerful
As an asset for AAPA?
We've heard a lot of tearful
Thoughts from out "defeatist" way.
Now we'd like to sing the praises,
Of a witty little song.
That to the rooftop raises,
The enjoyment when you belong!
We've had enough mournful crying
Of political disunity.
How's about all of us trying
To smile on this Ajay Community?
We of THE BOND enjoy our hobby,
And we know that you do too!
Let's be bright; cut the sobby
Tales of woe; we will, will you?

RNT

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#231

The Berkshire Breeze

Volume I March, 1945 Number 4

Wilbur

(This is the first of a series of episodes dealing with the life of a small-town boy who has reached that stage of life which we call "adolescence." The boy's name is Wilbur Smith, and we consider Wilbur as ordinary and commonplace as any boy his age. However, every person is entitled to his own op'nion, so you may decide for yourselves just how ordinary Wilbur Smith is.)

Millville is an average small town, and the people living in it are average small-town people. Wilbur Smith was an average small town boy although sometimes he made one wonder just whether or not he *was* normal. But it all boils down to the fact that one should expect almost anything of a boy who is in the stage of adolescence. For truly the period of adolescence is one of trial and tribulation, and Wilbur Smith had his fair share.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 29 1945

A [illegible] publication [illegible] COPYRIGHT [illegible] by [illegible] Brainwave of Neal R. Pierce, [illegible] faithful member of the [illegible] Surplus Association. Address complaints to the editor, R. D. B., West Chester, Pa.

Printed by Revell Bowlin ---- A teen-age publication May, 1945 being the first Brainwave.

It seems as if my papers always miss the bundle. I am taking care that this one won't. I am writing the copy a month and a day before the bundle goes out.

Next month's Brainwave will be bigger in a much larger form and will be [illegible] (Did you like a vitamin pill ad?) of plugs for Williamsville [illegible] We also hope to have a few articles by teen-agers and one by Charles H. Russell. Watch for it.

The March bundle [illegible] for four papers, Slash, the Reviewer, [illegible] News, and Rusty's comet.

Slash does quite a bit of slashing but nevertheless it adds quite a lot to the bundle. I appreciate the comment on the left and the right and I guess I'll [illegible] even more heavy to the right.

The Reviewer makes one think of all the work poor guy must have to [illegible] (Please Turn Over)

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

THE BEACON

June 1945

The Intangibles of Amateur Journalism

I have been corresponding recently with several bright young persons who imagine they are on the royal road to success in the literary world. Professional journalism is staring them in the face---can they make it just around the corner. Our mimic world of letters is but a stepping stone for them on the long hard climb to the ultimate goal. In their haste they miss so much that is of great worth to them (and to us as well) that it is a pity they do not tarry with us yet a little while.

The intangibles of amateur journalism----the friendships made and never lost---the memories of these friendships cling to us down through the passing years. And, never forgotten, little inconsequential events at conventions---bitter campaigns we come to see were not so bitter but only seemingly so because we put so much of our heart and soul in them, to achieve our objectives.

One gains much and loses naught in amateur journalism to prepare him for a successful career in the larger field. Yet they find no beauties we do not see and prize in our more contracted field of literary en-

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

#234

Bundle of Freedom

A word from the mailer

A success ! That's the Bundle of Freedom, which has provoked scores of comments from amateur journalists everywhere, And now, here's another, with the "regular" and some additional papers.

Our 300--plus circulation covers genuine members of UAPA., Alumni, including all known to be in service (over es men's bundles mailed first class); also active NAPAers, AAPAers, Fossils and independents -- giving papers a good cross-section readership.

Begun by "United Opinion" Editors, the mailing is now a war activity of the eminent Hudson County Amateur Press Club. With our best talent represented on millitary duty, it is mandatory for us to promote goodwill, democracy and liberty WITHIN, AMONG and OUTSIDE the press associations. As journalists, as patriots--we too have a duty !

Send us your correct and changed addresses. Read the papers and let the editors hear from you.

Yours for Victory
HAIG ANLIAN
Mailer

327 - 18th Street
Union City, New Jersey

(To amateur editors; for particulars on Bundle of Freedom, write the mailer.)

THE BROCHURE

Vol. 7 JULY - 1945 No. 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

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WHAT "AMATEUR" JOURNALISM IS

Reprinted from
"Prairie Wind".

Amateur journalism came into recognition with the birth of the small printing press in the closing decades of the nineteenth century. Up until then the art of printing had been a delight enjoyed only by a favored few. But the advent of a practical & cheap printing press brought the fascinating charm of type and ink within the reach of every one. Youths everywhere turned eagerly to this new hobby & set up amateur print shops. At first they were content to turn out small orders of stationery, church programs and handbills. But no red-blooded American by living in the age of Greeley and Dana could long dabble in a type case without getting the publishing itch. So boy printers became embryo editors and amateur journalists. Cyrus K. Curtis was one of these, Thomas Edison another.

The amateur papers and magazines that came from the presses of these boy publishers were of all sizes and kinds—just as are the amateur publications of today. Some of the publishers charge subscription prices and accepted advertising; others scattered their journalistic efforts broadside, free to everyone for the asking. The amateur publisher of the latter type bore all the expense himself; he was then responsible to no one and could print what and when he pleased. It is this desirable condition—one of the traditions of amateur journalism carried down to this day—that has earned for the hobby of amateur journalism, the enviable title, "the only really press in existence". (continued on page six).

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28
GIF

THE BLOWOUT

Quill And Scroll Is Our Goal

Penny's Platter Bids Farewell

As we come to the end of another published journal, it is an extremely pleasant task to be able to glance back over our shoulders and view the past years of journalism. Years just--filled with hard work-sometimes merely routine but some how always strangely exhilarating-fun, laughter, and a few tears, headaches, and frowns.

My supreme aim has always been to turn out a paper that would be interesting, enjoyable, and perhaps educational to the readers. And if I've have created even a little interest or enjoyment for you then my cup is full-I'm more than amply rewarded.

My writings has been regared as a milestone in the passed. The experience gleaned here could not be bought-no, not even "for all the tea in China." It will always be a shining light in my future years-it has helped to round out my amateur success.

To those of you who have worked tirelessy behind the scenes with no thought of glory-to you unsung heroes I raise my hat in salute and earnestly send my thanks for your fine co-operation and good work.

X-PN 4827

"The Beacon"

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 29 1945

VOL. I. No. 5. MAY, 1943

Beds

By Alfred P. Babcock

Yes, beds you sleep in. G. Freitag casually mentioned one of them in his article in Telschow's March 1943 *Reverie*, and that set me to thinking. Beds are very important, and so little attention has been paid to them in ajay papers lately that I will make this attempt to try to rectify that deplorable situation.

Beds are somewhat synonomous with homes—or living-quarters. Beds are often the only essential item. In some rooming houses rooms have little else but a bed. You stay at a hotel—chiefly to use the bed. And when you go to a hospital, what do you get? Just a bed.

Now I will not say that you spend the better or the best part of your life in bed—you might feel that I was insulting you, intimating that you are of use to the world only when asleep. So I will not say it. But you can hardly argue that you do not spend more time in bed than in any other single spot in your home.

Beds! Why, you could spend a whole summer travelling around the East, just visiting places where they treasure the beds that Washington slept in. I am not saying that he did not—but if anyone checked up, he might find that George would have had to live 25 or 50 years longer than he did in order to have slept one night in each of the beds that has had that claim made for it.

And now to get a little more personal on the subject of beds. Or do you feel too sleepy? If so, just put this article aside, stretch out and doze off. It will probably be still around when you wake up.

Sleeping alone is no fun—or anyway it is not so interesting to read about. It's the bedfellows that count. I can recall several beds where I had one or more companions.

One particular bed was in Detroit. I had been hitch-hiking East through Michigan and was given a ride by a salesman. We got chummy and he suggested that I hang around a few days until his boss arrived from New York and I could probably get a job working with him. So I stayed with him for a week in a room on the 25th floor of the Book-Cadillac Hotel. He had the room at the single occupant rate, and bought the floor secretary candy and flowers so that she would not report the fact that the bed had two occupants. (A couple of nights it had three.) Tom's boss finally wired that other business kept him from meeting Tom in Detroit, so I went on to New York alone. When I got there, Tom's boss had gone West. (I guess I should have stayed in bed.)

There are two good reasons for bringing this little opus to an end. In the first place, so much thought about beds has made me sleepy. And more important, I don't want my wife to get the idea that I am just an old roue. (Whether I am or not I'm not telling.)

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
AUG 15 1945
GPT

X-PN 4827

THE BROCHURE

VOL. 7 JUNE - 1945 No. 1

P E R M A N E N T W O R L D P E A C E

(Mar.10,'45-Aboard a Troop-Transport in the Pacific)-Permanent World Peace was the subject during a forum on the S.S.(censored) by Lt. Col. Little, chairman, Mr. Alexander Van Watt(A.T.C.), speaker on Saturday 10th, 1945.

"Is your government a Democracy?" should be the ticket of admission,said Mr. Van Watt as he spoke about a permanent world government.

He was talking about the most urgent and important job for this generation-for you and me-to find a way to keep the peace in the family of nations.

Said Mr. Van Watt:"Unless we do this, there is not much use in doing lesser jobs.Up to the present time, this has been our greatest failure. But we do not need to go on failing.

Let's begin to succeed! Why can't we keep the peace when all the people want the peace? What causes war between nations? Is it human nature?-different opinions and beliefs?-ecomonic causes?

Let's look at the first: People of all races and classes live in peace within the same boundry of the U.S.A. without warring on each other."Human nature" expresses itself within the nation just as fiercely as it does between nations. But we live here in peace.

What about the second? There are many differences of opinion and belief within the U.S.A., but they don't start a war.

And the third:In the U.S.A.there are "haves"and"have-nots". Some states have oil, and others do not-some iron, others have none, but wars don't start within our nation because of this. How do we keep peace in America in the family of States, when we can't do it in the family of nations? There is one important difference. In the United States we have a government. In the family of nations, we have anarchy-no government, no authority.

The Federal Union idea was used by our founding fathers to preserve the unity and peace of the 13 colonies. It succeeded. To this Federal Union government, the states gave up only those powers of defence, commerce and foreign affairs which had to be given up to end the state of anarchy which existed. In everything else the states remained soverign and self-governing. In those old days, there was suspicion and distrust between the states, just as there is today between the nations. But there were strong bonds which drew the colonies orStates together in the federal union plan of government-a desire for peace and security-a determination to protect the freedom of the individual.

These bonds exist today between the democratic peoples of the world. We want peace and security. We want freedom of the individual. We want unity. If that is all we need, how do we get unity and peace and protection against war.

No permanent peace between nations is possible without a constitution and laws backed by a common defence force-to enfore the constitution and laws.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
AUG 13 1945
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#239

X-PN 4827

BRAINWAVE 8

Philadelphia JULY, 1945. BRAINWAVE 8.

THE EDITOR SPEAKS.

Three cheers for the reorganized United! Looks as if if the Seattle dictatorship has at last met its match. All over the country amateurs are rallying to the cause...

Every year the Seattle dictators prepare a list of candidates they want elected. Every year the ticket they endorse gets elected by a wide margin. The same old thing is happening again this year. But, it is with interest that we note that our dear friend, Steutel, convicted Socialist, who was sentenced to four to two years in the State Prison, was excluded from the list. When I wrote Ehford asking about this he wrote back saying he never pays any attention to a paper such as UNITED OPINION. But he sure shows the signs of a coward when he carefully omits the name of Steutel from his VICTORY-LOYALTY TICKET.

In 1905 our friend Roy Ehford was all out for a membership of 300 in the UAPA. Now he's for a limited membership of only 300. Why this sudden change of opinion? I asked myself. The obvious reason is that if there were a membership of 300 he would have to pay for more false members than before. (By false members I mean ones that never payed their own dues, and never voted for themselves, Ehford did it!) Perhaps Ehford could not afford the extra members, perhaps he was too darn lazy to pay for them, but at any rate he figured that a limited membership would insure his dictatorial control long life.

Thanks to the Bundle of Freedom for mailing this issue.

AMATEUR GET-TOGETHERS.

There have been a good deal of get-togethers in the Philadelphia area recently... On the 16th of June J. Lay Spink, C. Siegel, Joe Giotto and the editor all met at the Adelphia Hotel in Phily, where the GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION will be held next September. We had a good talk about amateur affairs, just a present. Mr. Spink has the editor's deepest gratitude, for giving us a speech of old amateur papers.

On the same day Joe Grosso, Charlotte Segal, and the editor met for lunch. I have hopes of recruiting Charlotte into the UAPA.

On the 25th of June Haig Anlian came over to Philly with Bill Northrop and Presidential candidate Gerber from New York City. Joe Grosso and I were very glad to see them. Mary Timmel was visited.

NEAL W. EHRICE, Editor and Publisher. The North Woods, Mirror Lake, New Hampshire.

...A copy of the July UAPA Privately Mailed Convention BRAINWAVE sent free on request.....Joe Hoel does the mailing for the UAPA, not James Clemenson who is just a name....Please excuse the rough margins....Your comments on this whole darn think will be appreciated....Gerber for President of the UAPA....Haig Anlian for Official Editor... ...Mary Timmel for Second V.-....Dr. Arco OK for Secretary.

NEW YORK CITY 1946 Convention.

Support the real-true UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Ehrshy would insure his dictatorial control long life.

#240

THE BOY NEWSMAN

The Boy Newsman
Printed by Carl Lawrence Gardner, 604-West-10, Hutchinson, Kansas. For A.A.P.A.

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JUN 28 1945
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THE A.A.P.A.- - - - - January- - - - - - No.?

MY LIKES AND DISLIKES OF THE AMERICAN AMATUER PRESS ASSOCIATION

My Personal Views As A Front Page Editorial

X-PN 4027

fTowme, The American Amatuer Press Association means alot. It means a chance to relax from my school work by reading the other A.J. papers and by printing my own. No one could describe Amatuer Journalism better than Karl K. Williams did in the piece which is printed on all A.A.P.A. Membership Applications.

But what about the A.A.P.A. Is it everything it should be? I believe not. Every organization has its faults. The American Amatuer Press Ass. has its faults.

I feel that the A.A.P.A. does not have enough publicity. I have been interested in Amatuer Journalism for at least 4 years, but until a year ago when I read Ed Wall's Advertisement in The Open Road For Boys, I had never heard of the A.A.P.A., least of all how I could join any amatuer association. I realize that it is important that a person should have a personal recommendation, but I think it should work so any one interested in A.J. work can have a chance to join. If Ed Wall had not put in his ad. in The Open Road For Boys I probably still would know nothing of the A.A.P.A. The American's members are spread out alot over the U.S. but they still do not reach every one. I have just finish sending in a new membership blank for a new boy here in Kansas. If I had not saw that little piece of A.A.P.A. publicity (Wall's Ad.) there would not had been two new members which in turn means two less papers.

I'm not claiming the A.A.P.A. officers are not doing thier jobs. I feel that it is the fault of all the members of the A.A.P.A.

Maybe I am mistaking and it is just a few states which the A.A.P.A. is not known in I'm sure Kansas is one, but the American should be just what its name says, an organization for ALL AMERICANS.

These are just my feelings as I see it. If someone can prove me wrong I will be glad to acknowledge it but otherwise lets do something to make our American Amatuer Press Association, ALL AMERICA.

- -

FILE FOR AMATUER JOURNALS

This is probably not the best way in the world to file those amatuer journals but it is the best way I have found. I simply put my according to kind into these little cardbord files or folders which I then place in an old orange crate. Simple, but I find it as handy as everything else I have tried. If you made your own box it would probably look and fix better.

- -

VICTORY costs two things, Lives and money-The money comes from your bonds and stamps -

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 29 1945
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#241

PN 4827

PHILIPPINE EDITION

THE
TRUTH
SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

--EDITED OVERSEAS

SUMMER, 1945

VOLUME I —— NUMBER II

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 3 1945

PUBLICITY MINUS is an editorial by Clement McIntosh, our Canada member. It is something every member should read----

Here's another AAPAian who believes that the Association doesn't have enough publicity in order to take a prominent place in the minds of the 'every-day' man.

The glad tidings that there was such an organization as the AAPA came to yours truly through a letter in the Open Road for Boys Magazine written by a member who I think very highly of: Director Dean Rea. Dean simply asked Ajay enthusiasts to write to him for information. And I'm not the only one who did. Now I do not claim to be a polished journalist or a prodigy printer. Nevertheless, I take great pride in my work and I hate to think of what would have happened if I had never cast my eyes on Rea's letter. Not only would it have meant that I would miss a lot of fun and enjoyment but it would also subtract about half-a-dozen members from the membership list.

Let's finish our sleep! Awake Americans! Let us start this very moment to spread the news of the AAPA, wide and far. Tell all your friends about it. They need not be interested for who knows if they won't mention it to someone who is! Whether he is a negro, a Spaniard, Chinese, or anything else in this lousy world, there is no barrier against his entrance into the AAPA. That is, if he really intends to be an active member.

We'll make the whole wide world open their dirty ears to hear the sweet-flowing music of the AAPA!

--C. McIntosh, 560 Beverley St., Winnipeg, Man., Canada

My Bundles Are Getting Better All The Time! Am I kidding?-I believe that the last bundle was the smallest one I have recieved. Gator Crowd was in it as usual. The Sequoyah Totem, AAPA Rockie, Chipley Bugle. The Bond, and several other papers made up the bundle. But what about the other 215 members. Some are in the Service (About 50). That still leaves alot of unpublishing members. If you cannot publish at least write for other papers. Here's hoping and waiting for at least an 25 papers bundle, and plenty of reading material.-----

Have Some Fun with two-liners. I started writing these about a month ago. Here are my favorites--- Important is the first paragraph,
With it, your readers you must clasp,
Don't waste time with adjectives,
If its a job you wish to achieve,
The editor is always right,
Even though you are bright,
He gives you an assignment to get,
He doesn't mean for you to forget.

----Like Them!

- -- - -- I call them my advice to the Cub Reporter - -- - - - -

15 Years Is Popular. I know of nine 15 years old boys in the AAPA. There are probably more of them. So far I know of: Bob Jx; Carl Gardner; Bob North; Clement McIntosh; Dean Rea; Dick Branch; Leslie Boyer; Leland Hawes; Bill Smith;--------

To My Mother dear-No better mother: No better friend has ever lived-She's Tops in my book-I can't say enough except ---She's the Best Best Best Best Best Best Best She's never to busy to help me -She's my girl friend -Happy Mothers Day ------

- - - -

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
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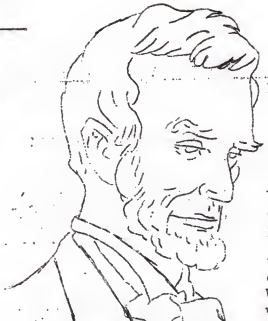

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who are here gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to unfinished work which they who set fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that goverment of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. . . . . .

THE BLACK AND WHITE

Jim Bauer - Editor and Proprietor

Volume 1 No. 17 Published at, 544 West B. Kingman, Kansas Feb. 2

SORRY . . . . .

We have been terribly late the past two weeks, I am behind in all my work with this paper. You notice this paper's front page is very small in news. But, you will find the news on page two or the extra page. THIS PAPER WILL BE PRINTED EVERY WEEK.

-oOo-

ROTARY LECTURERS WELL LIKED

The lecturers are well liked if judged by the crowd at the Methodist Church. The two speakers, Don

(next page please

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
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THE BLACK AND WHITE

Jim Bauer Editor & Proprietor

Volume 1 No. 14 Published at, 544 West B. Kingman, Kansas Jan. 13, 1945

X-PN 4827

Things can happen at 3 A.M. in Kingman. It seems a gas truck has been parked by the Standard station when the driver left to get a cup of coffee at Jack's Cafe. He had left the motor running and the air brakes on, but, the motor stalled and you know what that does to the brakes. Anyway, when the driver entered Jacks he looked back and saw the truck neatly following him.

The damage has not been estimated but no one was hurt.

-oOo-

CUNNINGHAM WINS
KINGMAN LOSES

Cunningham took Kingman for a cleaning January 5, here are the scores;

First game
First team

Kingman ------- 24
Cunningham ---- 29

Kingman took the second from Cunningham.
Kingman ---------22
Cunningham -------13
Both teams did a swell job of playing.

JUST ANOTHER
CHANGE

If you have noticed on page two there has been another change in the way we will collect. Instead of collecting every month we will collect every three month. This makes the prices 18¢ instead of 6¢ per month. This will make it easer on us and you.

I am sorry this paper is not on time but I had semester exams and didn't have time, we are also very short of news.

The Editor

IT HAPPENED THEN

January 12 1934
Kingman won from Pratt 38 to 24

-oOo-

Jan. 8, 1934, Mrs. W. J. Connell returned from Wichita where she visited the Jett home over the holidays.

-oOo-

DON'T SPEND FOOLISHLY
SAVE YOUR MONEY FOR
VICTORY

LOCALS

Mrs. Perry Braley Of Wichita visited a few days in Kingman with here mother, Mrs. Thyrza Marcum, who has been taking a enforced vacation from her beauty shop. Mrs. Marcum is back to work again.

-oOo-

Mrs. Vern Cline entertained the county commissioners and a few other guest with a turkey dinner last Monday evening. Those present were Pete Boher, J. Raup, Norris Kilmer, M.C.Roessler, Albert Reeves, Norman Hart, Mark Cloud and Mr. Cline.

-oOo-

Mrs. H.O.Salmans, who underwent a major operation last Friday, is resting as well as can be expected. Her daughter, Mrs. L. L. Hobson , is here with her.

-oOo-

Lt. Col. and Mrs. Claud Jurney visited Mrs. Jurnery's Aunt Mrs. J.H. Wilkinson, east of Kingman.

-oOo-

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

#245

Wonder if anybody took advantage of Ed Martin's free beer offer?
ll ajays should write to their Congressman urging the reduction of 1st-class
ail to ¢.02 an ounce. Gosh look at what we could have in one year.
Wonder what kind of a nut Linton Clark is. The Ed Martin type?
Who can guess what the middle initial H in my name stands for? Shut up, Normy.
Variously suggested by Diggle, Smith, and Dougan have been Henry, Horatio, Hercul
s, and Hahavik. Shades of Zorn.

Maybe you've wondered about my ajay past, so might as well confess now. I
irst learned of ajay in 1936 from a guy named Norm Hathaway, whose letter I
still have. Other early ajay contacts were Bill Haywood, Steve Beggart, and Nick
Parijczuk. Almost joined the United in 1936, only the blank they sent me did
not have the secretary's name or address on it and when I wrote Parijczuk for
info he never answered. Can't see that it matters much, now. In those early
ays I had a tidy collection of amateur papers, which I gave away to a fell-
w I knew was interested in journalism. Heard of the AAPA three months after
it was oficially organized, and back in 1937 I was sent several recruit bun-
les, still have Marv Neels' letter. Matters drifted untill in July, 1938I took
the plunge and sent in my four bits. Have been a member ever since. Corried for
bit with Wilson Shepherd, Wise, and Diggle, before 1939, but after I hit it
p with Bruce I really began to get active. The press came soon after and you
now the rest.

Who's the dope that voted for Wes Wise for 1940 convention city?
I think I'm a swell guy. What do you? Or do you think?
Gosh with all the cracks like I've been making I'll soon be as bad as the
SHROUD...Of late I have been considering starting a publication which would
excerpts from my mail, but not the kind you think. No, I would only publish
ings which I had expressly been asked quiet, & which I knew were not supp-
ed to be passed on. You know what I mean. Stuff like: --Kay is a rat, Ed
tin is crazy, Viverttas is stupid; Bill, I think you're a little too conciet-
, Smith is crazy; and more. Well now that you've got the drift of what I
n let's have your HONEST opinions.

Your best bet in the Dec. 1940 election is to write in Groveman for every
ice. Even convention city. Up with Groveman!!

Uamm---I forgot to mention that I also recieved Xmas greetings from Bob
mpson and Violet Flamm. Thanks, kids.

Is a certain guy from Holyoke that way about a certain femme from Asbury
rk? And if so, what interest could a certain gent from Little Falls poss-
ly have as to wether a certain vampire from Manchester is trying to horn in?
Ed Martin must be seen to be fully appreciated.

The Napa must be millionaires. They recently sent out in a sealed bundle of
mall papers with ¢.03 postage. Gosh, wow, oh boy, oh boy!!!

Send me two-bits and four line copy with no more than 4 words to a line
in return 500 gummed stickers will come pronto.

Wonder what the w.r will do to the BAPA. How about telling us, Foote, or Zorn?
ny guy that sends mea postage due letter is a rat.

I wonder if the association paid postage on the special bundle which Kay
led that so prominetly featured the words--Re-elect M.J. Chron??

Dopey Dwarf in Snow White strangely reminds me of Ed Martin...And was it
ck Macauley who nick-named the Joisey miss, Snow White Bernice McCarthy??

The deceased Ed Shure was a member of the AAPA. (Ed. Suhre)

I like a mimeoed paper. It's cheap to get out and yet you can say plenty.

My hat is off to every amateur who published a paper in '39. Keep up the
d work and we can't help putting ajay over the top.

I wanted to get in a word about Benny Bianchi---but can't think of some-
g to say. What to do?

Larry Quakenbush will probably get out a special COURIER to gloat over the
ing of Heywood Broun, his arch rival of Broun's NUTMEG.

Have to fill up space. What to say? My name is Groveman. So what?...Say did
hear the one about the Republican & the old maid at the golf course?...

censored....

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT
X-PN 4827

BUNDLE OF FREEDOM

AN INDEPENDENT MAILING SERVICE FOR AMATEUR PUBLISHERS

IT REACHES OUR BOYS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS

★ "BY DELAYED MAIL I received Bundle of Freedom. It was addressed to me at Portland, Ore. But I am a long way from there. Hope you keep me on your list. I appreciate it."

Pvt. Gabby Gabore Jr.

★ "I AM WRITING to thank you for Bundle of Freedom which arrived yesterday. It had been forwarded to me from my old address in Philadelphia. I like occasionally to see what others are doing."

Pfc. Phil Williams

Following papers have been circulated thru Bundle of Freedom:-

AMERICAN BLADE
TIM
THE MUSE
PEOPLE'S SUN
TOLEDO SPECTATOR
UNITED OPINION
GARDEN STATE MESSENGER
RUDGO AMATEUR
HILLTOP
SPINNING GLOBE
AMERICANA
CRIMSON CARDINAL
NEW YORK AMATEUR
PENGUIN
OLD MENNIE
JERSEY CITY AMATEUR
CHIPS.
JUST RATS
TOTEM
FORWARD MARCH
AMERICAN EMBLEM
YANKEE RANGEROO
NEBRASKAN
GAF

"BUNDLE OF FREEDOM is the best bundle mailed by any amateur press association."
—EDWARD H. COLE
Editor, N.Y. Illustration

ANSWERS TO INQUERIES RECEIVED BY THE MAILER

1-What is Bundle of Freedom?

It is an independent mailing service for amateur publishers of ALL associations and clubs. Begun by a group of amateurs in New Jersey and New York in the interest of liberal amateur journalism, it is now sponsored by Hudson County Amateur Press Club with the cooperation of the N.J. Amateur Press Club—the Watterson Club of Louisville—and the United Amateur Press Alumni Assn.

2-When does it reach?

It is circulated among not only genuine and active members of UAPA, but also among a large body of active members in U-Alumni Assn., the National and American Assns and the Fossils. Thus the Bundle reaches the "cream of the crop" in A.J. and the papers mailed in the Bundle are read more.

3-What is its circulation?

300-325. More than a 4th of this goes to service men and women all over the world... making the home addresses mail list a problem for the mailer. Don't forget to fill an enclosed post card and make it your business to send it in to the mailer now.

4-What are the dues?

There are no dues. Your donations help a lot in meeting mail costs. Remember, our boys overseas get the Bundle via 1st Class Mail. Send to the Mailer now.

5-How often do you mail?

Four to 5 times a year for the duration.

Send your papers to: HAIG ANJIAN, 327-18th St., UNION CITY, N.J.
(Mailer)

X-PN 4827

#247

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

COPY GIFT

THIS PAPER'S COLOR IS TO REMIND YOU OF UAPA'S GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION AT THE ADELPHIA HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, on SEPT. 1st!

The BULLETIN.

NEWS OF U.A.P.A. ACTIVITIES AND REORGANIZATION.

JERSEY CITY, N.J. FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 6, 1945 No. 2

HARRISON, SGT. GRAHAM HERE FOR CONFERENCE

Arthur Forbes Harrison, former president of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club, and his daughter, WAC Sgt. Elizabeth M. Graham, took Jersey City by storm tonight as they were accorded a showering welcome by the Reorganization Committee of the United Amateur Press Association. Members of the HCAPC and the New York Amateur Press Club attended.

This was Harrison's first visit to New Jersey since early 1944 when he moved to Chicago because of business. And it was Betty's initial trip to her home-town since joining the WAC in February 1943. She is now stationed at Santa Ana, California.

In a meeting staged at the home of Chairman Anthony De Marco, 31 High St., Jersey City, leading amateurs in the metropolitan area were on hand to greet the prominent returnees in a spirit and enthusiasm that probably surpassed the welcome given General Eisenhower by New York two weeks ago.

A-JERS ON HAND.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. DeMarco, NYAPC President Willard T. Northrop & HCAPC President Fred Benzing, Sgt. Morris Gerber, chairman of UAPA veterans committee; Dorothy Jacobs, Gene Remignanti, Haig Anlian

Arthur Harrison and Sgt. Betty Graham as they acknowledge the cheers of amateurs in NY-NJ metropolitania.

SEE YOU IN PHILLY!

SUGGESTIONS GIVEN FOR FREE CONSTITUTION

Various suggestions for a proposed liberal constitution in the reorganized UAPA, have begun to come into the headquarters of the Reorganization Committee in Jersey City.

A sub-committee has been named to work on these suggestions and draw up a draft. Admittedly a difficult problem, the committee believes that the constitution should not be put together hurriedly. It thinks that the rank-and-file, by given the opporunity to be heard, will accept the final product as a liberal document. Send your ideas to Anthony De Marco, 31 High St., Jersey City 6, N.J.

It may be necessary to open a regular committee in September at Philadelphia to work on a constitution.

From France, Sgt. John A. Miller urges (CONT'D ON PAGE TWO.)

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#248

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 1945 GIFT

DR. KING RESIGNS FROM SEATTLE GROUP IN PROTEST

HARRISON ALSO QUITS 'OF AMERICA'

The list of real members in the 'Of America' group continued to dwindle to nothing as more resignations & failures to renew memberships were announced here. (The 'Of America being the political-indecent minority which uses the United's name to confuse innocent amateurs).

Dr. Charles R. King of Toledo, Ohio has resigned as of June 12 & sent the following to the "secretary" of the Seattle group:

"Mr. Roy Erford"
"Seattle, Wash."
"Dear Sir:I hereby demand that my name be removed from the membership roster of the United Amateur Press Association of America and it is my desire that this resignation becomes effective immediately.

"In this action I am motivated only by the will of .
(signed)"CharlesR.King"

Dr. King, editor of the TOLEDO SPECTATOR & FEATHER DUSTER,belonged to United at the turn of the century & returned to activity in 1939.

Arthur F. Harrison, now of Chicago, also reports his resignation from UAPAA.

Both amateurs are now members of the reorganized United Amateur Press Association.

Various other amateurs have simply not renewed their memberships.

HARRISON FIRED OPENING SHOT IN LIBERATION OF UNITED AMATEUR PRESS

HU and Gene Remignanti Refused to Tolerate Dictator's Hand at Louisville.

The visit of Arthur Harrison to Hudson again recalled to amateurs here that it was exactly 4 years ago that "it" happened.

It was Harrison who fired the opening shot in the successful liberation of the real United Amateur Press from the yoke of dictatorship. Attending with Gene Remignanti as official HCAPC delegation, at the 1941 convention at Louisville, Harrison brought the question of United's domination into the open after certain West delegates attempted to sabotage the proceedings. The militant editor of SPINNING GLOBE lashed out at the chaotic conditions present in AJ's second old est organization.There after, the tide of revolt grew and enlarged and culminated in the reorganization of the true UAPA last March.

JOINED IN 1940.

"Artie" Harrison's entry in AJ was in itself equally spectacular. Joining back in 1940, at the Franklin Day celebration of the HCAPC, he immediately purchased a full press outfit and began to print a fine SPINNING GLOBE,despite the fact that he knew nothing on printing.

By virtue of his enthusiastic participation in all club affairs and a dynamic personality, Harrison skyrocketed to the presidency of the No.1 amateur press club-the HCAPC.

Sgt. Elizabeth Graham, his daughter, is associate editor of the SPINNING GLOBE.His wife Freida was active in HCAPC social circles.

BRING YOUR INTERESTED FRIENDS INTO THE UAPA! WRITE FOR APPLICATIONS.

X-PN 4827

1247

The Berkshire Breeze

Volume 1 March, 1946 Number 5

Sonnet

Oh breathe upon the darkness of my soul
And so dispel the venom lurking there.
Extract from it a drop or two as toll,
Or do you think you merit better fare?
You wound your pliant arms around my heart,
Oh actions—subtle inference for words
When words would sting and stinging words
can smart.
You take the whey but leave to me the curds;
Yes, leave with me the thought of something fine
Distilled from love and laughter and, perchance,
A petal creased and crushed but still all mine
To press in pages where no eye will glance.
When musings bring me to that book once more
The petal then may fall upon the floor.

—Thomas F Whitbread.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

MAY 15 1946

The Berkshire Breeze

Volume 1 April, 1946 Number 6

Sonnet

A morbid fear invades my very heart,
  A fear more horrible than death itself.
  It is not found in books upon the shelf,
But in the innermost of what thou art.
'Tis not explained in whole, and scarce in part;
  'Twould not be found within the world of elf,
  But permeates the sanctums of the self,
The deepest dark partitions of the heart.

This fear is weird and breathes upon my neck,
  Malignant, evil, tearing mind apart,
  Until my sanity shall soon depart:
I shall be left a hopeless human wreck.
This fear which from me draws my living breath
More horrible than death, is fear of death

—Thomas B. Whitbread.

SECOND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

THE BARD

Vol. 1 March, 1946 No. 1

I Love To Hear The Rain

I love to hear the rain
As it beats it's soft pit-pat
Upon my window.

I love to feel it's coolness,
And find it refreshing
Upon my hands.

I love to see the pools
And watch their quiet ripples
Upon the streets.

I love to see the rain
Bring forth fruit and prosperity
Upon the people.

—Irwin O. Brandt.

———o———

Tell your friends about the Commercial-Amateur Press Association. If you need some extra application blanks, drop a card to Vice-President Kenneth Rystrom, Bayard, Nebr.

Issued quarterly by Irwin O. Brandt, P. O. Box 102, Greenville, Ohio, exclusively for the Commercial-Amateur Press Association.

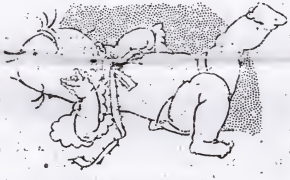
#252

The Brochure

Vol. VIII April-May, 1946 No. 2

U.A.P.A. CONVENTION AT HOTEL EMPIRE, N.Y. AUG. 30 TO SEPT. 2.

Burlington, Vt. May 7th-UAP: This morning the good news arrived at 11:23 a.m., that Mr. & Mrs. Morris Gerber were the proud parents of a baby girl, weighing 6 lbs., 15¼ ozs. Later, the same day Morris was seen with pockets bulging with cigars. Latest reports were that the baby, mother and father were doing well. The editor of The Brochure was last seen with his movie camera leaning against the nursery window.



"MISS ETHEL RHODA"

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E X T R A - : - E X T R A - : - E X T R A

Benj. Franklin Moss becomes a Grandfather!!!

United Amateur Press Association to hold its Annual Convention at Hotel Empire, N.Y.C., N.Y.

B.F. Moss to entertain Convention Attendance after affair at summer home near beach.

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#253

The Bulletin

ISSUED BY

AND DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE

American Society of Amateur Microscopists

HERMAN W. FOWLER, *Secretary*

2729 CONNECTICUT AVENUE PITTSBURGH 16, PA.

DR. J. D. CORRINGTON, *Editor*.....1306 MADRID ST., CORAL GABLES 34, FLA.

PAUL S. STITELER, *Managing Editor*.....3054 PINEHURST AVE., PITTSBURGH 16, PA.

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VOL. 3 NOVEMBER, 1946 No. 2

Editor's Eyepiece

As readers of former issues know, one of our most prolific and enthusiastic contributors has been the REV. JOHN W. BAECHLE, C.PP.S., St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana. He has a decided flair for constructing homemade gadgets, making a few cents and much ingenuity take the place of many dollars in contriving devices for which the microscopist finds continual use. We were therefore pleased to see his contributions to *The Bulletin* reproduced in the May, 1946, issue of *The American Biology Teacher*, an association affiliated with the A.S.A.M. Slide warmer, cover glass weights, illuminator for binocular dissecting microscope, and a substage lamp are the appliances described, and we know that all members will hope that the Rev. John will continue his inventiveness along these lines and that we may soon have additional articles of this character from his laboratory.

MARGARET BREITLING, another of our best standbys when articles are needed, is alarmed and amazed at "the indifference and lack of interest in microscopy" she meets with in her locality, and wonders if other members have had the same experience. We can assure her that they have, in many cases. It is strange, indeed, with an avocation of the unlimited and fascinating character of microscopy, that it is almost impossible to dig up as many as one thousand names of amateur microscopists throughout the length and depth of these broad United States. Miss Breitling has something to say on this subject in this issue that should interest every member, and perhaps stimulate each of us to get out and hustle a bit for the Society and bring in some fresh blood, and we don't mean that kind that is smeared on a slide and stained with Wright's.

COL. WILLIAM D. FLEMING, Medical Corps, United States Army, has sent Secretary Fowler some vials of diatom cleanings from mixed sources, for distribution to interested chapters. The Colonel has the following to say in regard to this material:

"The mixture is the same in all vials and is the mixed residues from some hundred individual gatherings left after making up slides from the cleanings and bottling the individual cleanings for further work. The gatherings were in most part those I made during my travels in the war in both the European and Pacific Theatres. To these are added some twenty gatherings from New Zealand and North America, mostly fossil. The mixture therefore covers England, France, Germany, Holland, Hawaii, New Caledonia, New Guinea, Philippines, New Zealand, and North America. I realize that the mixture, having lost locality identity, is of no real scientific value, but it seemed a shame to pour the beautiful stuff down the sink, and I hope it may be of interest to microscopists just beginning to learn what beauty the microscope can reveal. The material is in dilute alcohol and I would suggest it be diluted with at least ten times the capacity of each vial for making strewn slides. Each vial should suffice for fifty to one hundred slides."

We have no new word for our members as to how soon Bausch & Lomb will resume the manufacture of miniature microscopes. Meanwhile we continue to receive inquiries from members and prospective members who wish to buy a New Gem or Model R. Since these cannot now be obtained new, we are advising the purchase of second-hand instruments. Any readers who have one of these, or a Wollensak, and who, by

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXXVI HOHOKUS, N. J., MARCH, 1946 No. 1

DAUNTLESS HOSTESS IS UNDAUNTED

Despite one thing and another, any one of which might have daunted a more dauntable hostess, the December or Christmas meeting of the Blue Pencil Club was held at the Paterson home of President Cosine. No one suspected from the perfection of the arrangements that Hostess Alice had by the skin of her teeth recently escaped pneumonia and there had been a few other crises of a sort which among diplomats might easily start a third World War. The casual visitor from Mars might well have imagined that she had coasted right into the welcome-at-the-door preliminaries on one of Percy Shelley's fleece-lined clouds.

Anyhow, there they were—the members—and there she was, prim and precise as a schoolmarm should be, with chairs perfectly dusted and the "Welcome" mat at the door. The perfect hostess!

As usual, in the case of the early meeting, first came food, in which connection the Society Reporter of THE BROOKLYNITE observes that "We had spaghetti with broiled fresh sausage, salad with lots of greens, and homemade bread and butter which we ate all up and Alice had to bring out some French bread which was all she had and I guess she and her father had none for breakfast. Also small cakes and coffee."

The gifts the members had provided were distributed by the grab-bag method and each recipient very properly and politely declared: "Just what I wanted!" If in any instance this turned out to be a little white lie the Recording Angel made no entry in the Big Black Book—it being Christmas anyway.

As part of the literary program, members commented on their Pet Extravagences—of which several seemed to have none and preferred to say it with dimes. Prose award went to Patricia Jennings and verse to Ed. Dewing. Incidentally, there was discussion of the Club dinner to be held in February.

For the January meeting, the Club moved around the corner from Prexy Cosine's home in Paterson to that of Pearl Morton, which has the advantage of being close to the railroad station. Pearl, too, might properly have begged off from the meeting for laryngitis or sumpin had practically deprived her of her voice. It had not, however, removed any of the other qualities of a hostess which have made the spot on Summer Street famous as an A. J. center. Here, too, ample quantities of food were first served, with the assistance of Niece Joyce, daughter, of course, of Ernest and Iva Dench.

As usual, the spectre of fatal thirteen hovered over the scene in the beginning, and also, as usual, it vanished later. And instead of the game warden or the fire warden or the chief light inspector breaking in on the evening's deliberations, as on a previous occasion, this time it was a flock of fire engines which had a rendezvous on that corner.

In this instance the treasurer was present to note—amid cheers—that after paying for the December BROOKLYNITE there remained some $20 in the treasury. Mailing Manager Dewing reported that while the papers were in hand well in advance of the deadline, flu or other fell disease laid Ed himself so low that he had difficulty in performing his task. All, however, ended well.

The dinner committee composed of the Jenningses and the Haywoods was able to report that the annual dinner was being resumed, the time and place being the Times Square hotel in the heart of New York City on the evening of February 16, with something novel and exceptional in the way of entertainment.

Contributors to the literary program were presumed to fill out the blanks following the admission that "Perhaps I am—", which admittedly permitted of considerable latitude as well as longitude. Seven of the members seemingly thought it well worth a dime not to become involved in the speculation—what with the dangers of inflation and all. Ed. Dewing and Alma Barnard, however, did it in verse, and Ed. Laurence, Jeff Jennings and Official Editor Adams worried the idea in prose. Messrs. Dewing and Laurence were voted best in their respective fields.

Practically all rail and bus lines and ferries were jammed to the plimsoll mark on the appropriate February evening with members of the B. P. C. headed and hot-footing toward the Eighth avenue and Forty-third street corner which has become more or less familiar terrain for those individuals known as amateur journalists seeking solid or liquid sustenance—and what more appropriate spot for a literary gathering, being practically in the shadow of the "New York Times"—newspaper which has nurtured on occasion several members of the Club!

In addition to members, there were several guests from outside—one an ex-service man back from India. According to the always-accurate society reporter, "gaiety reigned both during the dinner in the hotel's main dining room and in

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THE BROCHURE

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Vol. IX August, 1946 No. 3

NEW YORK CITY WELCOMES NATION-WIDE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS!

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The amateur journalists poured in from all directions: Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Spokane, California, Chicago, Maine, Florida, etc.

At all stations visitors asked where they might be able to find Hotel Empire, where the United Amateur Press Association were having their 51st Annual Convention.

Upon arrival at the hotel many opened their eyes when they were told that the distinguished looking gentleman presenting the silver cup to Editor Haig Anlian was none other than His Honor, the Mayor.

Thanks to Bill Northrop(U.A.P.A. live-wire), the professional press were on hand with camera and all.

Lt. DeMarco really looked handsome in his N.J.Home Guard uniform and Sid Cohen was on hand trying to form a Company or Battery from the thrity-three veteran members present.

Neal Peirce and Joe Grosso were pretty busy taking notes of everything for their next issue of their amateur publications.

Mary Timmel and Arthur Harrison on the side were swapping yarns about Mint Juleps and airplane trips between Chicago and Jersey.

Johnny Miller and Charlie Austin were chewing the rag about their overseas meetings in Kangaroolland with Leon Stone of the Australian Library of Amateur Journalism.

While all this was going on, Ed Daas, Jeanne Sullivan and Linton Clark were busy with their camera snapping away candid shots of the crowd of celebrities.

Everything was going along nice and smooth when finally the 8:30pm. train pulled in from Burlington, Vermont at Penn Station.As the conductor yelled"last stop, Penn Station", Morris Gerber awoke and jumped to his feet realizing that he was having a wonderful dream.

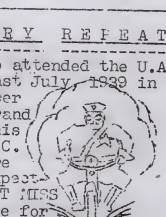
FLASH!!! BERMAN GOES TO O.C.S.!

Burlington,Vt.Jul.29(UAP):-Word was received today that Seymour Berman (former editor of "Ow-It Hurts!"), left his unit Btry A, 19th F.A.B'n., 4th Regt.(RTC)Ft.Knox,Ky. for the Officers Candidates School(Infantry) at Ft. Benning, Georgia and was authorized to fly there by plane.

His new address is OCS(Inf.)Class 544, Ft.Benning,Ga. (42277182)

WILL HISTORY REPEAT

Those of you who attended the U.A.P.A. Convention last July, 1939 in Jersey City remember the unusual and grand time had by all.This convention in N.Y.C. shall have the same to offer PLUS unexpected surprises. DON'T MISS the treats in store for you. Come one, come all.



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#256

B E Y O N D

a magazine of creative fantasy

Rosco E. Wright, Editor

Number six March 1946 FAPA

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* * * * * * * *

This issue of Beyond is copyrighted, 1946, by Rosco E. Wright.

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BEYCND, the semiannual quarterly of fantasy, is the product of Rosco Edward Wright, HA 1/c, who lays claim to having written or drawn all items not otherwise accredited in this issue. He also pays the bills, which is something of a feat, too. The caitiff who's to be blamed for the irregularity with which this magazine appears is still Norman F. Stanley, 43A Broad Street, Rockland, Maine. It is he who struggles with t h e myriadetails of stenciling, mimeoing and mailing. Beyond is distributed to members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and to divers others. Rosco is at present on the high seas on his way back to Japan for a few months more occupation duty. Anyone wishing his overseas address may have it, as soon as it's known, by asking Stanley for it. The seventh issue of Beyond should be out in July. This year, too!

Hey, Rosco, bet you forgot this is Beyond's second anniversary issue!

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#257

THE BADGER

Published as a substitute for ENTERPRISE every once in a while for distribution among U.A.P.A. members. Extra copies upon request. Address: ENTERPRISE, 5400 N. Berkeley blvd., Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin.

HI! TO ALL OUR FELLOW journalists. As you probably don't know, this four-page magazine is published by four teen-aged boys, David Westring, Bruce Sielaff, Tom Wanvig, and Peter Mitchell. We publish a larger 18 to 20 page magazine twice the size of this one. In case you would be interested in it, drop us a post card and we'll mail you a back issue.

We were very excited the day we received the application for membership into the UNITED. But we were quite surprised when we discovered that instead of publishing only one magazine we would have to print two. This is our attempt at the one for the 'bundle'. Since ENTERPRISE is too big for the 'bundle', we have to print this one to give you fellow members an idea of what we are doing in the field of journalism.

Many people think that mimeographing can never surpass printing, but we are trying to prove these people are wrong. We take extra pains to have every copy as perfect as possible. We will admit that once in a while our temper gets the best of us, but we try.

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#233

THE BADGER

Published as a substitute for ENTERPRISE when time will permit for distribution among UAPA members. Extra copies upon request. Address: ENTERPRISE, 5400 N. Berkeley Blvd., Milwaukee 11, Wis. Back copies of ENTERPRISE gladly given upon request.

NOW The Badger, being a Milwaukee publication paper, is devoting this month's space to a report of the fifty-third annual convention of the United Amateur Press Association. A general statement could easily read: A total success!

The convention was held from September second to the fifth. Milwaukee was the local, and the Pfister Hotel was the headquarters.

The convention officially began at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, when the delegates registered at the Pfister. The first actual meeting, however, was not until 8:00 P.M. that night at the Central Y.M.C.A. This was a forum on poetry. Mrs. Wanda Waters was the chairman.

On Friday at 10:00 a business session was held at the Pfister. Appointment of pro tem officers and committees, the reports of officers, and suggestions for the general welfare and discussion made up the business accomplished at this meeting.

From three to eleven P.M. of the same day, a special program was given by the Pabst Brewery. A trip through the brewery was featured followed by a buffet dinner

(Continued on page 2)

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#259

THE BADGER

Published as a substitute for ENTERPRISE when time will permit for distribution among UAPA members. Extra copies upon request. Address: ENTERPRISE, 5400 N. Berkeley Blvd., Milwaukee 11, Wis. Back copies of ENTERPRISE gladly given upon request.

The last issue of The Badger, and the first, I might mention, brought startling results to the other three fellows and myself who publish this paper. I didn't know the club had such wonderful people in it. We were surprised to get so many nice letters and cards congratulating us on the first issue. May we take this opportunity to thank all you swell people who showed this gesture of friendlyness.

I just received my 'bundle' for July and noticed that it was pretty thin. I can see why. Everyone being in some far off corner of the world, we didn't even get a paper in it. Ordinarily our deadline is the 24th of every month. The way I fugure it, our August issue of ENTERPRISE ought to be at least two weeks late.

From all I've heard, the convention here in Milwaukee is going to be pretty 'terrific'. So be sure not to miss it. Remember, it's from September 2 to the fifth.

-Dave Westring

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#260

THE BADGER

Vol. I No. 3

THE BADGER is a monthly magazine published as an organ for WOWS Publishing Company, an amatuer mimeographing organization by Dave Westring, Bruce Sielaff, Tom Wanvig, Pete Mitchell. It is published at 5400 N. Berkeley Blvd., Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin.

"ENTERPRISE" COMES TO AN END

Last month the four editors of ENTERPRISE, the main reason for WOWS PUBLISHING COMPANY, decided that the work was just too much when combined with school, after-school sports, and other winter activities. So a letter was sent to all the subscribers and advertisers of ENTERPRISE and the magazine officially came to an end with a very late October issue.

ENTERPRISE was first printed in 1947, the month of June. It was a tie-over from a smaller, inferior magazine called THE CORN IS GREENER.

The four publishers heard about the UAPA in April of 1948, and joined the organization the same month. Because of the size of ENTERPRISE, (8½ X 11, 12 pages thick) it was necessary to print a smaller magazine for this club. Hence, THE BADGER. (For a more detailed story of WOWS and each of us, see page two.)

By the time we had made this decision, we had bought and acquired a number of articles useful in printing and we felt it would not be necessary to give the entire organization up. So THE BADGER will continue as our only

(Continued on page three)